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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

OURSELVES AND ITALY

An Interview by Fredericka V. Blankner with

BENITO MUSSOLINI

A HALL of Victory is the Chigi Palace, deep and quiet in its proportions, luxurious and shadowy with tapestry and painting, a statue of Victory its key-tone, a Greek head its sweetness, all a sheath of velvet for the man of steel who, as Prime Minister, Minister of Foreign Affairs, of War, of Marine, of Aeronautics, of Corporations, works in its silence, — there at the broad desk in the corner, — sometimes for eighteen hours a day. The stern Roman salute of the raised right hand, and then he advances, head slightly back, every step an unalterable decision. Riding habit accentuates his virility.

"*Buon giorno.*" With the rapidity of a steel flash in sunlight he alters and, offering his hand, becomes the personification of Italian charm. Seated opposite a moment later at friendly ease in a carved Renaissance chair that has, however, no suggestion of indolence, — alert, robust, bronzed, even rosy (only those who have not seen Mussolini can fear for his health), — *Il Duce* begins to talk, not about Fascism but about the United States.

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"I have great faith in the United States, in its future. It has arrived at the point in its national development where it doesn't need to bother with politics but can turn its attention to the things worth while in life, — art," — with all the warmth of the Latin, — "love, beauty."

"The Greeks go out of their heads over politics, the Italians give it passionate interest, but you Americans don't make of politics the overwhelming manifestation of national life," — almost enviously. "And you don't need to! What does politics serve for, anyway?"

"Merely to put a nation on the right track and, that done, its purpose is accomplished."

"Exactly," he incised.

"The United States has already given great minds," he continued with intelligent admiration, "Emerson," (pronounced with perfect accent in the midst of energetic Italian), "Longfellow, Mark Twain, Edison." (It is a coincidence that this same day Edison is calling Mussolini "the greatest European"). "I expect from the United States a great world philosophy. This is my conviction. It has already given a great philosophy. The pragmatic philosophy is American. And I expect from it a great literature."

Praise not of our commerce, but of our culture! From Mussolini I am hearing the most flattering words that I have yet heard about the United States from a European. They are good to hear from an Italian, speaking out of a consciousness of the secular culture of his nation, fount of civilization. They are particularly good to hear from this Italian, who has the instinct of the future, — that historical sense which has convinced him of the Naissance of our art there on the other side of two seas, — developed to an uncanny degree, one of the most brilliant facets of his nature. Nor are they the words of a layman. Remember that Mussolini in the midst of grave political problems, — indeed vital political problems are his daily bread, — on the way to Tripoli to care for Italian colonial interests, with the scar of his latest attempted assassination still vivid, decreed last April as a celebration of the birthday of Rome that there be made a complete critical text of the Latin and Greek authors. One thinks of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Perhaps only from an Italian statesman could one expect this. One would

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hazard that there are other statesmen in the world,—of first rank, too,—who might not be completely sure what a critical text is.

"And your skyscrapers!" New York is the envy of every European. "They are wonderful!" He leans forward in enthusiastic admiration. "How admirably you have solved the problem of the lack of space. You just go up," — with a vigorous lift of his dramatic hand that visualizes the Woolworth Building, — "heroically!"

"But your Excellency understands America!"

"I've never been there. And perhaps," he adds sideways with a smile, "it wouldn't, after all, be the thing to go," — Mussolini's frown, favorite of photographers, dominates to be sure, but his smile wins still more, — "for who knows what might happen between the pro and the con!"

"Fascism is not always understood by every one in the United States," the writer interposed, "because the political situation, the national temperament, are so completely different from those in Italy. Fascism is frequently presented to the Americans either by Americans who have spent about two weeks in Italy and, often ignorant of the language and the people, sketch the situation only from the outside; or by Italians who naturally do not understand the American point of view and, not knowing our doubts, cannot meet them."

"But Italy and Fascism have also their friends in America," he replied with certainty and pleasure. "There are some Americans who understand us. And the two governments have points in common. They should be able to understand each other." That Mussolini believes in a real understanding between the two nations is evident. It is interesting that he was named after a North American, Benito Juarez, leader of the revolt against Maximilian, the Austrian Emperor of Mexico. "Your government also confides much in its chief executive."

The approach to this charmed spot, Mecca of every visitor to Italy, chief shrine of every journalist, was without special ceremony. Not even a card of admittance was necessary, although Mussolini is the busiest man in the world to-day. He attends personally to every detail of the whole government just as he looked after every detail of the "Popolo d' Italia" when he was editor in Milan. Still there is not a single guard in attendance, no

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serried files such as some of the opposition press would make the democratic reader believe are there to shield "the despot, fearful of his life." Only a conventional doorman at the main entrance, and, after ascending an unprotected flight of stairs, three ushers, — one at the head of the stairway to direct the way, one at the entrance of the anteroom to receive the name, and the last, a private usher, through whom Mussolini summons his visitors. That is all, — no more in number than a New York editor stations about him to safeguard his working time. And these are far easier to pass, when one calls on business, than is a corps of New York secretaries. The reason for the ushers is merely to exclude those who have no real business. Mussolini is known as "the President", because he is President of the Council of Ministers. To gain admission, nothing was necessary except: "I have an appointment with the President."

Fearful of his life! Mussolini is afraid of nothing. He is living life greatly and has no fear of death. And his life is charmed as long as he is the only man who can save Italy. This has been indicated by the recent attempts to assassinate him. It is the Italian people who urge greater caution; for without Mussolini to-day, Italy is inconceivable. It is the Italian people who are fearful of relying even on Providence when they see him speaking before masses of people, high up, target for any bullet.

Two factors explain the miracle of Mussolini's success and growing power, — his inspiration and his method. His method is to let the exigencies of the moment determine his program: "Every program should be carried only to the right point." As he defined it for me, "*il punto buono*," — never beyond. In other words, he knows where to stop. Here enters his instinct, divinely directed, infallible, which is his genius. It has enabled him to take the good part of a program and to avoid the bad. It has enabled him to realize all of the dream that is possible at the present moment of world progress, without wrecking the whole by insistence on the impossible.

"We are for violence. Sometimes," with a gesture of his broad, volitive hand, he dramatizes the act among the *objets d'art* on his desk, "it is necessary to put the body on the operating table, to have the courage to cut deep, even to cut into a vital part, in order to save a life."

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Before attempting to judge this solution of the Italian problem, an American, — of the tranquil Middle West, for example, surrounded by thousands of miles of prosperity and imperturbable well-being, under a government that in its calm and simple functioning, in its placid balance, has proved itself stable against even mischoices for its high executive and political positions, — must be sure that he understands the lack of equilibrium in Italy. He must remember that until 1870 Italy was only a "geographical expression", a peninsula which for hundreds of years had been broken up into small states, often warring with each other. At the advent of Mussolini, Italians were not a united people. Italy presented a tumult of economic, intellectual, and political forces, — of intricate and impassioned elements that do not even exist in the United States. This situation, product of the Latin mind, Mussolini had to meet; and he had met it in a fashion at once intelligible and commanding to the Latin mind. Rome, since the days of her grandeur, has, in times of crisis, brought security and self-control only out of violence. And Mussolini knows the Italian people as few have ever known them.

"We are for violence. Yes," he tells me firmly. "We must struggle. But," — and this is a part of his program equally essential, this is the great secret of the balance that he has been able to strike and maintain, — "only so far as violence is necessary." No overleaping.

Mussolini's methods have been heroic, and his results have been equally heroic. And if the American can, with difficulty, put himself in a position to judge Fascism by its method, a method unnecessary in the United States, he can judge Mussolini's régime by its results, which are clear from statistics.

Indeed Fascism, in common with all else, can most justly be measured by its results, — by a relative consideration of where Italy was between 1918 and 1922, of where it is now, and of where it is going. In 1922 the youth of the nation, organized three years before, rose up and, led by Mussolini in the epic march on Rome, came to power. At that time Italy was, and had been since the War, a tumult of strikes, all public utilities crippled, endless fumbling chatter in parliament and no accomplishment, foreign domination rooting itself in the very ministry, foreign Bolshevism destroying the national consciousness among the people, — all

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retrogradation. Compare this Italy with the Italy of to-day, remade by Fascism. Although hampered by lack of natural resources, Italy no longer lives its dreams in the golden past. From "silk to automobiles" it demands industrial recognition. Witness its great and growing merchant marine, its glorious achievements in aviation, its Italcable, its new roads under construction, its program for the education, employment, and housing of the people, the disciplined functioning of its public utilities. The twentieth century's weightiest problem, the conflict between capital and labor, seems to have found its most successful solution under Fascism which has subordinated both capital and labor to the state and the common good of the nation and whipped them both into a double harness, demanding that neither frustrate the other, but that both work harmoniously for the good of all. New laws have been passed for national and social reconstruction. Most significant of all, the national consciousness has been aroused as never before, and Italy has arisen from the ashes of dissension, — a united nation.

All this accomplishment has come about through the rule of one mind, "vast like an ocean" to see the problem as a whole, to work out its every detail, and most important, to contain the future. Mussolini, this great creative will, this man of unique vision and courage, is governing not "by divine right" but by the right of the Italian people. And Italy is with him. The Italian people love or adore him, from the little *balilla* in tiny black shirts to the noble, hoary, red-shirted Garibaldians; from the peasant whom Mussolini is helping with his farming to the man of affairs who wears the sign of the Fascio in the lapel of a faultless frock. They love him and follow him because he has kept every promise and justified their faith.

His dream of Italy, the Italy of the future is a thing of beauty and limitless, — who will dare to define it? Its life and the possibility of its achievement are close within that brain of which it is the vital fire. What it may be Mussolini himself has suggested, "Let us entrust to the new generations the flame of this passion: to make of Italy one of the nations without which it is impossible to conceive the future history of humanity." And toward this dream *Il Duce* is following the policy he urges for the Italian people: the right goal established, to go for it, directly. He has

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dynamited the rocks, — dynamite was the only thing that would do it, and he did not hesitate, — planted the seed in the cleared soil, and the plant, already a vigorous growth, is beginning to flower. Perhaps his dearest dream is Rome, — the decline of ancient imperial Rome is never real for an Italian, — which he has already made "morally and politically the capital of the nation".

In moments of crisis Mussolini has always been successful because he has always directed his activity toward one aim, the welfare of Italy. He has not seized the opportunity for personal glory.

That he should also have personal glory is inevitable because he knows, — Mussolini has no false modesty to hinder him when the good of Italy is at stake, — that the advancement of Italy, as was the salvation of Italy, is identified with himself. Were he convinced that the good of Italy called for his resignation, his past policy indicates that he would be great enough to give it. But in the world, whether you agree with him or not, there is only one Mussolini. He has often been likened to Napoleon. "But," he objects, warm admirer that he is of the spectacular rise of the little Corsican, "I do not accept the parallel." Yet is not Mussolini greater than Napoleon? Napoleon thought of France, to be sure, but he thought of Napoleon first, and Napoleon failed.

The final touch that assures Mussolini's success as an artist in the material in which he deals, "the most difficult of materials, material that is not inert, the most elusive, the most delicate, man himself," is that he has the supreme practical gift of fortune to a public man, that of being sincere in the things that are effective and necessary.

"Coming here I decided to observe Fascism with an open mind," I told him. "I have lived here in Rome for a year and with my own eyes, day by day, I have seen that Italy goes forward."

"Yes," as we stand near the door he answers, half to himself, his gaze inward, simply and with sudden quietness. It is the key-chord. He is the creator, hearing praise of the masterpiece, his only beloved, to which he is giving all of himself. "Yes," with conviction, again the electric man of action. "Italy goes forward."

This is his inspiration.

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FIREWORKS

BY D H LAWRENCE

Illustrations by Thomas Handforth

YESTERDAY being the twenty-fourth of June and St John's day, — and St John's day being also the day of midsummer festival, when there must be fiery celebration of some sort; St John, moreover, being the patron saint of Florence, — for these various reasons, Florence was lit up last night, and there was a show of fireworks from the Piazzale.

The illuminations were rather scanty. The Palazzo Vecchio had little frames of electric bulbs round the windows, very meagre. But above these, all along the battlements of the square roof and in the arches of the thin-necked tower and between the battlements at the top of the tower, the flames were orange-ruddy and wavering. They danced the night-long witch-night dance, Midsummer's Eve, a hundred or two ruddy little dancements among the black, hard battlements and round the lofty, unrelenting, square crown of the building.

This was medieval and fascinating, in the soft, hot, moonlit night. The Palazzo Vecchio has come down to our day, but not to our level. It lifts its long, slim neck and is like a hawk looking round; in the darkness its battlements ruffle their silhouette like black feathers. Like an old fierce bird from the Middle Ages, it

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lifts its head over the level town, eagle with notched plumes. It is a wonder the modern spirit hasn't given it a knock over the head, as it stands there so elegant in fierce old haughtiness. But the modern spirit, this Midsummer's Eve, has only got as high as the windows on the hard façade, fixing itself in stupid, little electric bulbs. Electric bulbs are stupid because they are fixed, unwinking, unalive, giving off a flat, lifeless light. They are like brass nail-heads on furniture, just about as midsummerish and frisky.

Above, where the black battlements ruffle like pinion-tips upon the blond sky, and the dark-necked tower suddenly shoots up, the modern spirit has not yet reached. There the illuminations must be the old, oil-flare lamps, like little torches. Because the flames have living, quick little bodies that dance perpetually in the warm, bland air and keep up the night like the creative witches or Siva dancing his dance of creation, the dance of the myriad movements.

All this alive dancement is very encouraging, upon the severe old building, that holds its fire-crested head in the sky, and ignores the page-button electric bulbs on its breast below. How dreary things are when they never flicker and waver and change, when they keep on going on being the dreary same and never rise on tiptoe, nor shake their fingers and become different, but pride themselves on their deadhead fixity. How stupid man has been, craving for permanency and machine-made perfection, when the only truly permanent things are those that are always quivering and departing, like fire and like water. After all, the sun rays and the rain have already wiped away a good deal of the pyramids, which are so stupid and pretentiously everlasting. Who on earth wants to be a pyramid, when we are all made up of little flames and rain-drops?

People were streaming out of the piazza, all in one direction; and all having that queer, little, lively, crowded look, under the high buildings, that you see in the street scenes of old pictures. Throngs and groups of striding and standing and streaming little humans, that still have a charm of alert life. And all diminutive, because of the large buildings that rise around them. Not that the Palazzo Vecchio or the Uffizi palace are really tall, in terms of the Woolworth Tower. But there again, the effect is all different. Look down on the street from the twenty-second story in New

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York and you see people creeping with the quick, mechanical repulsiveness of ants. It is all a question of proportion.

The people are all flowing towards the dark mouth of the Uffizi, towards the river. As they pass, the fountain continues to shoot up its long and leaning stem of water, unheeded, only Bandinelli's thick, naked, marble man glistens all over in a gleaming wetness that gives him an elemental life of his own. Michelangelo's David, untouched by the fountain, trails his foot with perpetual self-consciousness and hopes the crowd will look at him. They don't, they pass under him and never think of him. Probably they don't like him, the over-life-size, smirking, self-conscious young man who looks like the beginning of all modern fatuity, with his big head. Anyhow, it is a curious thing that his name is utterly unknown to the ordinary Italians of the neighborhood. Tell them your name is David, and they stare at you with blank, stupefied incomprehension. They have never heard the name. It might as well be tiddlywink. Yet there that great, realistic statue has stood, all this time, in the square where all the farmers meet every Friday to talk prices. You would think they would know its name. They don't, though.

On the Lungarno the crowd is solid. There is no wheel traffic. The whole length of the riverside has become one long theatre-pit, where the whole populace of the city is assembled to see the fireworks. In countless numbers they stand and wait, yet you would hardly know they are there, they are so quiet.

The fireworks will go off from the Piazzale

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Michelangelo, which hangs like a platform or a natural terrace over the left bank of the Arno. So the crowd solidly lines the right bank of the river, and the whole town is there. In the sky a little to the south, the fair, warm moon, almost full, lingers in a fleece of iridescent cloud, as if also wanting to look on, but from an immeasurable distance. There is no crowding near, on the moon's part. The crowd is subdued and well-behaved, without excitement and quite without exuberance. There is none of the usual exuberant holiday spirit. A man hawks half-a-dozen toy balloons, but nobody seems to buy them. Away down beyond the Ponte delle Grazie there is a flare-lit little stall and a man baking those small aniseed waffles, which also nobody seems to buy. Only the vendors who silently walk through the crowd with little tubs of ice-cream do a trade. But everything is curiously hushed.

It seems long to wait. Down on the grass and gravel of the still full river, under the embankment, are silent throngs of people. And even the boats used in the daytime for loading gravel, are crowded. In the obscurity it is like a scene from Dante's noiseless underworld. Still we must wait. The young men, wearing no hats now the Summer is here, stroll winding through the groups of immovable citizens and wives, and nobody has anything to do. Easiest thing is to sit in the motor-car by the kerb, and look at the moon.

Near the car stand two women, with a police-dog on a chain. The dog, of course, being a police-dog, is unhappy at the crowd. He crouches back against the car-wheel,

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rises again, turns round, looks at his mistresses, crouches again restlessly. *Bang!* Up goes the first rocket, like a golden tadpole wiggling in the sky, emitting finally a shower of red and green sparks. And the dog winces almost out of his skin, tries to get under the running-board, and is pulled away.

Bang! Bang! Crackle! More rockets, more showers of sparks, and fizzes of aster-petal light in the sky. The dog working in agony on his chain, the mistresses are divided between the showy heavens and him. In the sky, the moon draws farther and farther off, while still watching aloof. She is now at an immense distance, in another world of time. And near at hand, in the tallish sky, there is a rolling and fuming of smoke, a whistling of rockets, a spangling and splashing of colored lights, and, most impressive of all, a continuous crepitation and explosion within the air itself, the high air bursting in explosions from within itself, in continual shocks. It is more like an air raid than anything else. So, the soul has two sets of impressions: that through hearing, dark and sinister, an impression of air-raids and war; that through vision, a sparkling and glitter of colored lights in heaven. One is holiday and entrancement, the other is menace and depression.

The fool dog, of course, is in a pitiable state. He tries to hide himself on the face of the earth and cannot. At every extra bang and crackle, he has to look and he shivers mortally as the great lights burst out on the night. *Bish!* The sky-asters open one beyond the other, in a delayed fusillade. The dog shivers like a glass cup that is going to shatter. The mistresses are more thrilled by his terror than by the fireworks. It gives them a sense of strength, as they try to comfort him. He puts his paws over his ears and buries his nose. But a fresh explosion shocks him out again, and he sits erect, like a bronze statue of pure nervous suffering. Then he curls upon himself again, as if he were his own only refuge. While the high sky bursts and reverberates, wiggles with tadpoles of golden fire, plunges into splashes of light, trembles downwards with spangles of fire, and is all frazzled and broken as if some one from above threw down continual stones into the sensitive ether.

The crowd watches in silence. Lounging young men wander by and, in the subdued tone of mockery usual to the Italians, they say: "*Bello! bello! bellezza!*" — But it is pure irony.

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As the light flares out, you see dark trees and cypresses, Dantesque on the skyline. And down below, you see townspeople standing with uplifted faces, motionless. Also you see a young man with his arm round the waist of his white-clad girl, caressing her and making public love to her. Love-making, like everything else, is now a public proceeding. The stag goes into the depths of the forest. But the young city buck likes the light to flare up and reveal his arm round the shoulders of his girl, his hand stroking her neck.

Up on the Piazzale they are letting off the figure pieces, wheels that turn round showerily in red and green and white fire, fuming dense smoke that moves curiously slow, in volumes, all interpenetrated with color. Then there is a red piece; and on top of the old water-tower a column of red fire. It looks like a city flaming and fuming in the distance, burnt by the enemy. And again rattles the fusillade of a raid, while the smoke rolls ponderously, and the color dies out, only the iridescence of the far, unreachable moon nakedly tinges the low fume. More rockets! There are lovely ones that lean down in the sky like great spider lilies, with long, outcurving petals of soft light, and at the end of each petal a sudden drop of pure green fire, as it were dew. But some strange hand of evanescence brushes the blossom away, and it is gone, leaving the next rocket to burst and show all the smoke-threads still stretching in the sky, the ghost of the gone lily. The gray threads crumble like wild clematis fronds in autumn, as the succeeding brilliance blots them out. And all the time, in another, more real world, the explosions and percussions continue, penetrating through the ear into the soul, with a sense of fear. The dog in vain has tried to get used to it. By now he is a numb, nervous wreck.

There is a great spangling and puffing and trailing of long fires in the sky, long sprays of white fire-blossoms puff out, other many-petaled flowers curve their petals downwards like a grasping hand. Ah! Ah! At last it is all happening at once! And as the eye is dazzled and thrilled, thinking how marvelous man is, the ear almost ceases to hear. Yet the moment the sky empties, it is the percussion of explosions that remains imprinted on the hidden memory, the eye forgets almost instantly.

So, it is over! That was the *finale*. The chauffeur is gabbling that it is shorter than last year. The crowd disperses quickly and

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silently, diving into the outlets from the Lungarno, as if they were running away. And you feel they are all mocking quietly at the spectacle. *Panem et circenses* is all very well, but when the crowd starts quietly jeering at your circus, you are left a bit at a loss.

And as you drive home again, into the silent countryside smelling faintly of vine-flowers, and you see the high moon filling the sky with her soft presence, you are so glad that she does not spin round and shed sparks and make horrible explosions out of herself, but is still and soft and all-permeating.

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SHOULD WE STOP INSTALMENT BUYING?

YES:

SAYS Senator Couzens. It tempts people with small incomes to "keep up with the Joneses," and to mortgage their future earnings for an indefinite period. There are instalment plans which are commercially sound, but they are woefully in the minority.

NO:

SAYS Mr. Hanch. Instalment buying brings new and useful articles quickly into demand, increases production, and thereby reduces cost. Reports of individual misfortunes due to the instalment plan prove nothing and are probably not based on adequate investigation.

I — INSTALMENT BUYING AND ITS COST

SENATOR JAMES COUZENS

THE prophet of disaster, — as Joseph Caillaux, former premier of France, recently pointed out, — is never popular. Nevertheless, Caillaux is right when he says: "I still hold that he who would help his fellow men can do so in a real sense only if, when he sees clouds rising in the distance, he points out untiringly and at no matter what cost to himself how they may be dispersed."

I am interested in the clouds rising in the distance over instalment buying. Much has been written and much has been said recently on this subject, and many figures have been published in an effort to show that instalment sales are but a small percentage of the volume of business done in this country. But, as a matter of fact, trustworthy statistics on instalment sales in all lines of business are not obtainable. Any one who claims to have them is either uninformed or is trying to mislead the people. No one knows to what extent homes are bought on the instalment basis, nor how much real estate or bonds or stocks or furniture or clothing are so purchased. Statistics of this kind may be obtainable in the motor-car industry, or in a few like industries which maintain close national associations, but not elsewhere. One

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economist recently said that it was only six per cent of the seventy billions of dollars worth of business done in this country annually. Professor E. R. A. Seligman, of the Department of Political Economy at Columbia University, estimates the annual instalment sales volume at from five to seven billion dollars out of a total of some forty billions of dollars. Another economist says that it is from five to seven billions of dollars out of seventy billions. Still another statistician recently made the statement that instalment buying had increased only eight per cent from 1923 to 1925, and that during the same period savings deposits had increased seventeen per cent. I challenge that statement, for the man who makes it does not and cannot know accurately to what extent instalment buying really had increased in that period. He could readily ascertain the increase in savings deposits because the banks are under supervision. Their seventeen per cent increase might, however, come from the constant group of provident buyers, while the increase in instalment sales might have come from the same old group of improvident buyers. These comparisons, therefore, mean nothing.

All statistics aside, instalment buying is a rapidly growing evil. It is inflation of the worst kind. Instalment buyers pledge their earnings for years in advance; and then when hard times come, — as they inevitably will, — this large debtor class finds itself forced to pay in deflated, higher-value dollars, what they had contracted for when dollars were cheap. When the time of deflation comes, there will be billions of dollars of outstanding instalment obligations that cannot be deflated. Sellers will either have to take back the goods and thereby confiscate the instalments already paid, or they will have to charge off these outstanding accounts. Faced with such an alternative, there is no doubt which course the seller will take. We have heard many speeches outlining the losses incurred in selling goods on the instalment plan. Such speeches are usually made by persons interested in defending the existing practices and invariably they tend to show that the loss to the seller was very small. But nowhere have I seen any speeches or statistics referring to the loss of the buyer himself. The instalment buyer seems to have been overlooked entirely. Yet we know that it is he who suffers the greatest relative loss. When misfortune prevents the

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payment of final instalments, the buyer is more or less at the mercy of the seller. In some cases, — in the purchase of real estate, for example, — he may save himself; but in the majority of instances a wagon backs up to his door and the goods are carted off.

Instalment buying is an attempt to keep up with the Joneses, to satisfy every passing want; and it is creating a condition that is certainly unsound and, in many cases, results in weakening of character and neglect of the more substantial things of life. I can say from my personal knowledge that the education of children, their physical well-being generally, even the care of their teeth, are being neglected to enable families to purchase on instalments many luxuries and things they could very well do without. If this is sound, then let the orgy proceed. But if people can be awakened to the significance of this surrender to every want, then we may have hope for curtailment.

The director of an educational organization in Michigan which has sought to awaken people to the menace of instalment buying relates the following story, which is by no means an isolated case: "The brilliancy of diamonds and the suggestion, made attractive, as to how easily one might buy and pay for them, so interested a young soldier just returned from war that he bought a ring for his wife to show his affection for her and their twin babies. Before he had completed payments on the ring, one of the babies died; and to pay for the funeral expenses he sold the ring, though of course it was not his to sell as he had not yet fully paid for it. The firm that sold him the ring had him arrested, and he was sent to prison for two years. While he was in prison his wife and other baby became sick and died, which so grieved him that he contracted tuberculosis and died. Here was one entire family wiped out, just because neither the man nor his wife understood the control of the power of suggestion, so as to decide between luxuries and necessities." The man who buys on the instalment plan risks more than mere loss of money. If he realized the full extent of the obligation he assumes, it is safe to say that he would think twice before he committed himself.

Advocates of instalment selling say that they make possible mass production and lower costs. The motor-car industry admits that seventy to eighty per cent of its cars are sold on an instal-

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ment basis, thus making for mass production and lower prices. But if the volume of instalment sales in industry at large is as infinitesimal as economists say, it can hardly have such a stimulating effect upon production as they claim.

In the first statement I made against instalment buying in August of last year, I said this plan of merchandising was being grossly misused. At no time have I made a general condemnation of all instalment buying. I pointed out that certain industries were offering their products at two per cent down payment with two years to pay the balance. Is that a sound policy? I think not.

A friend of mine recently purchased a sewing machine of well known make on instalments, at a total cost of one hundred dollars. If he had paid cash, he would have received a discount of fifteen per cent. The very great increase in cost to the instalment buyer of which this is a striking example, seems to be ignored in public discussions. Even the speeches reported at the National Conference on Business and Business Policy of the Academy of Political Science at the Hotel Astor, November 17, 1926 did not mention the excessive cost to the purchaser. Why are the proponents of instalment sales so silent on this cost?

They say that instalment buying is here to stay. Of course, it has always been and always will be with us. That is not the point of discussion. The point is whether or not it is being properly or improperly used. No fault need be found with sound instalment sales. The speakers at the conference said that instalment selling was sound "when properly used and not abused", when the "individual debt was prudently contracted"; adding that when the "consumer credit is economically sound in principle and practice, it remains only for those concerned to so administer it that its benefits are secured and its abuses eliminated." With this, every one will agree.

Dr. John B. Clark, professor of economics at Columbia University, says: "The dangers of instalment buying are obvious, such as overpersuading the customer to buy and stimulating overconfidence in the seller." Professor Seligman says that in some businesses the instalment plan has been a failure, but that instalment selling has undoubtedly come to stay. He further says: "It has given rise to many abuses and to not a few dangers, but

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there is every likelihood that we shall find repeated here the history of credit in general."

Again, the first vice president of the Bank of America recently asked: "Are we proceeding along the right lines? Since this method has not passed through a complete cycle, and since only experience can furnish the answer, we will be in a better position to judge the matter when we have passed through the next period of business depression and unemployment." But why do we have to wait for the bitter experience of a business depression? Must we go along at top speed, reckless of all past experience and wait for a new experience to teach us unwise economic principles? It looks as if we must, since that is just what we are doing. Instead of looking ahead sufficiently, we are running recklessly into that period of business depression and unemployment to which the banker just quoted referred. Many of us are drifting into economic slavery, indifferently pledging ourselves to pay for a large number of things on instalments.

Matters would not even be so bad if the instalment buyers were buying only one or two things at a time. But the alarming fact is that they are buying many things at a time on the instalment plan and thereby committing themselves to payments which become impossible if there is the slightest decrease in income through unemployment, illness, or other emergencies. There is plenty of evidence that the merchant does not trouble to find out how far the buyer has obligated himself to pay instalments or whether he has contracted for more than he can pay. High-speed salesmanship is only interested in getting the signature of the buyer on the dotted line and then taking a chance on the outcome. It is this chance that is unwise. There is great danger in instalment buying, because of the excessive prices charged the improvident and the breaking down of their moral fibre.

Debts cannot create happiness and contentment. Neither does a chattel mortgage on the family furniture. We hear advocates of instalment buying say that it "encourages thrift". But is it thrifty to spend money long before earning it? It is said that instalment buying encourages the budgeting of the householder's expenditures. But is not the budget adopted primarily for the purpose of saving, rather than for spending?

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There was a time, not long ago, when the great mass of our citizens were rather ashamed to be in debt, but high-speed salesmanship and mass production seem to have changed the public attitude, so that to-day we must be heels over head in debt to secure happiness and contentment.

Instalment selling that does not assure at least twenty-five to forty per cent down payment and the balance within a year on articles that depreciate in value is unwise. Instalment sales made to individuals who are already committed to their full capacity to pay, without allowing for any contingencies such as illness or unemployment, are unsound and certain to bring bad results. No one has yet contended for any legislative measures to stop this orgy, and I am not advocating that road to panacea. I am simply writing my own observations and endeavoring to issue a warning against the continuance of practices which everyone who has had any experience at all knows to be unsound, unwise, and dangerous.

II—THE CASE FOR INSTALMENT BUYING

CHARLES CONNARD HANCH

MY childhood was spent among the hardships of pioneer life on a midwest wilderness farm. My mother made the family's clothing by hand with needle and thread, while my father cultivated his crops among the stumps of the clearing. Five times during my early life I came in contact with the instalment plan: first, when my mother bought her sewing machine; second, when my father bought his first reaper; third, when the family purchased a piano; fourth, when I bought my first good suit so that I could hold down a city job; and fifth, when I purchased my Encyclopaedia Britannica in place of the college education that was beyond my reach. I look back upon these five events as memorable occasions in my life. When I recall the relief brought by the sewing machine and the pleasure brought by the piano into my mother's life, I bless the man who first conceived the idea of consumer credit.

I mention these things because they are typical. Thousands

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of other people have had similar experiences. It would be hard to state the actual number but certainly "thousands" is no exaggeration. The most authoritative estimates yet available as to the extent of instalment buying in this country are those made by Milan V. Ayres for the National Association of Finance Companies, summarized in the accompanying table. The figures collected by Mr. Ayres show that the outstanding debt of instalment buyers is always very much less than the annual sales. This is because the instalment buyer is always required to pay part of the purchase price when he receives the article, the balance being rapidly reduced by the instalments themselves. And Mr. Ayres's figures also show that, — in spite of alarmist reports to the contrary, — the total increase of the outstanding debt of instalment purchasers for the two year period, 1923 and 1925, was only eight per cent.

According to these figures, only nine per cent of our annual income of seventy billion dollars is spent for instalment goods, and less than four per cent is owing on these purchases at any one

Retail Instalment Sales

Millions of Dollars

	Sales — 1925		Outstandings		
	Cash Price	Instalment Price	End of 1925	End of 1923	Per cent Increase in 2 years
Automobiles	3,523	3,780	1,378	1,378	0
Household furniture	700	789	542	471	15
Pianos	203	234	212	212	0
Phonographs	160	174	84	80	5
Radio sets	169	181	41	13	215
Washing machines	95	104	51	44	16
Vacuum cleaners	51	56	20	18	11
Sewing machines	90	106	77	73	5
Gas stoves	25	27	12	11	9
Mechanical refrigerators	14	16	11	2	450
Jewelry store goods	100	108	40	32	25
Clothing	275	282	36	20	80
Property improvements	100	108	45	23	96

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time. In contrast with these small average figures, however, there are lines of production where two-thirds or more of the entire output is sold on instalments. In this class are automobiles, tractors, household furniture, pianos, phonographs, radio sets, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, sewing machines, gas stoves, and mechanical refrigerators. Three quarters of all the goods in this list, — estimating by value, — are disposed of on the instalment plan, which thus clearly has an important effect on production.

There are, in fact, three very important benefits of instalment selling. It enables a new article to come into general use more rapidly than would otherwise be possible. It greatly increases production. And from these facts it follows that instalment buying reduces costs of production, at the same time making possible an improvement in quality. The history of the automobile is an excellent example. Without instalment selling we should now have fewer cars of inferior quality, at higher prices. We should have fewer miles of improved roads, and many of our manufacturing processes, — some of them not directly related to the automobile, — would be much less advanced than they are to-day.

Seventy years ago similar sales methods were introduced by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Not satisfied with the outlet which their first customers, the clothing manufacturers, made possible, this company undertook to extend its market into the American home by selling on the instalment plan. The result was an immense and rapid expansion of sales, making possible frequent improvements and enormously reducing the burdens of the American housewife. To-day we are witnessing a repetition of this development by manufacturers of oil heaters and mechanical refrigerators. The use of both devices is growing by leaps and bounds, while at the same time their quality is improving and their price is decreasing. In these and in many other cases, it is not too much to say that instalment selling is aiding the rapid advance of civilization.

Critics of the instalment plan assert that the instalment purchaser gets into the habit of pledging all his available income for months in advance, leaving no margin for the inevitable emergencies which are bound to arise. Here, in fact, is the essence of

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all the hue and cry against the instalment plan. Everybody seems ready to admit that instalment buying is comparatively harmless where the buyer is careful not to overobligate himself; and most of the protest is based upon the assertion that buyers are reckless, that they mortgage their future, that they deprive themselves and their families of necessities in order to buy luxuries.

This is a serious accusation, and the most interesting thing about it is that nobody has ever tried to prove it. It is true, of course, that nearly every writer who attacks the instalment plan relates one or two instances of reckless instalment buying. But that kind of thing is not proof. You might as well try to prove that marriage is a failure, by citing a few cases of marital infelicity, or that education is a menace, by describing the career of a malefactor who used his learning as an aid to crime. The fact is that nobody presented any genuine proof that any considerable proportion of instalment buyers are reckless; or that instalment buying has increased extravagance; or that a bigger percentage of instalment buyers default than is the case with charge account buyers; or that the increase in instalment buying has brought about an increase in requests for charitable relief. Every attempt to find statistical proof of this sort has met with a negative result. During the recent years when instalment selling has had its greatest increase, there has also been an astonishingly rapid growth in savings bank deposits, life insurance policies, building and loan association assets, and the wide-spread ownership of stocks and bonds. All of these phenomena directly contradict the persistent assertion that instalment buying is preventing people from saving.

It has been suggested that the savings deposits may be largely owned by those who sell on instalments rather than by the buyers. This cannot possibly be true because there were less than two and one-half million retail dealers of all kinds in this country in 1925, while there were nearly forty-nine million savings accounts in our banks. The great number of our savings depositors is sufficient proof that instalment buyers are also savers. Between 1912 and 1925 the number of savings depositors increased from about thirteen millions to nearly forty-four millions, or three and one-half times. In 1912 there were six savings depositors to every ten families. Early in 1921 the number of depositors was

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equal to the number of families, and in the middle of 1925 there were sixteen depositors for every ten families.

There is another prevalent idea that the instalment plan is intended to force an unneeded purchase upon an unwilling buyer, that it is an adjunct to "high pressure" salesmanship. There is just a grain of truth in this, for the plan is sometimes adopted by fraudulent and semifraudulent enterprises, and by concerns which are using questionable selling methods, — just as advertising and the United States mail and other modern business devices are so used. Such use does not reflect upon any of these agencies. Most instalment selling is as honest, open, and above board as any other kind of selling.

In the application of the instalment plan, certain safety principles should be observed, — in the interests of both buyer and seller. The merchant should assure himself that the customer can and will pay in full. He should exact a sufficient cash payment so that the buyer will feel that he owns a considerable share in the purchase and is not merely a renter. He should so adjust the payments with reference to the depreciation of the article that the purchaser will have no cause to feel that the remaining payments are greater than the value of the property. It is safe to say that in general these principles are being fairly well observed. The seller should also tell his customer the cash price and how much more it is going to cost him to buy on instalments. This is always done in the sale of automobiles, — that is to say, in more than half by value of all instalment sales.

The assertion is also made that instalment selling creates unsound inflation, which in times of deflation works great hardship on the debtor class. This again is an assumption based on reasoning rather than on evidence. The reasoning runs like this: Too much easy credit causes inflation. Instalment selling involves the extension of a great deal of credit. Therefore, instalment selling causes inflation. Let us examine this argument. The relation of easy credit to what we call inflation is exhibited chiefly in two ways. First, money is borrowed to buy unusually large amounts of goods, in the belief that prices are going to rise and a profit may be made on the goods. This buying makes prices rise. Second, money is borrowed to manufacture the goods which seem to be so much in demand. This causes a rise in price of

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raw materials and labor. After a while it is discovered that ultimate consumers are not buying so fast as goods are accumulating, and a crash comes. The characteristic action of easy credit in this inflationary process is that it helps speed up production, without providing for consumption.

But the action of credit in instalment selling is almost the opposite. Though it does increase production, its immediate effect is to increase consumption. It would appear to be a remedy for inflation rather than a cause of it. It would be foolish to suggest that instalment selling is a cure for all the evils of the business cycle. The problem is too complex for any such simple solution. But at least it is clear that the use of credit in instalment selling is not in any sense inflation.

After all, it seems rather incredible that a method of spending which affects only nine per cent of our national income and involves an outstanding debt of only four per cent, should be important either in causing depressions or in curing them. Perhaps the most important effect of instalment selling has been the practical obliteration of economic barriers between the rich and those in moderate circumstances. The laboring man with his small car can ride over the same boulevards, get the same fresh air, and see the same scenery as the millionaire in his Rolls-Royce. With his radio receiving set the workman can now listen to grand opera singers whose voices formerly were heard only by the socially elect. The poor no longer see much occasion for envying the rich, and the beneficial effect of this changed attitude in discouraging socialistic tendencies is incalculable.

The President of the United States has recently been quoted as saying that there is no cause for alarm in the instalment tendency, that there is no information on the subject from any of the government departments which would give uneasiness, and that he regards instalment buying and its credit system as rather a good thing. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Andrew W. Mellon, in his recent report to Congress, said: "Within limits there is nothing inherently unsound in this practice. It has been customary to buy household furniture and pianos on the instalment plan, and its extension to automobiles, washing machines, and similar things represents only a natural enlargement of the articles purchased for personal use."

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PEGASUS AND DOBBIN

CLEMENCE DANE

"It ain't the 'untin' that 'urts the 'osses, but the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer, on the 'ard, 'igh road."

BLESSED be the hobby-horse among the beasts of the field! The real difference between man and woman, you know, is that woman has never understood the fiery charm of such a steed. Eve's sober Dobbin has "Work" for his second name; and she firmly believes that all steeds should resemble her mount, be about twenty-three, capable of carrying her and her merchandise to market steadily enough to let her knit as she rides, and warranted not to kick when the baby pulls its tail. But Adam wants to 'witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Truly, I do not believe that man and woman were thrown out of Eden on account of an apple. No, the trouble began earlier. Consider the situation of our unfortunate parents, doomed to live eternally in a garden that did not need weeding! Nothing to do for uncounted millions of days but love each other and admire the garden in whose planning and preserving they had no share. Surely the devil is maligned and Boredom, not Satan, was the destroyer of Paradise. If the Snake had indeed been more subtle than any beast of the field, he would have understood that a workless Paradise was as near hell as made no matter; and would have left our father and mother undisturbed. Perhaps he did, for it is a fact that we hear nothing of the Serpent's activities until after Adam had found a job.

Adam began to name the beasts. Adam became a happy man. Adam had no particular interest in the apple. He ate it, we may be sure, as most of his descendants have eaten it, from Solomon to Macbeth, from Macbeth to Bishop Proudie, under protest, overborne, persuaded, for the sake of peace and quiet. Adam, it is to be suspected, swallowed down his core in a hurry with a "Well, dear, if that's all I can do for you at the moment, d'you mind if I,—" and fled back to his beasts, being at the time in the middle of composing a particularly successful name for one of them,—probably the Duck-billed Platypus!

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For Adam, you see, had solved the problem of how to be happy in Paradise by inventing for himself an occupation. It could not be banned as work because it was useless. As Eve said to him at the time, "What do you want to give them *names* for?" And yet it completely and fascinatingly occupied all his time and his energy. In other words he had, before all the other beasts, called up, named, and mounted Pegasus, the hobby-horse.

But Eve had no hobby-horse and Eve continued bored, so bored that she seems at last to have taken the Serpent's advice and mounted a high horse of her own, — Dobbin, the Hack. Shaking the dustless dews of Paradise from her feet, out she went into the world to find work. And hard work she found, and harder work still to make Adam work too; for Adam doesn't like work. Eve does. Eve works from the moment she gets up in the morning to the moment she goes to bed. Adam, of course, will not allow her to call her activities work; because then she would have to have a six hour day as he does, and nothing would ever get done. He tells her instead that her sphere is the home, and that she is lucky to have one. But Adam has his six hours for work; and when the six hours' dull trot with Dobbin is over he is free to return to his own dear hobby-horse which some call Pegasus still. And then he enjoys himself for the rest of the day.

It is a pity that Eve despises Adam's steed so heartily. For if Eve makes life possible, it is certainly Adam who makes life enjoyable. Eve's work runs the world, but Adam's hobbies glorify it; for though Eve is the mother of the crafts, Adam is the father of the arts. Eve, the practical woman, may have thought of cooking the Sunday leg of lamb, but only Adam, whose job was not cooking and who had his Sunday to himself, ("Six days shall I labor," says Adam to Eve on the seventh), could have lilted along at ten minutes to one with a cup of sour wine, a lump of sugar, and a handful of the herb called mint, to turn the work of eating into poetry.

It is with some justice said against us women that we produce organizers, administrators, pioneers, devils, and saints, but few artists. Why is it? I think it is because we have not yet learned what fun it is to ride the hobby-horse. The Irish peasant woman still whitewashes her walls like her mother before her for cleanliness's sake. I've watched her at the work. But in all her genera-

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tions it has never occurred to her to decorate them afterwards. She hasn't the time, of course, but has she the inclination? Yet give her small son a twig of charcoal and a lump of ochre (I've given it to him before now), and what do you see in five minutes? Not a blank wall, not his mother's tidy whitewashed wall! You see an absorbed face, an earnestly squirming tongue. There is breathing as heavy as the snort of Pegasus and on the wall, good, bad or indifferent in execution, a picture.

Never will I admit that women are inferior to men; though I admit that they are different, — with different faults. But I do think that woman's habit of making a business of her pleasures handicaps her more than she realizes, and that the secret of man's success in life is his trick of making a hobby, even of his business, even of his work.

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TABU—A DEFENSE OF BIRTH CONTROL

Forum Medical Series—IV

EDWARD MURRAY EAST

THE problem of overpopulation has haunted the minds of social reformers ever since the Reverend T. R. Malthus propounded his all too famous theorem. Malthus relied in part on biological evidence for the views which led to the idea of evolution and the movement for birth control. The distinguished Harvard biologist who here explains the modern scientific attitude to voluntary restriction will be opposed in our next issue by Dr. Halliday Sutherland, medical protagonist in Dr. Marie Stopes's famous libel suit.

A VERY unsatanic friend, who nevertheless resembled Job's tempter in that he had done much going to and fro upon the earth, once described to me an extraordinary scene witnessed while he was sojourning in a distant wilderness. A hungry native, coming by chance upon a bowl of plantains or beetle larvae or some such delicacy, had thanked his tutelar deity for the good fortune and had dined with gusto. But his gastronomic joy was short-lived. A few hours later, a horror stricken fellow tribesman informed him that he had violated tabu, that he had eaten of the dish destined for the alimentation of his holiness the king. The news struck the poor victim like a charge of the Four Horsemen. He turned pale. His knees shook. He seemed visibly to wither away. Shortly he sank to the ground, spasm after spasm of pain shaking him from head to foot. Before sunset he was dead, snuffed out by sheer fright.

I always think of this gruesome tale whenever I read the returns of a battle between Progress and Superstition, whether it be one of the old historic duels of Feudalism and Enlightened Democracy or one of the more recent tilts between Biology and Fundamentalism. What a tyrannical ruler is custom! When it comes to changing a folkway, Timbuktu and New York react in exactly the same manner.

To-day the best example is birth control, though to-morrow it will be something else. At first the very mention of birth control was tabu. It violated the convention of secrecy shrouding all matters of sex and reproduction since time immemorial. I don't know that any one died from the shock; but emotional disturbance was common enough, and quite real. Most of us have passed

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beyond this stage to-day. In Massachusetts recently a candidate was defeated because the opposition called him a sexagenarian; but this, I take it, is exceptional. The idea of children by choice instead of chance has made so much headway that its antagonists are now on the defensive, as one may judge from their reactions. Instead of fainting spells and partial paralysis, the term causes the adrenals to work overtime; people rage and imagine vain things.

The central thesis of Malthus, that population tends naturally to increase faster than the means of subsistence, is accepted by every scholar and is easily demonstrable to all who grant the soundness of the elementary theorems of arithmetic. We can raise the saturation point of the earth in terms of population by new discoveries, as heat raises the saturation point of water in terms of various salts. But since we can neither enlarge our universe nor emigrate from it, we can never abrogate the law of population by such means, if prolific Nature is allowed full sway. We are trapped by our reproductive efficiency, and can escape only by reducing it or by living lives that are short and by no means merry.

Yet such small matters are not beyond the triumphant logic of Dr. John C. Coyle, the eminent authority on population problems of the Knights of Columbus. According to his view, the peoples of the earth are rapidly diminishing. Select only five persons on the earth at present, and we see why. They had ten parents, and these parents came in turn from twenty parents, these twenty from forty, and so on back through the ages. "It can plainly be seen," says Dr. Coyle, "that at one time there were many more people on the earth than there are now. The farther back we go the more people we have. If there were no overpopulation then, why should we look for any now?"

Those who follow the census returns and the reports of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, and who have some facility in the use of statistics, can readily calculate that at the present rate of increase in world population the number of mouths to be filled will tax our agronomical skill to the utmost in less than two hundred years, even when a reasonable allowance is made for a rise in performance records. Note that they do not predict any such eventuality; they merely evaluate the current rate

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of change, as does any forehanded business man who tries to peer into the future. But even this harmless, thought-provoking diversion excites combativeness.

Dr. Robert T. Morris, who at one time was a surgeon of high repute, but who abandoned the simple art to which he had been trained in order to give advice to those who follow that complex mixture of science and commerce known as agriculture, writes frequently and at length saying that the earth is sadly underpopulated. I forget the number of people that he says can and will be accommodated, but it is astonishingly large. At one time nuts were his hobby. He had millions feeding contentedly on their succulent kernels. More recently, it is muskrats. The muskrat is delicious, he says, and highly nutritious.

Arthur Brisbane also comes to the fray, wholly unarmed except for his pencil. He estimates that all of the world's peoples could stand on Staten Island, — possibly it was Long or Blackwell's, — allowing three square feet per person; and this seems fair enough, for under those conditions people would be thinner and require less space. He further estimates that Texas, properly exploited by the farmer, could feed this upstanding multitude. Had he been acquainted with the reports of the United States Department of Agriculture on the agronomical possibilities of Texas, however, he would have selected Illinois as the basis of his calculation; for Illinois, agriculturally speaking, is considerably larger than the Lone Star State.

And so go all population arguments based upon the data of economics and of vital statistics. In part we of the States are apathetic to the difficulties of the population problem because inordinate stores of natural resources, available at a time when scientific discovery promoted rapid exploitation, have made us what one might call a hopelessly optimistic nation. No evil day can possibly dawn upon *us;* we are too clever. Secretary Hoover may say, "Increasing population will force the United States to advance in scientific discovery or to lower its standard of living." No matter. We will meet all obstacles and surmount them. Knibbs and Pearl, speaking as statisticians, or Ross and Fairchild, speaking as sociologists, may point out that the pitifully short lives full of hunger and misery endured by the peoples of China and India, and the economic disturbances of Western

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Europe, are due in large measure to high population density. What of it! It can never happen to us!

And there is some justification for this position. I would not like to admit being a professional optimist, for that carries with it too much implication of ignorance and stupidity; but I do believe that the United States will escape the population deluge that has submerged some of the older countries. It came upon the world's stage at a time when it could profit sociologically as well as economically by the great increase of knowledge in the immediate past. It ought and probably will solve the population problem before any very distressing calamities spread over the face of the land, and will solve it by the only effective means, contraception. Already the birth rate has fallen to a figure which causes anxiety among those who fail to appreciate such blessings. Perhaps it will ultimately drop to a point that will insure a stationary population having an optimum economic efficiency.

Some changes in governmental attitude will be necessary to achieve this millennium. It cannot come if birth control is a general practice among the well-to-do, the while impossible among the poor. It cannot come by what Margaret Sanger calls a "cradle competition between the fit and the unfit". It cannot come if families of reasonable size are penalized economically. It can come in no other way than by encouraging parents of *every* station to have only those children who can be blessed with health and educated to their whole capacity. Perhaps it will come; but rosy hopes do not warrant apathy. On the contrary, they entail eternal vigilance in all our social procedures. Some single mischance, like the success of the alien lobbies now gathered in force at Washington to fight our restrictions on immigration, may upset all calculations.

This particular ground for reacting violently against birth control is unimportant, unfortunately, for it is the easiest to undermine. Many people in India, in China, and even in western Europe, who have no prideful predictions to make along economic lines, are more bitterly opposed to such practices than are those of the United States. It is upon moral grounds that the chief arguments are made. And these moral grounds resolve themselves into custom. That which is novel is only too often immoral to persons who cannot or do not reason clearly.

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Discussions of the moral aspects of birth control have brought forth some odd contentions. It is maintained that birth control would cause racial deterioration; in the first place because the opportunity of producing genius is restricted, and in the second place because there is an association between fine minds and feeble bodies. It is the type of argument that impresses the layman, being made so dogmatically that he feels that it must have some basis of fact. The first point becomes absurd when once one realizes where its logic leads. One of the greatest minds of all time was Leonardo da Vinci, and Leonardo was born out of wedlock. It is, moreover, no guarantee of greatness in a nation that its people spawn promiscuously in order to provide greater opportunity for high-grade germ cells' meeting.

The fundamental requisite for genius is a good heritage. This no one denies. But a benevolent environment is a factor of no less importance. I have not the slightest doubt but that America to-day is teeming with potential greatness, a goodly proportion of which will never come to fruition because of lack of opportunity. One of the soundest arguments of the Neo-Malthusians is that wide-spread opportunity can only be offered to developing manhood and womanhood in a nation unharassed by population difficulties. The second contention is simply false. It was disposed of by Havelock Ellis in a series of brilliant essays quite some time ago. And just recently Terman has shown that the thousand most intelligent children of California are above the average in bodily health and strength.

These arguments are typical. They are endeavors to rationalize irrational prejudices. And they mask the real issues. Down deep in their hearts the antagonists of birth control are merely oppressed with fear for their miserable souls. Their attitude is well illustrated by one of the delightful anecdotes of the ironical master of the Villa Saïd, as reported by M. Brousson.

"A true Christian was M. le duc de B. Like Abraham, like Polyeuctus, he was capable of sacrificing both wife and children in order to enter heaven. The duchess had had several difficult accouchements. Disturbed by the prospects, the physician believed it to be his duty to warn M. de B. The duke regarded him with contempt. 'Monsieur,' said he with a lisp, — for he lisped like a child, — 'Monsieur, I am a good Catholic. I prefer to lose

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my wife rather than to lose my soul. I have only one soul, and women are so plentiful.' Shortly after, it was learned that Madame de B. had died in childbirth."

Personally I am not perturbed over the losses of such souls or concerned about infractions of irrational religious dogma; but having a lively intellectual curiosity, I am interested as to why the idea of birth control should be deemed unchristian and unethical in various quarters.

The arguments of the ghostly advisors of the Church, both Catholic and Protestant, are four. Two are puerile; two show a woeful ignorance of the one text-book their profession requires. They say that birth control is "unnatural". Of course it is, like clothing and houses, like cooked food, like medicines, like all the arts and sciences, like everything which distinguishes man from the lower animals, like marriage itself. More frequently still they quote the injunction to Noah, "Be fruitful and multiply," given, according to tradition, when the people of the earth were eight in number. It is difficult to see how a thoughtful priest can justify the continued quotation of these words under present conditions of world population or can reconcile it with the practice of religious celibacy.

Moreover the Book of Ecclesiasticus, which many persons accept as orthodox, bids us "desire not a multitude of unprofitable children". Equally frequent are the appeals of the Biblical story of Onan and to the teachings of St Paul on the purpose of marriage, and neither of these references supports the contentions made. Onan was slain because he did not obey the Levirate Law commanding him to raise up seed to his brother. The purpose given by Paul in Chapter VII of the First Book of Corinthians for the institution of Christian marriage is to avoid promiscuity. Nothing whatever is said about procreation, therefore it certainly cannot be said to be the sole purpose of marriage. In fact, this conclusion is tacitly agreed upon by all sects of the Church when they bless marriages between people who are beyond reproductive age.

Ethical propositions are usually less involved than those of theology. If a practice has a good purpose and if it is reasonably certain that its practical consequences will be generally valuable, then it ought to be adopted as a principle of conduct. From this standpoint, what can be said of birth control?

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Neo-Malthusian leaders give six reasons to justify the doctrine. I will give as briefly as possible an argument or two under each heading, relying chiefly upon quotations from eminent authorities.

1. *The health of mother and child.* Many people should remain childless because of hereditary predisposition to disease or abnormality. Healthy mothers should space their children properly for their own good and that of their offspring. On this point we may listen to Dr. W. A. Pusey, President of the American Medical Association: "It is women that bear the penalties in injury, disease, and death, and mental torture that are involved in unlimited child-bearing. They have a right to know how they can intelligently, — not crudely and dangerously, — control their sexual lives. And they are justified by the highest considerations in fighting vigorously and persistently until they have this right granted to them."

2. *The happiness of married life.* It is said that birth control will bring peace, harmony, and love to the home by freeing parents from the haunting fear of having children which they are unprepared for physically and economically. By encouraging early marriage, it will lessen prostitution and promote morality. On the functions of marriage no one speaks more profoundly, more sympathetically, more beautifully, than Havelock Ellis: This is what he says:

"There is something pathetic in the spectacle of those who are still only able to recognize the animal end of marriage and who point to the example of the lower animals as worthy of our imitation. It has taken God, — or Nature if you will, — unknown millions of years of painful struggle to evolve Man, and to raise the human species above that bondage to reproduction which marks the lower animals. But on these people it has all been wasted. They are in the animal stage still. They have yet to learn the ABC of love. This comes from the blindness which cannot know that, beyond the primary animal end of propagation in marriage, there is a secondary but more spiritual end. It is needless to insist how intimately that secondary end of marriage is bound up with Birth Control."

3. *The relief of overpopulation.* "It is certain," says Dr. O. E. Baker, the distinguished economist of the United States Depart-

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ment of Agriculture, "that if the population of the United States continues to increase for more than another century as it has during the past century, there is no means by which the present standard of living can be maintained, except by importation of foodstuffs from other lands, — which will need their foodstuffs even more than we. And looking forward 200 or 300 years, which is a shorter span of time than that elapsed since the settlements of Jamestown and Plymouth, it seems necessary to recognize not only a stationary population in this country, but also throughout the world. Whether this stationary state will be one of misery for the majority of the people, as in China and India to-day, or one of well-being and happiness, will depend largely upon voluntary restriction of population."

4. *The improvement of the race.* It is quite the fashion for ignoramuses to make fun of eugenics. Unfortunately their witty observations do not change the situation. Feeblemindedness, epilepsy, certain types of insanity and numerous physical abnormalities are hereditary. Every country is afflicted with more than a sufficient percentage of these undesirables. An increasing proportion means racial deterioration. And the birth rate of those of low mentality everywhere is greater than the birth rate of those of high mentality.

5. *The prevention of poverty.* The Marxian remedy for poverty is a more equable distribution of the world's goods. But, the Neo-Malthusian replies, the least capable have the largest families. Is it practicable, or even desirable, that under these conditions the capable should be penalized to support them? Let us give them measures by which they themselves can tend to relieve their poverty. The experience of our clinics shows that this is possible even with high grade morons. The feebleminded of lower grades we must care for; but let us see that as few as possible of such incompetents are born. They are expensive. Let us try to cut down this expenditure and use the money to promote advisable economic reforms.

6. *The progress of civilization.* The means used by uncivilized peoples to relieve overpopulation, — the *natural* means, one might say, — are abortion, infanticide, war, starvation, disease. They are not due solely to overpopulation and cannot be wholly abolished by birth control; but overpopulation is their chief

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cause, and birth control will do more toward eliminating them than any other one thing.

These arguments, brief as they are, ought, it seems to me, to show that conscious regulation of the birth rate is a highly ethical proposal. I shall say no more. If civilization advances, it will come. The forces on the other side are the forces of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition. They are the same forces that caused the poor savage of the Polynesian wilds to die of fright because he ate the king's food unwittingly. Are we to be ruled forever by tabu?

Professor East's views on the necessity of birth control will be opposed in our next number by Dr. Halliday Sutherland, who will waive ethical considerations and confine his attack to strictly scientific grounds.

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THE PHILADELPHIA SYSTEM

THOMAS RAEBURN WHITE

MR. WHITE'S article sets forth facts which Senator James A. Reed's investigating committee would presumably have elicited had not the filibuster led by a Pennsylvania Senator ended the committee's revelations. Fraudulent names, "fixed" ballots, and intimidation of voters are a few of the devices which Mr. White charges the Philadelphia organization with using. Mr. White does not indulge in diatribes. Far more scathing is his quiet explanation of "how a corrupt political organization can win an election."

WILLIAM S. VARE, the newly elected United States Senator from Pennsylvania, is a product of the Philadelphia political machine, commonly known in Pennsylvania as "the organization". He owes his prominence and his office, not to any superior qualities of intellect or character, but solely to his connection with this organization. Mr. Vare is the youngest of the three "Vare brothers", who were powerful elements in Philadelphia politics for many years. After the death of Israel W. Durham, about twenty years ago, they were practically in control of the political machinery of the city, especially in South Philadelphia.

The Vare brothers were contractors and were largely engaged in the performance of work for the City of Philadelphia. For many years they held contracts for street cleaning, repairs to streets and roads, and other municipal work. No one will be found to defend the ethics of powerful politicians who, while influential in the control of the administration of a city, draw large sums from its treasury in payment for work done in the performance of city contracts. It is asking too much of human nature to suppose that under such circumstances contracts will be fairly let or faithfully performed. The Vare fortune has been derived mainly, if not entirely, from this source. So far as the public knows, none of the Vare brothers ever had any other business except holding various salaried public offices.

Everything that I have said was well known, and Mr. Vare's conspicuous lack of qualifications was understood and commented upon during his campaign for Senator. Nevertheless, he was nominated over two opponents, both of whom were markedly his superiors in personal fitness. He was afterwards elected over his Democratic opponent, although by a greatly reduced majority.

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How was this possible? What is the explanation of Vare's triumph?

There are factors of Vare's success which are well understood and which had something to do with the result, such as the division of the "dry" vote between Pepper and Pinchot, whereas Vare ran on a "wet" platform; the large expenditure of money; and certain errors of judgment in the campaign of his opponents. But the real reason it was possible for Vare to be elected lies in the fact that he was in a dominant position in the Philadelphia organization. It did what he directed and "put him over". In his primary fight he carried only two counties, Philadelphia and Dauphin (where his running mate lived), but it was enough. His large plurality in Philadelphia overcame the vote of the state. So in the election. His Democratic opponent came down rock-ribbed Republican Pennsylvania to the City line a winner by 59,482 votes. But the vote of the Philadelphia organization overcame this and returned Vare a winner by a majority of 173,527.

How could it have done this? The answer lies in a consideration of the organization, its aims, purposes, and methods.

Twenty years ago it was described by Secretary Root as a "corrupt and criminal combination masquerading under the name Republican". It has changed in personnel through the ravages of time but it has not improved its morals. Though nominally Republican, in reality it holds allegiance to no party and to no principles. It calls itself Republican because Pennsylvania is a Republican state and it gains advantage by doing so. But when, through some happy accident, or hard-fought battle, a candidate is nominated whom the organization does not approve, it will, without hesitation, desert the candidate of its party and support another under some other name. A few years ago William S. Vare was a candidate for the nomination for Mayor of Philadelphia. The late Senator Penrose opposed him as unfit for the office; there was a consequent split in the organization. Vare's opponent was nominated with the result that his faction of the organization deserted the candidate of their party in large numbers and supported the independent candidate, Mr. Blankenburg, who was elected by a small majority. They did this, not because they wanted Blankenburg, but because they were more concerned about control of the organization than they were about the success of their party ticket.

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I have been a close observer of the workings of the Philadelphia machine for twenty-odd years, have known many of its leaders, and I say without fear of successful contradiction that they have no aim or purpose beyond the success of the organization, and especially that faction to which they happen to belong. Their object is control of the offices, political power, and material gain. No patriotic motive enters into any of their plans. No consideration of the welfare of any political party affects them, except as it may help some purpose of their own. While, as I have said, the machine is nominally Republican, it has made of the Democratic Party in Philadelphia a mere corrupt annex. Under the Pennsylvania laws certain officers, notably magistrates and county commissioners, are elected by both majority and minority parties. The machine parcels out these offices to Republicans and Democrats alike and can always count on Democrats for help in time of need.

But how, it will be asked, can a political machine maintain its power in a community as enlightened as Philadelphia? There are many answers: thorough organization, an army of office-holders who work all day and every day, "the cohesive power of public plunder," the momentum of the possession of power and office, with its fatal attraction to young men. But these do not sufficiently explain how year after year a corrupt organization can win elections and thus perpetuate itself in power. The real answer is that in Philadelphia the elections in those parts of the City controlled by the machine are little better than a farce. The machine starts the election with a controlled vote of from 150,000 to 200,000 which can be delivered at a moment's notice to any candidate, good or bad, known or unknown. How the vote shall be cast is decided by the "leaders", the orders are sent out, and the returns follow. The promptness and certainty with which such orders can be executed was shown in a recent election where the machine candidate for District Attorney fell ill just before the primary and was believed on election day to be dying. Suddenly "stickers", bearing the name of a man not previously discussed for the office and whose name, of course, was not printed on the ballot, appeared all over the city and the machine actually cast 123,616 votes for him, mostly after 4 P.M.; but failed to overcome the lead of its regular candidate, who died the next day.

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How can this vote be delivered in this certain and calculated manner? The answer is simple to one who has really studied the conduct of elections in Philadelphia. In a large proportion of the election precincts of the city, there are no election officers except those chosen by the machine. Theoretically one inspector of election belongs to a minority party, but in reality he does not. All are a part of the machine and keenly alert to roll up a big vote. The election is "run" by a "division leader", an accredited agent of the machine, who "bosses" the job, including the election officers. His credit with his superiors depends on his turning in a big vote for the machine candidates. If he is an office-holder, — and he generally is, — he must make a good showing to hold his job. Whatever methods are considered safest at the time are used. They have changed materially during the time I have been an interested observer because the laws have gradually changed, but the results are not very different.

In nearly all precincts in the controlled sections of the city an impossible proportion, sometimes almost all the registered vote, is returned as cast. Many of the registered names are fraudulent, and many voters at each election do not vote. Ballots are placed in the box for all absentees, and their names are checked as having voted. This accounts often for more than one hundred votes in a precinct, — all fraudulent. In many cases also the votes cast are not correctly counted, and intentional and fraudulent returns are made.

Your readers will probably be more interested in cases of recent date. Reference, however, may be made to the fact that during the period of some twenty years during which the Committee of Seventy (a voluntary organization of citizens) has operated, many convictions for flagrant cases of fraud have been secured and followed by prison sentences. For example, in the election to which I referred above, where votes were thrown to the Democratic magistrates in order to defeat the Independent ticket, the election officers were sent to prison in one district for having placed two hundred fraudulent ballots in the box before the polls opened, afterwards writing names to correspond with the fraudulent ballots in a list of voters which the election officers are required to make. These names were written in the voters' list in the order in which they appeared on the assessors' list, although voters are

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supposed to be recorded in the order in which they vote. It was easily proved that none of the two hundred had actually voted. Most of the names were fictitious or the names of persons who had died or removed from the district. Only 143 legal ballots had been cast in this district out of 343 reported. In another case the election officers were sent to prison for having surreptitiously removed the ballot-box from the polling room after the polls had closed and having substituted another ballot-box containing fraudulent ballots, which were thereupon counted and returned.

These are illustrations of cases which were prosecuted fifteen or twenty years ago. The methods have changed slightly owing to changes in the laws, but not materially. An illustration of fraud in falsely counting votes was the return of the primary election in the Fifth Division of the Fortieth Ward, in the Fall of 1923. The official return of the votes was so far from the facts that citizens who had cast votes in that district made complaint, with the result that the ballot-box was opened and the votes recounted by the court. It was shown that the return of the votes cast was not correct in a single instance. The "mistakes" were invariably against the independent candidates and in favor of the organization candidates, and the discrepancies were more than one hundred ballots per candidate in a number of instances.

The election officers were arrested and subsequently tried. One of the election officers went on the stand as a witness and admitted that the ballots had not been counted at all. He testified that a division committeeman said that it would take all night to count the votes, and that it could be done more expeditiously by "averaging" them. The committeeman then asked the election officers whether they were satisfied for him to make up the return in this manner; and upon their signifying that they were, he "figured" for about ten minutes with the result that the votes were returned as above indicated. Notwithstanding this testimony, practically admitting the wilful making of a false return by the election officers, the defendants were acquitted by the jury.

At the primary election which was held on September 15, 1925, there was a contest for the nomination for judge of the municipal court. The organization particularly aimed at unseating Judge Renshaw, who was a Democrat and a reformer. In the Forty-third Division of the Forty-sixth Ward the official return showed

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that only five votes had been cast for Renshaw. The Committee of Seventy canvassed the division and secured affidavits from ten electors who had voted for Renshaw. Application was thereupon made to the court and the ballot-box was opened. The recount showed gross discrepancies between the ballots in the box and the returns which had been made. It showed that Judge Glass, Renshaw's opponent, — who according to the official return had received 239 votes, — had in fact received but 188; and that Renshaw, — who, according to the official return had received but 5 votes, — had in fact received 52. The election officers were indicted and tried. At the trial it developed that there were 241 voters registered as Republicans in the district, and that every one, according to the returns, had cast a ballot, an obviously impossible thing normally. Approximately fifty names were entered in the voters' list in alphabetical order. Twelve of the persons so listed were proved not to have voted at all, and three of them had not been in Philadelphia on that day. When the ballot-box was opened, twenty-eight ballots were found in the box with no sign of any fold, indicating that they had been placed there when the box was open and had not been cast through the slot.

In spite of this evidence, when the election officers were tried, the jury disagreed. The Presiding Judge in discharging the jury said:

> I am surprised you were unable to agree in this case. In view of such numerous and gross violations of the law, it seems but one conclusion could be reached, and that of deliberate and conscious frauds by these defendants. . . . If I were on a jury, I wouldn't hesitate five minutes about convicting them.

The defendants were afterwards retried and acquitted. These cases are good illustrations of the difficulty which is met with in protecting the public from fraud in elections. The Committee of Seventy spent thousands of dollars in investigating every phase of these cases, and in bringing the evidence before the court, but without result so far as convictions were concerned. The failure to convict can only be explained by the fact that public opinion in Philadelphia is tolerant of election frauds. This is reflected in the verdicts of the juries. The commission of frauds of this kind is looked upon as a smart political trick, which is justified under the rules of the game. In addition to this, of course, there is sym-

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pathy for the election officers, who, it is thought, may have been drawn into irregular actions through the influence of others, and the feeling that they ought not to be punished for what was mainly the fault of others "higher up".

Election cases cannot be brought to trial for several months, sometimes years, after the election in which the offenses have been committed. No cases yet tried, therefore, relate to an election later than that of 1925, although some cases relating to the 1926 election have been investigated. Referring again to the 1925 election, a good illustration of how the fraud runs through the registration, primary, and election, is the case of the Fortieth Division of the Twenty-fourth Ward. It was shown that one man acted as a registrar, as division committeeman of the organization, and as an inspector of election, — all in the same division. This man pleaded guilty to charges made against him and was sentenced to two years imprisonment and one thousand dollars fine. The five election officers were afterwards tried and convicted. It was shown that in 1925, 64 false names were registered in that division. Some of them were the names of persons who had once lived in the district and had removed, others of persons who had died, — and others were fictitious. The record showed that votes were falsely cast in the names of 50 of these persons, and that many names had been voted two, three, and even four times. The total of illegal votes shown in this district was 101 out of 375 recorded.

The evidence collected by the Committee of Seventy, the basis upon which the pleas of guilty were made, showed that at the primary election votes were recorded from twenty persons who were not upon the registration lists at all, from fourteen persons who testified that they had not registered, although their names appeared upon the list, and from sixteen persons who voted twice. There was a total of 81 illegal votes cast at this primary, according to the evidence collected by the Committee, and about the same number at the election. It should be remarked here that nothing is harder than to obtain authentic information regarding matters of this sort, and where legal evidence can be obtained of 81 illegal votes, the chances are always in favor of the total number being twice that, or even greater.

Similar fraud was shown at the same registration and election

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in the Twenty-fourth Division of the Second Ward. It appeared in this case that the total registration of voters in that district was 580, of whom 577 were alleged to be Republican and three Democratic. At the primary election 507 were alleged to have been cast. An investigation having been instituted after the election, evidence was produced before the registration commissioners, who in November, 1925, after the election, struck off 227 names from the registration list. The registration officers were arrested and brought to trial. There was evidence that upwards of 170 of the names on the registration list were fraudulent; that 66 of these names were forged by one of the defendants, 20 by another, and smaller numbers by others of the defendants. The four registrars were convicted of false registration and sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment each. The man who had written most of the false names was not a registrar, but was an election officer; he was indicted for permitting fraudulent votes to be deposited in the names of these persons. Faced with the record showing his part in the transaction, he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to two years imprisonment.

Sufficient time has not elapsed since the election of 1926 for many investigations to be made and only one case has been brought to trial. In the Second Division of the Thirty-sixth Ward, the judge and two inspectors of election were found guilty of making a false count of the votes. They have not yet been sentenced. The Committee of Seventy is, however, investigating a number of divisions, and arrests have been made in four. Preliminary hearings have been had and the defendants have been held for court. The preliminary hearings disclosed facts substantially as follows:

In the Twenty-Second Division of the Forty-fifth Ward, there were 374 names registered on the official list. The number of votes returned by the election officers as having been legally cast was 378, four more than was legally possible, and many more than is practically possible, as a considerable percentage of voters are, of course, detained at every election from the polling place by illness or for various other reasons.

In the Sixteenth Division of the Fourth Ward it was shown that the total registration was 405, and that 401 votes were cast for William S. Vare for United States Senator. This, again, is an impossible portion of the number registered, even if they had all

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been lawfully registered. Of those appearing on the registration list, and who were returned as having voted, it was shown by evidence that twenty had not in fact voted, and that other names were of persons no longer living in the division.

It is difficult to give an adequate impression of the amount of work and the expense required to make an investigation of an election so as to enable arrests to be made. There are at least eighty divisions where the proportion of the vote alleged to have been cast at the last election is so large that it is certain on the face of the returns that fraud has been committed, but the Committee of Seventy has not been able within the two months which have elapsed since the election to canvass more than a very small number of the divisions. It depends entirely upon public contributions for its support and its staff of attorneys and investigators must be limited by the funds at its command. Every district, however, which the Committee has canvassed so far has without exception shown fraud of the character indicated, and in about the same amount. One hesitates to generalize in dealing with such a serious question as fraud against the ballot; but with a record such as this, one must be convinced that this kind of fraud is not only common and wide-spread but almost universal throughout large sections of the city.

But there is another method of fraudulent voting, which exists coincidently with all other methods and in some respects is the most dangerous of all. This is a system whereby the division leader marks the ballots, not only of the fraudulent names, but of real voters who do actually come to the polling place. In a very large number of the precincts in Philadelphia, certainly many hundreds, nearly all the ballots are marked by one or two representatives of the organization. This is done under pretence of giving assistance to the voter. In reality it is done so that the vote shall be in accordance with the orders which have been given. The voters, often ignorant foreigners who understand little about voting, are either intimidated or bribed into permitting this to be done. They are brought to the polls by organization workers and ballots are marked for them. Even if voters protest they are in some places forced to accept "assistance", or are ejected from the polling place. In one instance which was investigated some years ago, a respectable Italian citizen who refused assistance was assaulted

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and thrown from the polling place and severely injured. I have before me an affidavit made by a respectable citizen, and relating to the primary election held in May last, showing that in his district the organization workers assisted a large number of voters even against their protests; that the deponent, when he protested against this illegal conduct, was assaulted and pushed out of the polling place.

This is not an unusual experience, and even where such elements of intimidation are not present the assisting goes on throughout the day, often to the extent of seventy-five to ninety per cent of the voters. A few years ago a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, now dead, told me in a moment of confidence that he had often marked the ballots of two hundred and fifty voters in his district, to whom he had given money in the booth as the price of their votes. He said the usual method was to go into the booth with the voter, mark his ballot for him, hand it to him in the booth together with the money which he was to receive, and then watch him while he deposited the ballot in the box. In many cases it is not necessary to bribe the voters, as they are intimidated by the power of the organization, which can persecute them in various ways if they do not vote as the political leaders desire them to; and if they refuse to allow their ballots to be marked for them, it is taken as an indication that they do not intend to vote "right". These ballots, marked by the agent of a corrupt organization, whether as a result of bribery, intimidation, or what not, are really no votes at all. They are mere fraudulent counterfeits. They do not record in any sense the will of the elector, but the will of a corrupt machine bent on controlling an election for its own purposes.

If I seem to have gone into detail with regard to this deplorable condition of affairs, I do it because I want FORUM readers to understand how a corrupt political organization can win an election, and how difficult it is for the great number of votes essentially fraudulent which it controls to be overcome by votes of citizens intelligently and lawfully cast. Every form of government has its evils, against which its citizens must constantly be alert. The evil which threatens our form of government is the vast power which has been seized and is exercised by a few men controlling corrupt political organizations, especially in large centres of population.

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As I have already said, these organizations are not interested in anything except the political and personal advancement of their leaders and members, and they are unscrupulous in the method which they use to seize and hold power.

When in a time of reaction the government of a state or of the nation falls to a greater extent into the hands of the professional politicians, we have the inevitable result of misgovernment and misconduct in high places. When political parties fall under the domination of men of this type, their usefulness as instruments of government ceases. A government grounded upon power so held and exercised is not a democracy but the most objectionable form of autocracy. Our hope for the future lies in the fact that the intelligent judgment of the community is against such methods and, when once thoroughly informed and aroused, will reduce, if not destroy, the power of political organizations of this type. The first thing to do is to take such steps as may be necessary to prevent the fraudulent use of election machinery.

William S. Vare has on the face of the returns been elected United States Senator from Pennsylvania, but is not the choice of the intelligent citizenship of the state. If the election could have been held without the use of money, and without the use of fraudulent methods such as I have described, he would have been defeated by a large majority.

A MODEL FOR SCIENTISTS

HE was a man whose analytic eyes,
Seeking the Absolute with fine precision,
Saw yet his scientific enterprise
Illumined gently by his own derision.

— *Everett Partridge*

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HERODIAS THE WHITE

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

Drawings by Herman Palmer

WHEN we went down into that misty, shadowy wood a million miles from the world of man, the words of a half forgotten poet framed themselves in my mind:

> Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst
> To show how all things were created first.

But it was not so. Here also the curse had fallen. Here also the spoiler, the destroyer of God's handiwork, had played his immemorial part; and when the slaughter was over a virgin pine forest, so splendid that no words could ever describe its glory, had been wiped out of existence.

It was years ago that this massacre took place. Since then nature had worked hard and had covered the scars. I had not known the spot when it was a great primeval forest of gigantic, straight-trunked pines, towering a hundred feet without a limb and so rich in lofty foliage that over all that wide tract the sun never shone upon the forest floor, and the deer and the tall wild

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gobblers could be seen far off along the colonnaded aisles. So, not having known that former beauty of a nobler kind, I could glory in the new loveliness that nature had created here.

It was with no feeling of sadness, therefore, that I walked the path along the edge of the lagoon that April morning. Whatever it had been in the past, the place was so beautiful now, — so beautiful, so secret, so wild, — that I could wish for or imagine no greater beauty. The path was like a tunnel through the woods; for although the lagoon lay at our left hand, the trees did not halt at the water's edge, and the lagoon was not an open lake but a flooded cypress forest, along the narrow water-lanes of which one might paddle in a punt until at last, deep in the flooded woods, he came to a city of white ibises.

That ibis city was our goal; but when presently we reached the spot where the punt was hidden, we found it damaged beyond repair. So we held to the path through the dry woods that day instead of traveling the water-lanes of the lagoon; and it was due to this chance that we saw a thing more strange and beautiful than anything we might have seen in the ibis rookery.

The path, I have said, was like a tunnel through the forest. It was a straight, narrow path, hedged in and tapestried with long pendants of Spanish moss, one of those paths where at any moment you might see, far ahead of you in that shadowy tunnel under the trees, a splendid whitetail buck or an otter or a gray fox or a tawny, velvet-footed lynx.

We saw none of these furtive wild things that morning. For a while only the smaller inhabitants of the woods showed themselves to us, and the bird voices that we heard were voices that we knew well. In the flooded woods to the left prothonotary warblers were singing, and now and then we caught glimpses of them, small jets of orange-yellow flame against a background of green frondage or silvery moss. They would nest here, we knew, laying their white, chestnut-speckled eggs in woodpecker holes or other cavities in the cypresses; and we recalled one nest of a prothonotary warbler which we had found in this place and which was unlike any other that we had ever seen or heard of, since it was hidden not in a cavity of a tree but in a tiny tent of dry, dead duckweed clinging to the stem of a buttonwood bush about eight inches above the surface of the water.

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Overhead, parula warblers sang cheerfully, active, elusive feathered sprites in blue and gold with facings of white and black. Less fairylike but even more brilliant was a yellowthroated warbler, building its nest in a drooping plume of Spanish moss about twenty-five feet above the path. The far-carrying screams of red-shouldered hawks, among the most familiar and yet most wild of all bird cries, rang and echoed through the woods. Near at hand, a handsome redbellied woodpecker, whose head and neck were of a most vivid scarlet, clung to a cypress trunk not more than a foot above the surface of the water, one beady eye cocked aloft at a pearl-gray, blackcrowned night heron winging over us noiselessly as an owl. Far away to the right, we heard the laughter of a logcock, — laughter which grew louder and louder until we saw the big bird, greatest of the woodpeckers now that the great ivory-bill is no more, sweeping onward amid the trees, and watched him alight on the trunk of a slender young oak, where for some moments he clung, peering alertly all about him, his tall, red crest aflame in the bright sun.

There were even better things to come. A swift shadow slid past us, another, and another; and first three and then five or six white ibises sped over us, just topping the summits of the trees, — big birds, snow-white, with black-tipped wings and long, curved bills of brilliant orange or crimson. There was a fantastic quality in their beauty well suited to that wild and lonely spot; and there was something, too, in their swift and vigorous flight, much swifter than that of a heron, and somehow suggestive of the flight of curlews and other strong-winged birds of the wind-swept coasts, which added to their wildness. In an instant they were out of sight behind the tree-tops. But with my mind's eye I could follow them on their flight to the ibis city in the cypresses of the lagoon, and could see them come to rest there amid scores or perhaps hundreds of their kind. And for the moment I was back again in that city of the ibises where in the past I had watched the wild, swift birds sweeping back and forth above the trees which held their nests, filling the air with the rustling music and the flashing, shimmering beauty of their white wings, while, far above them, so high that at times they seemed about to fade from view, a squadron of longnecked, longtailed water-turkeys swung in wide circles under the bright blue sky.

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From thoughts of these great birds I came back to smaller things: to the bright-plumaged, sprightly warblers that we saw and heard from time to time; to a cardinal and a Carolina wren singing in the distance as though each would outsing the other; to an Acadian flycatcher, an olive-green hermit of the wild places, shy, secretive, silent, sitting so still on a twig some sixty feet away that we should have passed without seeing him had not my eyes, searching the branches for a squirrel, happened to light upon a tiny object resembling the tail of a very small bird projecting from behind a water-oak leaf.

I spent some minutes with the Acadian, who is one of the smaller and less abundant members of the flycatcher tribe, a dweller in the deep woods, not to be seen every day; but except for his rarity, there was nothing to distinguish the little, dull-colored, silent, rather stolid bird with the pretty name who lacks the sweet pensiveness and the gentle personality of his better-known kinsman, the wood pewee. In another mood, perhaps, I would have remained longer in his company; on this day the big logcock which we had seen and, most of all, the fantastic, outlandishly beautiful white ibises had spoiled me for such small game, so that, even while I stood watching him, the little flycatcher was forgotten.

Now the doggedly conscientious, dyed-in-the-wool observer, to whom nature is nothing more than a vast mountain of facts to be dug out systematically one by one, will frown at this. It was my business, he will say, to study the Acadian flycatcher, — *Empidonax virescens* he will call it, since he prefers Latin names to plain English, — because I did not know the species well, and here was a chance to improve my knowledge of its habits. But there was a fascination in that tunnel-like path through the woods, which would not be denied.

It was a path which beckoned, which promised mysterious and memorable things. To right and left and above, the forest hemmed us in, shutting off the view. But, walking that path, one could see far ahead; and now, though dim, glimmering shadows still lurked in it and preserved its mystery, there were long stretches bathed in the mellow radiance of the high sun, so that the path was like a long shaft of softened, golden light, striking deep into the very heart of the wild. Somehow the feeling was strong

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in me that if I watched that shaft of light something would be revealed; that sooner or later there would appear, far away along that narrow, luminous tunnel through the woods, some strange and beautiful thing.

So I left *Empidonax virescens* sitting stolidly on his twig and returned to the path where my companions were waiting; and we had walked only a few steps farther when we saw the most wonderful sight that we had seen that day or in many days, — a sight which was wonderful not because there was drama in it or thrilling action or anything hitherto unknown to naturalists, but because of its mystical, unearthly beauty. Ahead of us in the narrow path, where a moment before no living thing had been visible, appeared a snow-white being, tall, stately, slender, shining like whitest marble. So tall did it seem that for an instant I could scarcely believe it to be a bird. Seen at the end of that long, leafy tunnel, walled in by shrubbery and the smooth boles of trees and roofed with green boughs from which long, pointed pennons of Spanish moss hung down, its stature appeared equal to that of a man.

Any bright or conspicuous object viewed at the end of a long, narrow vista is likely to appear larger than it really is; and doubtless in this instance the slimness of the object at which we were gazing and its shining whiteness helped to create the illusion of height, — an illusion so strong and so persistent that even when I realized that this tall, immaculate being was a bird, I could not at once recognize it as a bird which I knew well, a great egret of the species known to naturalists as *Herodias egretta*. To my eyes it was almost twice as tall as the great egret Herodias, which, nevertheless, is one of the tallest of American birds, — ranking in size next to the great blue heron, whose height is four feet or more; and in that first moment of surprise and delight I asked myself whether it were possible that the giant white heron of the tropics, the tallest of all the heron family, overtopping even the great blue heron himself, had strayed northward hundreds of miles to stand before us like some shining alabaster image in that lonely path through the woods and show us a spectacle not only beautiful but new.

This thought faded almost before it had formed itself in my brain. I knew in an instant that we had discovered no unheard of

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thing, no species hitherto unrecorded in this region. This bird of the forest path was not the great white heron of the tropics, whose northern limit is southern Florida, but only a great egret, the familiar *Herodias egretta*, a species which was rare twenty-five years ago because the plume-hunters had slaughtered it in thousands together with its smaller relative the snowy egret, but which is now fairly abundant once more in its old haunts. But it mattered little what the bird was. It was the beauty of the spectacle which filled my mind; and that beauty, I think, was of a finer and rarer quality because the bird was a great egret and not a great white heron, since the egret, though somewhat less in stature, is slenderer and far more graceful, perhaps the most graceful of all American wild creatures.

I had seen it hundreds of times, and so have many other lovers and students of birds; and, because it is at home here in lowland Carolina, I had seen it under more favorable conditions than most men, — not merely in pairs or in small groups, far away on some wide meadow or marsh where distance and the spaciousness of the background dimmed and blurred its loveliness. I had seen it in flocks of hundreds, close at hand in its breeding places on the secret, dreamlike, inexpressibly beautiful lagoons, where the trees were white with the great snowy birds and the air was aglitter with their slowly waving, radiant wings. I had thought that I had seen it at its best; that it could never appear more beautiful than when I studied it at close range, in every conceivable pose and mood, in its populous breeding strongholds; that I had known and enjoyed all the beauty which it had to offer. But that day in the forest path I realized this was not true.

In this egret of the forest path there was a quality or kind of beauty which I had never found in an egret before. Undoubtedly this was a result of the conditions under which I saw the bird: standing erect and solitary in that long tunnel through the woods, — that narrow, luminous sylvan aisle, shut in on either side by the shadowy wall of the forest, ceilinged and bannered with festoons of silvery moss. The path itself was indescribably beautiful; it had been a delight merely to stand and let the eye wander down that long, leafy vista reaching far into the depths of the dim woods. And when in the path the egret suddenly appeared and stood at gaze, the effect was startling and

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even bewildering, and in the picture there was a loveliness which seemed not wholly of this natural world.

So that was how I saw the great white egret Herodias, — a bird always beloved by me because in its slimness and whiteness and its trailing, delicate nuptial plumes it seemed one of the most exquisite of all living things, — clothed in a new loveliness which it had never shown me before. And that is why it is more beloved now than ever. For when I see a great egret now, in the air, or on the marshes, or standing beside its nest, there is something more to be enjoyed than meets the eye. It brings a vision of that tunnel-like path through the dim woods, and in the path a snow-white being, tall, stately, slender, shining like whitest alabaster. Then in an instant I am back once more in the forest path, gazing down that long, moss-bannered vista, seeing again that picture which was so full of a strange, almost supernatural beauty. And I stand there again, as I stood that day, until at last the snow-white being opens wide immaculate wings, stands motionless for a moment with shining pinions half unfolded, then floats soundlessly away, like some white and buoyant spirit light as air, down the long, luminous tunnel under the boughs to vanish in the obscurity of the forest.

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STUDENT SUICIDE

Is It a Disease or a Symptom?

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL

WHY do college students kill themselves? The immediate causes are obvious enough, — and trivial enough. But, says Mr. Aswell, himself a recent graduate, there is a deeper cause. The modern college upsets old beliefs and puts nothing in their place. Moreover, students lack adequate knowledge and advice when personal problems arise. Adjustment to life is thereby rendered doubly difficult, and suicide is only one of several symptoms of maladjustment which academic authorities too often ignore.

SINCE January 1 of this year twenty-six students in American colleges and secondary schools have taken their own lives, according to newspaper tabulations available at the moment this article goes to press. By the time it appears in print the lugubrious reporter will probably have a still higher figure with which to startle headline readers. As early as the middle of January, when the almost simultaneous suicides of four college students focused attention on the subject, the general public began to believe that here was something more than a simple coincidence. Since then this belief has rapidly hardened to conviction as zealous newsgatherers have dragged into the limelight the school or college affiliation of each youthful self-murderer fortunate enough to have such a connection.

Thus almost over night was created a new disease. Student suicide was no ordinary suicide, but a brand new variety caused by a hitherto unknown bacillus, bred of American education, and working with most deadly effect in the higher branches of the educational body. With characteristic dispatch specialists of every description set to work to isolate the germ, and with more than scientific precision they made their diagnoses and broadcast their findings. That students were victims of a suicide complex was generally admitted; but when it came to defining the nature of this complex the specialists seemed to stray into the woods of dissension, each on his own by-path.

Thus a graduate manager of college athletics is reported as saying: "Athletics can solve the wave of college suicides." Dr. Frankwood Earl Williams, Medical Director of the National Committee of Mental Hygiene, attributes the phenomenon to

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"false emotional adjustment." Dr. John B. Watson, father of behavioristic psychology, says of the self-murderer: "He commits suicide because his present environment has become intolerable," and he makes the novel suggestion that the tortured youth run away to a foreign country and begin life over again "under a new name and under new conditions, even . . . . learning a new language." Dr. Edward F. Kaempf, psychoanalyst, blames a "fixed emotional state produced by repression." Bernarr Macfadden, physical culture advocate, writes a rousing editorial in his "Evening Graphic" under the inspired heading: "Too Much Brain, Not Enough Brawn, Cause of Schoolboy Suicides." And of course the men of God make no mystery of their opinions. They have been the leading alarmists and were quick to sound the trump of doom in such words as these from Methodist Bishop William F. Anderson: "We must hark back to vital religion and downright godliness or we are lost." Similarly the Catholic journal, "America," takes the occasion to warn Catholic parents against exposing their children "to the almost fatal dangers of the secular college."

When thus examined, the so called student suicide wave breaks up in a wild spray of contending theories which have little relation to any condition outside the mind of the theorist. Government statistics prove, moreover, that no unusual state of affairs can be postulated from the suicides of these twenty-six young men and women. More than twelve hundred young people between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four take their own lives every year, making an average of about three deaths a day. At this rate one estimates that between January 1 and March 15 there have been two hundred and twenty-two suicides of young people of college age, of whom only twenty-six, or roughly one-ninth, were actually students. From reliable sources at five large universities, four of whom actually reported deaths from this cause, the writer learns that the number of such suicides during the present college year is, if anything, slightly below normal.

If, therefore, we can pass over the charge so frequently made of late that the colleges are developing a new disease amounting to suicidal mania, we still cannot dismiss these twenty-six deaths as insignificant just because they happen to be the normal thing. Indeed, their real importance to the general question of education

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may be just that, — that they *are* the normal thing. When one considers that the student group represents the most promising young men and women in the nation, it is a distinct shock to learn that the ratio of one student suicide to nine non-student suicides is fairly constant over a period of years. The recent flurry in the press may prove of benefit, therefore, in bringing this condition to public notice; and such instances of self-destruction as have occurred may be taken as symptoms of a deep-rooted condition, — one which is by no means confined to the colleges, but which may be most successfully studied there, since in student groups the causes can be isolated and examined in bolder relief.

The accessible information shows that the motives advanced for these suicides were various and apparently personal to each student. At the same time one notices the reappearance of certain common elements. Most of these unhappy students were considered above the average in mental attainment, and there is frequently recurring reference to the study of philosophy as a contributing explanation of the cynicism, morbidness, sense of futility, in which the idea of self-destruction was nurtured. Certain it is that each of these students came to the conclusion that life was not worth living. Though such an attitude is common enough in human experience, — there being few persons who have not at some time in their lives suffered temporary moods of despair, — it is strange that it should have become so acute in these young people who were presumably being prepared for useful careers by the aid of the very best that modern education could offer.

One of the unfortunates seems to have sought death because of an incurable illness. In only two instances is there evidence of the commission of some deed which so overwhelmed the doer with shame that he felt he couldn't face the consequences. Apparently the remaining twenty-three arrived in less cataclysmic fashion at the conclusion that life was not worth living. In some cases the motives cited were so trivial as to be ludicrous. Are we to conclude, therefore, that students of more than normal intelligence actually ended their lives for such shoe-string reasons? It seems more logical to suppose that the sense of life's hopeless jumble and futility had been growing on them over an extended period of time. Once his standard of values was shattered, some trifle

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might assume an importance in the student's mind quite out of proportion to its real importance, and be for him the last straw's weight needed to push him into the abyss. The causes assigned for most of these suicides are unintelligible unless seen against a background of philosophic doubt and negation.

Such a doubting process is one of the most common phenomena to be found among students. That this is so is, indeed, a tribute to the colleges. It shows that they are on the way to accomplish their purpose. It indicates that students are beginning to think for themselves. But if these suicides prove anything at all, it is that while the thinking process is in its rudimentary, destructive stage, students are being left without the guidance which they then need more than at any other time in their lives.

Before coming to college, the student has only dabbled in the stream of life, and has seldom found himself actually in it. Protected from the buffets of its waves, he has been safely stowed in some authoritative boat, parental, clerical, or otherwise. For the most part, his was the good ship, "Christianity," and he acquiesced in the course others steered for him without asking too many questions. When he comes to college, he does not simply transfer from one craft to another, as is commonly supposed by the uninitiated, — unless, indeed, his misfortune lead him to a denominational institution. One need speak here only of the colleges that deserve the name, those committed to follow truth no matter in what unfathomed channels it may take them. At such a college the student suddenly finds himself thrown out of his boat and immersed in the stream of life.

Here, for the first time, he is caught up in the whirl of ideas with all their cross currents, eddies, and undertows. Study of history and philosophy reveals to him new authorities whose teachings conflict with each other and with the safe precepts of his childhood. He struggles with his religious faith and tries to climb aboard the good old scow again; but new ideas pour through the gaping seams of its hull, and it sinks under his weight. Thus his naive faith deserts him, and with it his former standard of values. For the moment all is meaningless chaos.

As the welling tide of new ideas washes over his head, his teachers exhort him:

"Strike out for yourself! Swim!"

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"How?" gasps the much bewildered adventurer. "Where?" They can't tell him where, for his new instructors are honest enough to admit they don't know. Except for a rare teacher here and there, neither do they tell him how, for they are not themselves swimmers in the current, but tadpoles sunning themselves in some quiet backwash, or frogs croaking contentedly on their own pond lilies. Indeed, with the rare exception noted, he will learn that his teachers are specialists. They have never seen the broad stream of life, or if so, have long since pulled themselves out of it. One sits on a rock in midstream, fascinated by the single eddy that curls at its base. Others stand on the bank, tutelar deities of this and that tiny current; for they know all about currents, each his own.

Thrown upon his own resources, and with only an occasional word of help here and there, the student begins to get his bearings, to coordinate his mental movements, and to strike out on a course of his own choosing. Thus it *may* happen that the student learns how to swim in the new element through which he is to move the rest of his life. Sooner or later most of them develop their own methods of locomotion. Some become vigorous, long-distance swimmers. Others have to take unto themselves a plank. Still others recalk their boats and take up paddling again. It doesn't seem to matter much; each fish to his own school.

But there may be still other complications to encounter. While he is embroiled in the apparently meaningless maze of conflicting ideas, the student may be troubled by some personal problem, some question more immediately concerning the conduct of his own life. It may be some financial worry. Perhaps some question of social adjustment to new situations for which home training was inadequate. It may be a problem of ideals, a matter of trying to reconcile beauty and virtue with the newly discovered ugliness and sordidness of the world. Most likely, it is some question of health or sex. Young men and women of college age are just coming alive to the importance and meaning of sex. They are curious to learn the truth. Freshman courses in hygiene are the standing joke of every campus, and thus avenues of adequate information are closed; for the youth is reticent to discuss such matters with the few older people who might enlighten without judging him.

When a personal problem such as these arises, a distressing

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emotional conflict ensues. Colleges have grown too large for any continued personal contact between teacher and student. For the most part, the teaching staff prefer not to be bothered, and are none the wiser as to what may be taking place in the student until some breakdown or other catastrophe forces the matter to their attention. Thus when an emotional conflict is added to the intellectual one, a dangerous situation exists. Any trivial new worry may draw fire from such tinder.

Suicide is only one of several avenues through which these conditions may express themselves. I have learned from physicians at several leading colleges that there is considerable warping of personalities through twistings and perversions of all varieties, both mental and emotional. That strange new cult of Buchmanism, which has been described as "mental indulgence in sex under the cloak of religion," — a cult which was recently ousted from one college campus with great public notice, — seems less inexplicable when viewed in the light of related conditions. At one large university there have been thirty-four cases of insanity since the opening of the present college year. The transient nature of these cases may be seen from the fact that all but two of the students afflicted have now been restored to health by careful, personal treatment. But each of the thirty-four was temporarily a favored candidate for suicide.

Such, in brief, are some of the underlying conditions of which student suicide may be taken as a single symptom. Any proposal to improve the situation, such as that recently advanced by Mr. Louis Untermeyer, can hardly be successful unless it deals with the problem as a whole.

The philosophic problem calls for a new integration and synthesis to give meaning and direction to the maze of facts and conflicting ideas which the college dispenses. In fairness to the colleges, it must be recognized that this condition is not peculiar to them but is general throughout the world. The distinguished French thinker, M. Paul Valéry, bears witness to this fact in *Varity*, just published in America, when he writes:

> And in what consists the disorder of our mental Europe? In the free coexistence, in all cultivated minds, of the most dissimilar ideas, the most contradictory principles of life and knowledge. That is precisely what characterizes a *modern* epoch.

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The colleges can hardly be held accountable, therefore, for a condition in which they are caught up and whirled along in common with all our other institutions of church, state, and social life. But neither can the colleges afford longer to ignore it. It is a situation to be dealt with, and more imperative is the need among student groups, where, with immaturity and inexperience, thinking is often strenuous and the danger most acute. In a previous article, the writer suggested that the least the college can do is to aid the student mature a philosophy of his own by offering a new course dealing synthetically with important systems of thought. (THE FORUM, November, 1926.)

The second condition mentioned above is one for which the colleges cannot be so readily excused. They make available to the student the best that is known and thought in the world on all matters academic. But when it comes to another kind of knowledge for which students are blindly groping, and which, if made accessible, might enable them to live and adjust themselves more harmoniously to life, the college says: "That doesn't concern us."

Take as a single example the very important questions of general health, mental hygiene, and sex. A recent investigation of this subject at several large universities indicates that matters of this personal nature are rarely given more than casual attention by the governing boards. At several institutions the departments in charge of student health have recognized the necessity of doing something and have attempted to organize and broaden the scope of their work. But they encounter the most unenlightened opposition from their more academic colleagues. At one university the head of the department of hygiene was refused permission to offer an adequate course in his subject. At another where organization has been carried farther, the head of the department writes me that he is having to curtail his program in order not to create opposition; "and this can be very easily done," he adds, "if we become a little too active in our attempts to educate the student."

The time may come when college education will be readjusted with greater solicitude for the total end it ought to accomplish. If one who has so recently received his degree may attempt from his experience to define the purpose of college education, I should state it as follows: to enable the student to make an intelligent adjustment to life, with all the best available knowledge

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placed freely at his disposal. If such a purpose were ever fully recognized, several important transformations would take place in the colleges. As already indicated, new emphasis would be placed on the integration of facts into a philosophic whole to counterbalance the scientific tendency to analyze and classify them into separate subjects. Moreover, certain activities which are now merely tolerated in the colleges, because the authorities don't know how to go about throwing them out, would be accorded full recognition and made integral parts of the curriculum.

First, the department of hygiene, instead of remaining as it now is, a sort of general practitioner's office for students with physical ills, would also become, through the prestige and personality of its staff, the haven to which those harassed by mental troubles would willingly go to be straightened out. And it would give adequate courses on hygiene and health, imparting vital information about the human body and its care, not evading the important subject of sex.

Second, athletics would be accorded full recognition. The athletic director would not only be a faculty member, as he now is at Harvard, but more important still, the present top-heavy system by which the entire athletic program is made to depend on the gate receipts from football, would be discarded for a plan of endowed athletics for all. Habits of regular exercise would become as important as regular attendance at lectures.

Third, the social life of the college would be expanded. The present club and fraternity systems might remain for those who demand some sort of recognition for wealth, social position, and superabundant idle time. But new units would be added, sufficient in number and open enough, so that every student who wanted to do so would have the opportunity to develop his social nature.

It seems that the problem of education is not so much a matter of discovering the occult meaning of this abstract thing called life. Is it not rather a question of enabling the student to *put meaning into* his own life through intelligent adjustment to the conditions of living? So long as the latter purpose is only vaguely admitted by the colleges, so long as such conditions as here described continue to exist unnoticed, the great cause for wonder is not that student suicides are so many, but so few.

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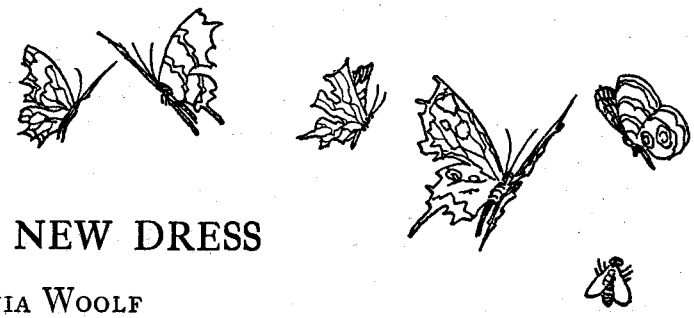

THE NEW DRESS

VIRGINIA WOOLF

MABEL had her first serious suspicion that something was wrong as she took her cloak off and Mrs. Barnet, while handing her the mirror and touching the brushes and thus drawing her attention, perhaps rather markedly, to all the appliances for tidying and improving hair, complexion, clothes, which existed on the dressing table, confirmed the suspicion, — that it was not right, not quite right, which growing stronger as she went upstairs and springing at her with conviction as she greeted Clarissa Dalloway, she went straight to the far end of the room, to a shaded corner where a looking-glass hung and looked. No! It was not *right*. And at once the misery which she always tried to hide, the profound dissatisfaction, — the sense she had had, ever since she was a child, of being inferior to other people, — set upon her, relentlessly, remorselessly, with an intensity which she could not beat off, as she would when she woke at night at home, by reading Borrow or Scott; for oh these men, oh these women, all were thinking, —"What's Mabel wearing? What a fright she looks! What a hideous new dress!" — their eyelids flickering as they came up and then their lids shutting rather tight. It was her own appalling inadequacy; her cowardice; her mean, water-sprinkled blood that depressed her. And at once the whole of the room where, for ever so many hours, she had planned with the little dressmaker how it was to go, seemed sordid, repulsive; and her own drawing-room so shabby, and herself, going out, puffed up with vanity as she touched the letters on the hall table and said: "How dull!" to show off, — all this now seemed unutterably silly, paltry, and provincial. All this had been absolutely destroyed, shown up, exploded, the moment she came into Mrs. Dalloway's drawing-room.

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What she had thought that evening when, sitting over the tea-cups, Mrs. Dalloway's invitation came, was that, of course, she could not be fashionable. It was absurd to pretend it even, — fashion meant cut, meant style, meant thirty guineas at least, — but why not be original? Why not be herself, anyhow? And, getting up, she had taken that old fashion book of her mother's, a Paris fashion book of the time of the Empire, and had thought how much prettier, more dignified, and more womanly they were then, and so set herself, — oh, it was foolish, — trying to be like them, pluming herself in fact, upon being modest and old-fashioned and very charming, giving herself up, no doubt about it, to an orgy of self-love, which deserved to be chastised, and so rigged herself out like this.

But she dared not look in the glass. She could not face the whole horror, — the pale yellow, idiotically old-fashioned silk dress with its long skirt and its high sleeves and its waist and all the things that looked so charming in the fashion book, but not on her, not among all these ordinary people. She felt like a dress-maker's dummy standing there, for young people to stick pins into.

"But, my dear, it's perfectly charming!" Rose Shaw said, looking her up and down with that little satirical pucker of the lips which she expected, — Rose herself being dressed in the height of the fashion, precisely like everybody else, always.

We are all like flies trying to crawl over the edge of the saucer, Mabel thought, and repeated the phrase as if she were crossing herself, as if she were trying to find some spell to annul this pain, to make this agony endurable. Tags of Shakespeare, lines from books she had read ages ago, suddenly came to her when she was in agony, and she repeated them over and over again. "Flies trying to crawl," she repeated. If she could say that over often enough and make herself see the flies, she would become numb, chill, frozen, dumb. Now she could see flies crawling slowly out of a saucer of milk with their wings stuck together; and she strained and strained (standing in front of the looking-glass, listening to Rose Shaw) to make herself see Rose Shaw and all the other people there as flies, trying to hoist themselves out of something, or into something, meagre, insignificant, toiling flies. But she could not see them like that, not other people. She saw her-

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self like that, — she was a fly, but the others were dragon-flies, butterflies, beautiful insects, dancing, fluttering, skimming, while she alone dragged herself up out of the saucer. (Envy and spite, the most detestable of the vices, were her chief faults.)

"I feel like some dowdy, decrepit, horribly dingy old fly," she said, making Robert Haydon stop just to hear her say that, just to reassure herself by furbishing up a poor weak-kneed phrase and so showing how detached she was, how witty, that she did not feel in the least out of anything. And, of course, Robert Haydon answered something quite polite, quite insincere, which she saw through instantly, and said to herself, directly he went, (again from some book), "Lies, lies, lies!" For a party makes things either much more real, or much less real, she thought; she saw in a flash to the bottom of Robert Haydon's heart; she saw through everything. She saw the truth. *This* was true, this drawing-room, this self, and the other false. Miss Milan's little workroom was really terribly hot, stuffy, sordid. It smelt of clothes and cabbage cooking; and yet, when Miss Milan put the glass in her hand, and she looked at herself with the dress on, finished, an extraordinary bliss shot through her heart. Suffused with light, she sprang into existence. Rid of cares and wrinkles, what she had dreamed of herself was there, — a beautiful woman. Just for a second (she had not dared look longer, Miss Milan wanted to know about the length of the skirt), there looked at her, framed in the scrolloping mahogany, a gray-white, mysteriously smiling, charming girl, the core of herself, the soul of herself; and it was not vanity only, not only self-love that made her think it good, tender, and true. Miss Milan said that the skirt could not well be longer; if anything the skirt, said Miss Milan, puckering her forehead, considering with all her wits about her, must be shorter; and she felt, suddenly, honestly, full of love for Miss Milan, much, much fonder of Miss Milan than of any one in the whole world, and could have cried for pity that she should be crawling on the floor with her mouth full of pins, and her face red and her eyes bulging, — that one human being should be doing this for another, and she saw them all as human beings merely, and herself going off to her party, and Miss Milan pulling the cover over the canary's cage, or letting him pick a hemp-seed from between her lips, and the thought of it, of this side of human nature and its patience

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and its endurance and its being content with such miserable, scanty, sordid, little pleasures filled her eyes with tears.

And now the whole thing had vanished. The dress, the room, the love, the pity, the scrolloping looking-glass, and the canary's cage, — all had vanished, and here she was in a corner of Mrs. Dalloway's drawing-room, suffering tortures, woken wide awake to reality.

But it was all so paltry, weak-blooded, and petty-minded to care so much at her age with two children, to be still so utterly dependent on people's opinions and not have principles or convictions, not to be able to say as other people did, "There's Shakespeare! There's death! We're all weevils in a captain's biscuit," — or whatever it was that people did say.

She faced herself straight in the glass; she pecked at her left shoulder; she issued out into the room, as if spears were thrown at her yellow dress from all sides. But instead of looking fierce or tragic, as Rose Shaw would have done, — Rose would have looked like Boadicea, — she looked foolish and self-conscious, and simpered like a schoolgirl and slouched across the room, positively slinking, as if she were a beaten mongrel, and looked at a picture, an engraving. As if one went to a party to look at a picture! Everybody knew why she did it, — it was from shame, from humiliation.

"Now the fly's in the saucer," she said to herself, "right in the middle, and can't get out, and the milk," she thought, rigidly staring at the picture, "is sticking its wings together."

"It's so old-fashioned," she said to Charles Burt, making him stop (which by itself he hated) on his way to talk to some one else.

She meant, or she tried to make herself think that she meant, that it was the picture and not her dress, that was old-fashioned. And one word of praise, one word of affection from Charles would have made all the difference to her at the moment. If he had only said, "Mabel, you're looking charming to-night!" it would have changed her life. But then she ought to have been truthful and direct. Charles said nothing of the kind, of course. He was malice itself. He always saw through one, especially if one were feeling particularly mean, paltry, or feeble-minded.

"Mabel's got a new dress!" he said, and the poor fly was ab-

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solutely shoved into the middle of the saucer. Really, he would like her to drown, she believed. He had no heart, no fundamental kindness, only a veneer of friendliness. Miss Milan was much more real, much kinder. If only one could feel that and stick to it, always. "Why," she asked herself, — replying to Charles much too pertly, letting him see that she was out of temper, or "ruffled" as he called it ("Rather ruffled?" he said and went on to laugh at her with some woman over there),—"Why," she asked herself, "can't I feel one thing always, feel quite sure that Miss Milan is right, and Charles wrong and stick to it, feel sure about the canary and pity and love and not be whipped all round in a second by coming into a room full of people?" It was her odious, weak, vacillating character again, always giving at the critical moment and not being seriously interested in conchology, etymology, botany, archeology, cutting up potatoes and watching them fructify like Mary Dennis, like Violet Searle.

Then Mrs. Holman, seeing her standing there, bore down upon her. Of course a thing like a dress was beneath Mrs. Holman's notice, with her family always tumbling downstairs or having the scarlet fever. Could Mabel tell her if Elmthorpe was ever let for August and September? Oh, it was a conversation that bored her unutterably! — it made her furious to be treated like a house agent or a messenger boy, to be made use of. Not to have value, that was it, she thought, trying to grasp something hard, something real, while she tried to answer sensibly about the bathroom and the south aspect and the hot water to the top of the house; and all the time she could see little bits of her yellow dress in the round looking-glass which made them all the size of boot-buttons or tadpoles; and it was amazing to think how much humiliation and agony and self-loathing and effort and passionate ups and downs of feeling were contained in a thing the size of a three penny bit. And what was still odder, this thing, this Mabel Waring, was separate, quite disconnected; and though Mrs. Holman (the black button) was leaning forward and telling her how her eldest boy had strained his heart running, she could see her, too, quite detached in the looking-glass, and it was impossible that the black dot, leaning forward, gesticulating, should make the yellow dot, sitting solitary, self-centred, feel what the black dot was feeling, yet they pretended.

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Springfield, Missouri

"So impossible to keep boys quiet," — that was the kind of thing one said.

And Mrs. Holman, who could never get enough sympathy and snatched what little there was greedily, as if it were her right (but she deserved much more for there was her little girl who had come down this morning with a swollen knee-joint), took this miserable offering and looked at it suspiciously, grudgingly, as if it were a halfpenny when it ought to have been a pound and put it away in her purse, must put up with it, mean and miserly though it was, times being hard, so very hard; and on she went, creaking, injured Mrs. Holman, about the girl with the swollen joints. Ah, it was tragic, this greed, this clamor of human beings, like a row of cormorants, barking and flapping their wings for sympathy, — it was tragic, could one have felt it and not merely pretended to feel it!

But in her yellow dress to-night she could not wring out one drop more; she wanted it all, all for herself. She knew (she kept on looking into the glass, dipping into that dreadfully showing-up blue pool) that she was condemned, despised, left like this in a backwater, because of her being like this a feeble, vacillating creature; and it seemed to her that the yellow dress was a penance which she had deserved, and if she had been dressed like Rose Shaw, in lovely, clinging green with a ruffle of swansdown, she would have deserved that; and she thought that there was no escape for her, — none whatever. But it was not her fault altogether, after all. It was being one of a family of ten; never having money enough, always skimping and paring; and her mother carrying great cans, and the linoleum worn on the stair edges, and one sordid little domestic tragedy after another, — nothing catastrophic, the sheep farm failing, but not utterly; her eldest brother marrying beneath him but not very much, — there was no romance, nothing extreme about them all. They petered out respectably in seaside resorts; every watering-place had one of her aunts even now asleep in some lodging with the front windows not quite facing the sea. That was so like them, — they had to squint at things always. And she had done the same, — she was just like her aunts. For all her dreams of living in India, married to some hero like Sir Henry Lawrence, some empire builder (still the sight of a native in a turban filled her with romance),

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she had failed utterly. She had married Hubert, with his safe, permanent underling's job in the Law Courts, and they managed tolerably in a smallish house, without proper maids, and hash when she was alone or just bread and butter, but now and then, — Mrs. Holman was off, thinking her the most dried-up, unsympathetic twig she had ever met, absurdly dressed, too, and would tell every one about Mabel's fantastic appearance, — now and then, thought Mabel Waring, left alone on the blue sofa, punching the cushion in order to look occupied, for she would not join Charles Burt and Rose Shaw, chattering like magpies and perhaps laughing at her by the fireplace, — now and then, there did come to her delicious moments, reading the other night in bed, for instance, or down by the sea on the sand in the sun, at Easter, — let her recall it, — a great tuft of pale sand-grass standing all twisted like a shock of spears against the sky, which was blue like a smooth china egg, so firm, so hard, and then the melody of the waves, — "Hush, hush," they said, and the children's shouts paddling, — yes, it was a divine moment, and there she lay, she felt, in the hand of the Goddess who was the world; rather a hard-hearted, but very beautiful Goddess, a little lamb laid on the altar (one did think these silly things, and it didn't matter so long as one never said them). And also with Hubert sometimes she had quite unexpectedly, — carving the mutton for Sunday lunch, for no reason, opening a letter, coming into a room, — divine moments, when she said to herself (for she would never say this to anybody else), "This is it. This has happened. This is it!" And the other way about it was equally surprising, — that is, when everything was arranged, — music, weather, holidays, every reason for happiness was there, — then nothing happened at all. One wasn't happy. It was flat, just flat, that was all.

Her wretched self again, no doubt! She had always been a fretful, weak, unsatisfactory mother, a wobbly wife, lolling about in a kind of twilight existence with nothing very clear or very bold or more one thing than another, like all her brothers and sisters, except perhaps Herbert, — they were all the same poor water-veined creatures who did nothing. Then in the midst of this creeping, crawling life, suddenly she was on the crest of a wave. That wretched fly, — where had she read the story that

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kept coming into her mind about the fly and the saucer? — struggled out. Yes, she had those moments. But now that she was forty, they might come more and more seldom. By degrees she would cease to struggle any more. But that was deplorable! That was not to be endured! That made her feel ashamed of herself!

She would go to the London Library to-morrow. She would find some wonderful, helpful, astonishing book, quite by chance, a book by a clergyman, by an American no one had ever heard of; or she would walk down the Strand and drop, accidentally, into a hall where a miner was telling about the life in the pit and suddenly she would become a new person. She would be absolutely transformed. She would wear a uniform; she would be called Sister Somebody; she would never give a thought to clothes again. And for ever after she would be perfectly clear about Charles Burt and Miss Milan and this room and that room; and it would be always, day after day, as if she were lying in the sun or carving the mutton. It would be it!

So she got up from the blue sofa, and the yellow button in the looking-glass got up too, and she waved her hand to Charles and Rose to show them she did not depend on them one scrap, and the yellow button moved out of the looking-glass, and all the spears were gathered into her breast as she walked towards Mrs. Dalloway and said, "Good night."

"But it's too early to go," said Mrs. Dalloway, who was always so charming.

"I'm afraid I must," said Mabel Waring. "But," she added in her weak, wobbly voice which only sounded ridiculous when she tried to strengthen it, "I have enjoyed myself enormously."

"I have enjoyed myself," she said to Mr. Dalloway, whom she met on the stairs.

"Lies, lies, lies!" she said to herself, going downstairs, and "Right in the saucer!" she said to herself as she thanked Mrs. Barnet for helping her and wrapped herself, round and round and round, in the Chinese cloak she had worn these twenty years.

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WHY SHOULD WE CUT OUT OUR TONGUES?

ALICE V. MORRIS

CAN we construct an international language which everyone could learn without in any way cutting out his own mother tongue? On what principles should we proceed? The famous Danish philologist Otto Jespersen says: "This article seems to me in a beautifully clear way to set forth the high ideals of those who believe in an international auxiliary language, as well as the necessity for conscientious scientific research in order to attain to a language worthy of being recommended as the second language for everybody."

FOR eons of time the sun has sported in the heavens, occasionally throwing off bright bits of itself which have continued to whirl around the central orb. One of these, the earth, has partially consolidated. On its surface organic life has developed, and a certain degree of conscious control of life has become manifest in man. Computations vary as to the number of years consumed in the processes of consolidation, evolution of organic life, and development of consciousness, but the fact appears to be established that each successive ascending process has consumed a progressively shorter period of time than its predecessor.

The past century has witnessed an unprecedented intensification of the budding powers in man to become a coworker with the forces of nature. Consciousness, though bound within the outer world, has taken hold of that world, struggled with its elements until it made them do its bidding, and grappled with its ways until it discovered and learned to direct its laws. Natural science, first studying how species develop, now turns its attention to the development of species. Chemical analysis is crowned by chemical synthesis. Psychology stops not at discovering how the mind works but pushes forward into showing how to work the mind.

This development of conscious control is brought about by what is called the scientific method of study and experiment. It first deals with things as they exist. It observes and records facts. Next it compares, classifies, and seeks to explain them. In its search for explanation it calls upon the imagination to postulate a working hypothesis. Then it checks up facts with hypothesis. When they disagree, it discards the hypothesis as false and tries another. When they agree, it knows the hypothesis to be true and

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renames it as law. From this point, the path of science is no longer confined to fields of discovery and observation but leads onward through fields of direction, modification, and construction.

So conscious control of life goes forward, slow but sure, and knowledge leads to creation. If in the realm of means that minister to physical and mental needs, why not also in the realm of that great tool of the spirit, language?

There are over seven hundred languages into which the Bible, in whole or in part, has been translated. Are there any features which are common to them all? If an affirmative answer to this question can be found, then there is hope that we can discover guiding principles for the determination of the structure of an auxiliary language intended for universal use.

As language is a tool for expressing thought and knowledge, the answer to the given question must be sought in a consideration of the world in which man lives. For as everyday experience shows us, and as science has proved, he can live in that world only in virtue of the uniformities which he there discovers, and by means of which he can to some extent even control his future. Everywhere man finds himself in situations so similar that he has invented languages with much the same purpose, to record and communicate much the same events. These common situations have given rise to certain familiar kinds of words, and so universal are things or "referents" to which they refer that those referents have even been supposed to be characteristics of ultimate reality. We often hear of "fundamental concepts" and "categories" when this view of the basis of language is being discussed.

Fortunately we need not beg this question, for an auxiliary language is interested primarily in the principle that there are certain conditions universal to mankind which provide a common basis for constructive work. Man sees or makes things and he names them: *sun*, *ox*, *night*, *cart*. The word which names a "thing" is born. We call it noun. Man sees things in different aspects and he predicates those aspects of the things which he names: *sun shines; ox pulls cart; ox driven boy*. The work which predicates is born. We call it verb.

Thus man's simplest formal assertions consist merely of nouns and verbs. But even in these tiny sentences we see reflected certain conditions common to all the situations in which he finds

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himself. In them, the "thing" which the noun names is seen to be either animate or inanimate, and the aspect which the verb predicates is seen to be either intransitive, — that is, action or state regarded as confined to the actor, as in "sun shines"; or transitive, — that is, action not regarded as limited to the agent or subject but as requiring an object to complete it, as in "ox pulls cart" and in "ox driven boy". It is also seen that a transitive aspect can be regarded in two ways, action *performed* by the subject as in "ox pulls", or action *suffered* by the subject as in "ox driven". The definition of the verb is now seen to be "a part of speech conventionally expressing being, action, or suffering of action."

As man's thought lays hold on the world in which he lives, other kinds of words emerge. He distinguishes characteristics, and the adjective appears. He notices different modes of action and state, and the adverb springs forth. He finds it awkward to repeat the name of a thing whenever mentioned, and the pronoun is born. As he compares, counts, and measures things, he forges words to express quantity. When his attention is arrested by succession and duration of events, he creates words to express relations in time. Observing the position of things, he invents words that express relations in space. These and other relations common to the conditions in which he dwells, he expresses by all sorts of little particles, — prepositions, inflexions, agglutinatives, conjunctions.

Man can now tell a story, complete and detailed: "The sun shines on the ox. It has strength and very easily pulls a cart along the road. It is driven by a boy. It has four legs but the boy has only two. Over there another ox eats in the field. This one is big. That one is much smaller. The ox eats more than the boy. Both sleep at night and work by day."

The same story may be told in many different ways. The Japanese manner would be more as follows: "Sun ox-on shine. It strength have and very easily heavy cart road-along pull. Ox-boy-by drive-be. Ox four leg have, but boy two only have. Over-there field-in other one ox eat. This one big bed, that one far than-small be. Ox boy-than much eat. Both night sleep, day work."

The Chinese would tell the story somewhat differently: "Sun

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shine ox. Have strength, easy pull heavy cart on road. Ox be boy drive. Ox have four leg, boy only have two leg. That place other ox eat in field. This big be, that far small be. Ox eat much than boy. (*or*, Ox eat compare boy much.) Both night sleep, day work."

In both Japanese and Chinese the form of the verb is invariable. In these versions the infinitive of the English verb is used without the particle "to" in order to show a consistent form throughout.

This little story, no matter what the manner of telling, shows the substance of all language. It matters not whether subject or object come before or after predicate; whether time is shown by verbal endings, variation of mid-word vowels or separate words; whether relations are indicated by particles independent or attached. Though complex the forms, the substance is simple.

No need to point out further details. Suffice it to observe that speech and elements of speech can conveniently be described in terms of noun, verb, and relations. Speech consists of propositions, collection of words that express *substantival* and *verbal* concepts; numerals count *nouns;* pronouns stand in place of *nouns;* adjectives qualify *nouns;* adverbs immediately modify *verbs* and intermediately modify both *nouns* and *verbs* through modifying adjectives and other adverbs; prepositions, inflections, agglutinatives, and conjunctions show *relations.*

Thus we see the possibility of discovering the basic structure of language, the "pattern on the mount" upon which the earthly tabernacle, the structure of an actual international language, may be reared. The principle explained above, that the conditions common to mankind provide a practical basis for the fundamentals, the foundations, of grammar and language-construction furnishes a point of departure for a further quest. From such foundation, element by element, may there not be built a grammar which, although as of old still "the science of the right use of language," shall be also the science of the clear expression of thought?

Let us pursue the quest. On to a detailed study of language, in which analysis is based primarily not upon conventional rules of grammar but upon the psychology of thought. We must expect to find that in some instances the two coincide and that in others there are divergencies which spring from and cause confusion of

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thought or make expression difficult or cumbersome. We must be ready for some surprises, perhaps even a few shocks. But if we are free from prejudice and have a hospitable mind, if with patience we check and recheck facts with hypotheses, is there not hope that the study may be a contribution toward the development of an international language whose structure is a "grammar of thought"?

If this can be done, will not the growing use of such a language put one more instrument at the disposal of conscious control of life? There should be no fear in adventuring to mold the instrument but rather an expectation of opening up new spiritual channels. Psychology shows that language helps develop thought. Indeed, is there not always interplay between creative impulse and means of expression? Musical genius has led to development of more expressive instruments, and they in turn have fostered genius. Stradivarius violins and Paganini interpretations, orchestral instruments and Beethoven symphonies have gone hand in hand. As it is possible in the realm of music, so it should be in that of language, to exclaim with Browning:

> As the bird wings and sings,
> Let us cry: "All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

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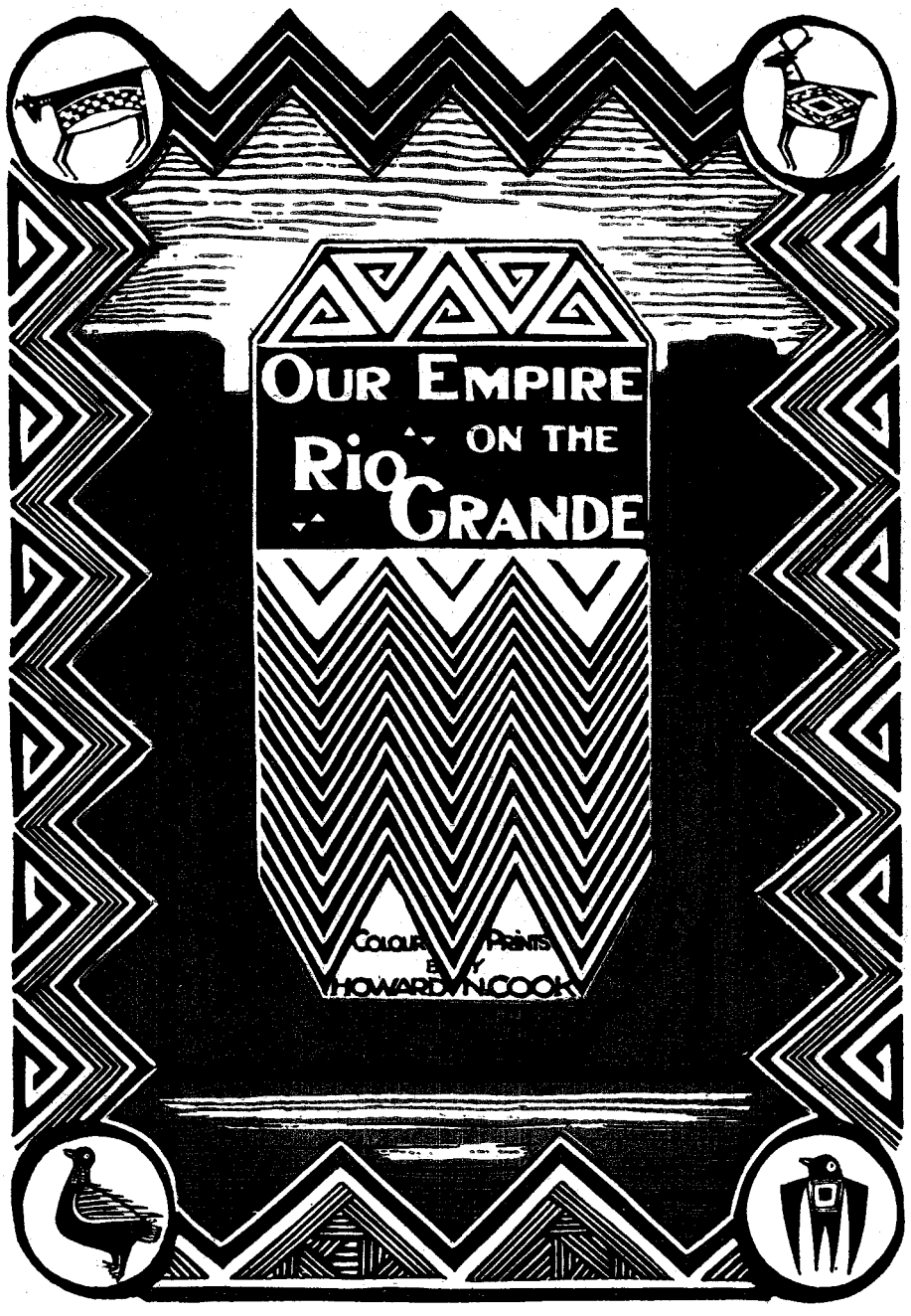

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INDIAN OF THE TAOS PUEBLO

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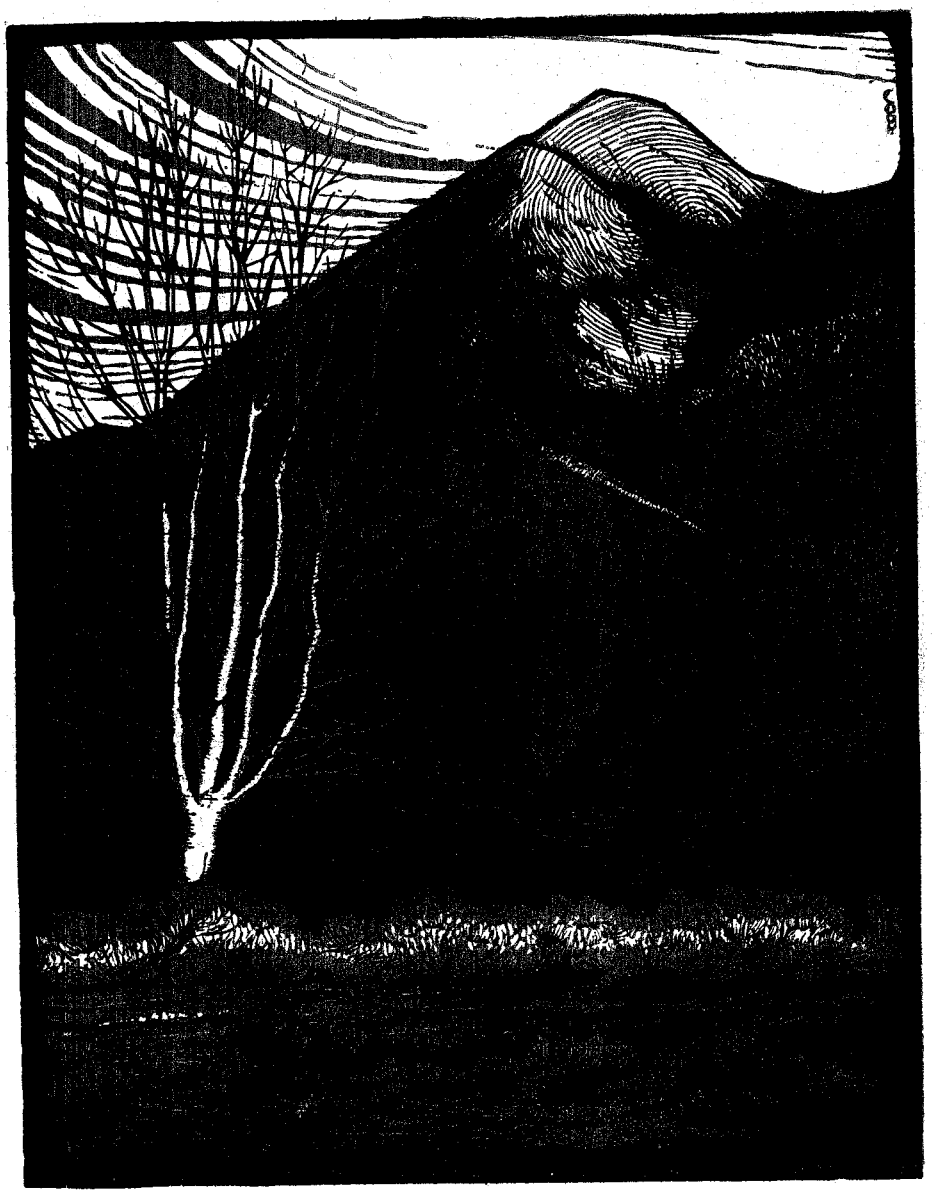

THE MOUNTAINS THE SPANIARDS CALLED
"THE BLOOD OF CHRIST", SUNSET

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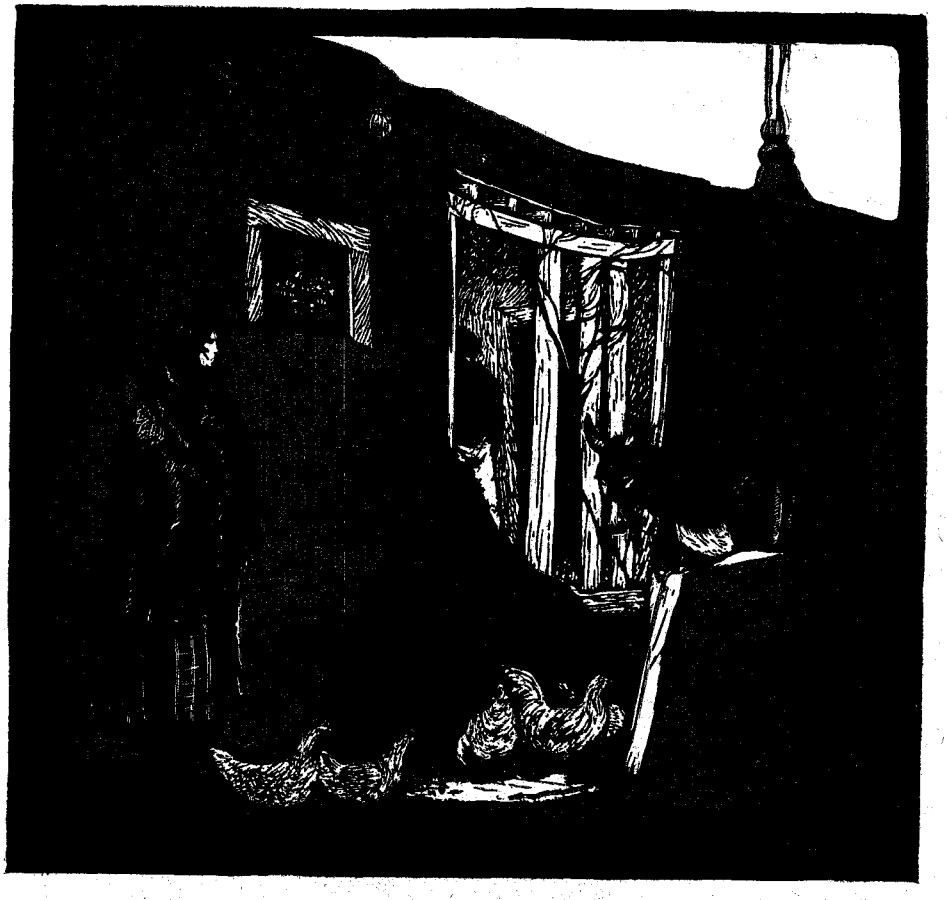

A Patio of Cienaga · New Mexico

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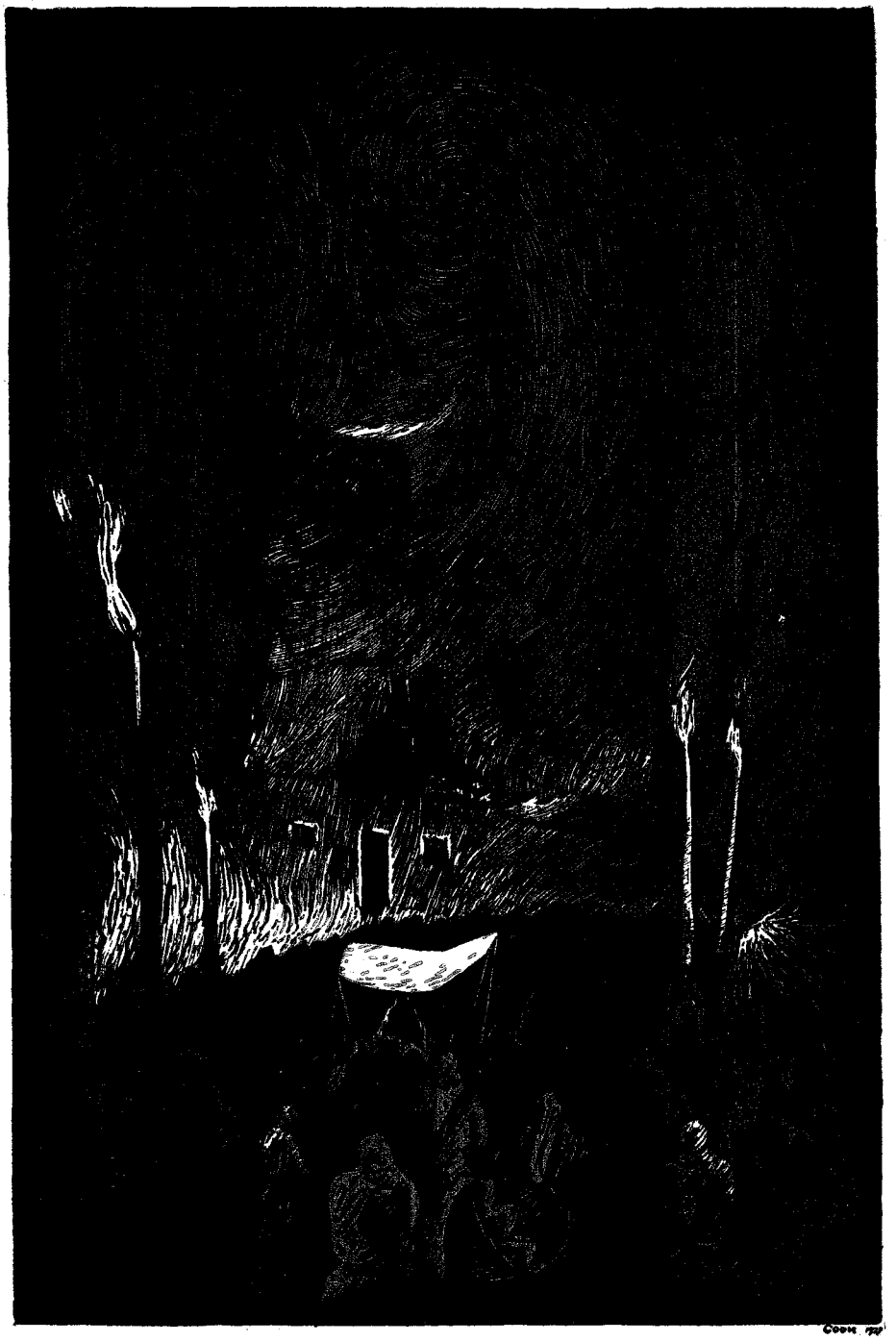

THE FIRELIGHT DANCE WITH THE SANTO
CARRIED AMONG THE INDIANS AT TAOS PUEBLO

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SHORT-CIRCUITING WAR

A Business Man's Plan

STUART CHASE

TAKE the profit out of war, and you eliminate a powerful incentive to waging war. You also strengthen the national security in time of war, if we may trust the judgment of Mr. Chase's business man. But, alas! his economist friend dissents vehemently. It is a pretty scheme, he asserts, but unworkable. Mr. Chase himself, — taking a leaf out of THE FORUM'S *book in order to contribute several fruitful pages to* THE FORUM, *— lets them argue it out for themselves. But he would like to see the plan tried.*

THE liberals and the professional pacifists are not the only people who want to see war abolished. By and large, labor hates war, despite the thrill it gets from its pageantry, — a thrill which the machine monotony of peace times never gives. And even here and there a business man is ready to call a halt in a process which, so far as the record of history runs, has always been very profitable to him. I recently encountered such a business man. With diagrams upon the glass top of his office desk, he sketched for me a plan to control, and perhaps to end, war. He sketched it with the utmost sincerity and conviction. He must be nameless, but I shall try to report him faithfully.

The Government at Washington [he said] will proceed immediately, by proper legislative and executive action, to provide that, upon the declaration of any future war, the entire man power of the nation, — every farmer, every industrial worker, every clerk, every boss, every business man, — shall go upon a war footing, taking the status of a soldier with a soldier's pay. Unskilled and semi-skilled workers shall take the status of privates with a private's pay. Skilled workers shall take the status of corporals and sergeants; foremen, the status of top sergeants; business executives shall become lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels; presidents of great companies shall be generals, — with only a general's pay. In addition to the flat army rates, the non-commissioned men shall receive a differential payment equal to the food, clothing, and shelter which the soldier in the army receives gratis. The basic army wage, furthermore, shall be at least as great as the going rate for unskilled workers at

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the time that war is declared. Thus a cement pourer will get about the same wage as usual if he continues in industry. If he goes into the army, he will get that wage *less* the cost of the food, shelter, and clothing which he now receives gratis. This figure will constitute the basic pay for all fighting privates. If the industrial worker is married, he will receive an additional sum equal to the standard army allowance for wives with husbands at the front, — thus introducing Professor Paul Douglas's particular pet, the "family wage" system.

Wages to industrial workers will not be paid by the Government however, but will replace the pre-war payroll of every industrial concern. Such rates will tend on the average to be *less* than the going wage and salary structure. Salaries will drop tremendously, skilled and semi-skilled wages, — particularly for unmarried workers, — will drop considerably. The net result will certainly be lower operating costs for industry, considered as a whole.

The government meanwhile will assume control of all the industrial processes of the nation through a central coordinating board. This board will not be under the War Department, but will be largely civilian, reporting directly to the President, like the War Industries Board in the late War. The allocation of manpower will be its first duty. Men will be drawn from non-essential industries to fill the ranks of the army and of essential industries. "Essentials" will be defined as munitions and as the production of living requirements, — food, shelter, clothing, for the home population. Labor shortages in essential industries will be carefully guarded against. The depletion of coal-miners and steel-workers by irresponsible draft boards will not be countenanced. And every man leaving civilian life for the army, goes with the assurance that fat wages, fat salaries, and fat profits are not to be made behind his back.

The government will proceed to fix the prices for all essential commodities. There will be no non-essential commodities, for there no longer remains man power to produce them. It has all been allocated elsewhere. Prices will be fixed on the basis of a "reasonable return", — say six per cent on capitalization. Needless to say, in calculating price levels, the new wage and salary rates will be used. This cost factor, plus the decrease in

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average company earnings to six per cent, will immediately operate to *reduce* prices the country over. Reduce them, one suspects, quite drastically.

At this point I asked about non-essential industries. There will be many superfluous plants and enterprises standing idle, — how about their stockholders?

"I do not think," said the plan-maker, "that there will be so many as you might suppose. A large number will be converted to war needs, — jewelry plants will be converted into plants for the manufacture of time-fuses. Still, for those that remain idle, yes, six per cent must be paid on their capitalization. It is the American spirit of fair play."

"Where is the money to come from?"

"From the government, as a legitimate war cost."

Which brought him to ways and means for financing the war. Profits cannot be taxed, because the fixed price levels have done away with excess profits. With six per cent the maximum there are not any to take. There must be no conscription of capital. Such a thing is un-American and not to be thought of. It will be enough to control the physical assets of which capital is the financial shadow. We are thus driven to finance the war by bonds, — Liberty bonds, like the last war. From their sale, the costs of the war must be met.

He looked at me with keen, furrowed eyes. "That is the plan as far as I've thought it out. Now what will it do? Ah, what will it not do!" He warmed to his exposition.

"It will prevent inflation during the war, and the usual disastrous deflation after the war. Thus it will receive the enthusiastic support of the great majority of bankers, manufacturers, business men, and farmers. Because it provides an assured labor force and the fullest financial security, it should appeal even to manufacturers of war munitions. Labor unions may not like it, but in the long run it will benefit the worker. His pay may drop at first, but soon after prices will come tumbling down; meanwhile he has an assured job without seasonal lay-offs, without unemployment. *His* security likewise is increased. Most important of all is the morale engendered by the knowledge that nobody is to benefit, to batten, on war. Equal duties, equal responsibilities, equal status, equal pay within the status, for soldier and civilian,

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from hodcarrier to generalissimo. Thus we have the acme of democracy, of the American spirit.

"Finally, let us consider the aspect of prevention. How will the proposal short-circuit war? The plan will be legally formulated well in advance of any actual or threatened war. It will stew in the juices of public opinion both at home and abroad. The fact that armed conflict holds out no plums for profiteers will dry up the chief springs of jingoism at their source. The arms manufacturer has nothing to gain, and his publicity and intrigue become an operating dead loss. He stops it forthwith. The fact that, on the declaration of the war, the United States of America will present a front of almost incredible integration and morale, will make a foreign power very leery of picking a quarrel, — inevitably and permanently leery. Thus the law, if enacted, will become the best conceivable guarantee of peace!

"We should be wise enough to profit by the past and prevent the recurrence of mistakes, and the best way to visualize the result of such preparedness is to consider what would have been the effect if this plan had been in operation before we entered the World War. The *Lusitania* would still have been in service, and the chances are that the World War would have been terminated without our participation, because of the latent powerful influence we should have had. On the other hand, had we been drawn in, — with this plan in force, — I believe our war costs would have been only fifteen billions, instead of thirty; and at the time of the Armistice the value of our products would have stood on our national inventory at a price which not only would have enabled us to compete in the world markets, but would have left our goods available for the needs of the rest of the world, at a reasonable price.

"It is not my thought to propose any Constitutional Amendment, — we have too many now. The spirit of the American people in the event of attack can be depended upon, — as the last war amply demonstrated. With this in mind the Administration has sufficient power, and can arrange, with the cooperation of the national, business, and scientific organizations already in existence, the structure for an organization of defense such as I propose. We have in Washington a Bureau of Efficiency, of which we hear very little, but which is earning its expenses many

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times over. Perhaps this Bureau might become the focal point to obtain and maintain the information needed. It could work through the various existing departments without interfering with the sound policy of the Administration to reduce national expenses." He stood up and held out his hand.

"It's an idea. I think there is something in it. It's American. It's conservative in the best sense of the word. I think one can get the business man behind it. Bankers particularly. They hate inflation only less than they hate deflation. I think it is worth discussing in THE FORUM. We'll see if it can be pulled to pieces."

I took the plan to an economist, also nameless. Suffice it to say that he was not a learned economist, but a questioning, doubting Thomas of the Wesley C. Mitchell quantitative school. One of those gentlemen who have to be shown. He listened carefully as I read my notes.

"Pretty dubious," he said.

The first thing that will happen (I quote him roughly), will be drastic and disorganizing deflation, with the drop in prices following the new wage rates, and price fixing at six per cent. Thus your morale will be shot to pieces as you start. The next thing that will happen will be the usual and inevitable inflation when the government starts selling bonds. You cannot float war loans without inflation. The process is as relentless as the tides.

"But if prices are fixed?" I interposed.

"If prices are fixed, I am afraid the strain will burst them. Consider, — consider calmly, — the colossal proportions of the administrative job involved. At the drop of the hat, the government proceeds to run everything, to fix prices on everything. Six per cent on *what* if you please, original cost, par value, reduplication, market value, net worth? The Interstate Commerce Commission has been working for twenty years and hasn't got even the railroads valued yet. We have not to date achieved any basic technique for valuing investment in this country. And essentials and non-essentials, — what is the government going to do with tobacco and perfumery, with motor-cars, with radios, with movies, with silk stockings, with permanent waves, with polo sticks, with country houses? The unweaving of the neces-

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sary from the superfluous is enough to drive mad every economist and philosopher in the country.

"What is the government going to do with advertising, drummers, high pressure salesmanship? The whole distributive mechanism will collapse with a shriek. Not but this would be a very good thing in the long run, as it would be flattering the present distributive mechanism to call it twenty-five per cent efficient, but a sudden collapse with a war to be fought is again not my idea of sound morale. No. And with the setting of these soldier rates for industrial workers, if the American Federation of Labor doesn't start a revolution, it will certainly start a general strike. Such a wholesale smashing of skilled wage standards has never been dreamed of in American history. The fact that lower prices sometime in the future will equalize these smashed wages will have no effect on the immediate psychology of the situation. Labor doesn't operate on any such futuristic basis. I can't say I blame them.

"In brief, what your friend is trying to do is just about what Lenin tried to do in Russia, — not politically of course, but economically, — without the six per cent. Lenin tried to give the nation a system of centralized control and economic coordination. An admirable concept perhaps, but there were no work habits through which such control could function. There was energy enough and intelligence enough, but the rank and file and the petty executives didn't have the habit patterns. You cannot change your whole system of behavior overnight and expect to get anything but chaos. It has taken Russia seven years to come within hailing distance of her pre-war productive output. Blueprints and no raw materials. The Russian scheme humped up and broke in two, like a camel hit with a seventy-five. Human nature being what it is, I don't see how we could expect to do a great deal better here."

"Well," I said, "what would *you* do? What is your plan?"

"God knows," he said, and turned back to the calculating machine where he was grinding out percentages of real income by states for five year intervals.

Now I am not a business man nor yet a seasoned quantitative economist. But as a free citizen of the greatest Republic ever heard of, I may perhaps be permitted an opinion. I confess I was

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impressed with the earnestness and conviction of the captain of industry. I did not have a chance to argue, but I agreed with him that the plan was worth careful discussion. And I confess I was impressed by the admirable steel shears with which my economist cut the plan in two. Nevertheless I continue to believe that there is much in the plan, — possibly a very great deal in it. But I think the man with the calculating machine makes it pretty evident that certain extensive modifications are in order. It must come closer to social psychology and it must incorporate more technical preparation.

Suppose that in the enabling law we provided a permanent fact finding commission, empowered to collect data covering national requirements both for peace consumption and war consumption, and the productive plant available to meet those requirements. The Bureau of Efficiency might perhaps prove the nucleus for such fact finding, but I should want to push its function somewhat farther than did the plan-maker. Upon the commission should be engineers, to measure the physical aspects of the problem; accountants and economists, to define investment and to lay out a plan for fixing the prices, — not of all commodities, but only of *basic raw materials*, pig iron, coal, cotton, oil, nitrate, copper, wheat; a sound labor man or two, to help determine what labor will or will not do in such a crisis, and what are the limits of mobilization from one industry to another. Such a commission, working years in advance, might conceivably lay the groundwork for a reasonably rapid transition following the declaration of war. Incidentally it might give the going economic structure some badly needed statistics in respect to productive capacity and economic waste.

I agree with the economist that inflation is almost as hard to separate from bond issues as sea water from its salt. I think the bulk of the cost of the war should be paid from the income and excess profits taxes. If price fixing only obtained in the basic industries, there would be plenty of profits left upon which to levy taxes. And there should be good stiff levies on all the obvious forms of luxury. I should try to start where the last war left off, using all the techniques which the War Industries Board, the Fuel Administration, the Railroad Administration, the Grain Corporation, the Council of National Defense, worked out in the

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fire of experience and found effective. The priority system would be the chief engine of industrial coordination and control. Above all, I should shift the status gradually, bulwarked by the greatest publicity campaign conceivable, rather than try to change the face of the economic world on the day of the declaration of war. The privates and corporals and majors should be drafted in by degrees, only so fast as the psychology of the man power of a given industry could stand it.

The two essential policies of my captain of industry are undoubtedly sound. I think I could even get the economist to agree to them. In the first place, he wants to provide a condition where it will be impossible for any class or group to benefit from the war; in the second place he wants to provide a condition of such integrated economic strength that no nation will dare challenge us to conflict. Both policies represent war insurance of the highest value. But the specific technique which he proposes would seem to put too great a strain for quick conversion on the economic structure, besides leading to possible inflation if bonds were the sole means of war financing. Could we not achieve the sound ends he seeks more effectively by creating now a permanent commission to lay the groundwork for coordination and conversion in case of war; and then, if war should come, by limiting price-fixing to basic industries; by using profits, and luxury taxes in preference to bonds, and by allocating industrial workers to soldier rates of pay only gradually and after the cost of living had begun to fall?

And here we shall have to leave the proposal to the reader.

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FOR NEW MARRIAGE LAWS

HIRAM WESLEY EVANS
Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan

HAS any Church the right to dictate in advance the religious faith of the unborn? The Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan returns an uncompromising No. For prospective parents to submit to such a pledge is in his opinion a violation of every principle of American democracy and freedom. Since legislation forbidding any marriage to be solemnized after such a prenuptial agreement has recently been introduced in nearly every state in the Union, the issue is likely to provoke nation-wide discussion.

THE agitation now gathering headway in many parts of the country to forbid any clergyman to exact as a condition of performing a marriage ceremony an agreement that all children of that marriage shall be bound from infancy to some particular creed, presents fundamentally a clear and vital issue. It may be stated, however, in several ways. Here are three: (1) Shall all children born in this country be protected from an alien and inherited spiritual and political authority, and be assured the right of self-determination in their religion? (2) Shall the children of the alien and almost unassimilable people who now make up the great majority of the Roman Church in America be allowed the chance to become assimilated if they wish and can? (3) Shall we insist that all our customs and ordinances be brought into harmony with the principles of freedom which are the historic spirit of Americanism?

To the millions of Protestant Americans who live in the regions not yet submerged by alien ideas, — and who are therefore so little understood in New York and Boston and Chicago, — and to the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan who have become the only organized representatives of the old stock Americans, there can be but one answer. The duty of making our current habits and laws consistent with the fundamental principles of Americanism is one which falls upon this country from time to time. Experience shows now and again that the work of the makers of the Constitution was not completed. Because there was so much for them to do, because public opinion was not yet ripe, or because the issues involved were at that time insignificant, they ignored many matters which have since become vital. The most violent convulsions which the nation has experienced have come in

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bringing their work up to date. The Bill of Rights, nullification, slavery, direct elections and primaries, suffrage, and prohibition have in turn shaken the country. In each instance the abuses which have grown up, or which were left over by the founders, have been hard to correct; for always there is some vested interest which has taken advantage of the situation and which fights any reform with both skill and desperation.

There are doubtless many such evils which we have not yet recognized, and which will become live issues as public opinion matures, or as special interests learn to take advantage of them. The one that is coming into prominence to-day is the use which the Romanist clergy makes of marriage, — and of the belief it instils into its people that it only can make a marriage holy, — to perpetuate and increase its grip upon all with whom it comes into contact, and to further its very natural desire to become dominant in the nation. This evil, to be sure, cannot yet be dignified by comparison with the great issues cited above, but it is in theory and in practice, actually and in all its implications, not only insulting to the great body of Americans of all other creeds, but totally at odds with the historic principles of self-government and self-control which are Americanism. It does contain possibilities of great harm and of great disturbance. Moreover, it is very useful to the most powerful vested interest in the world, the Romanist hierarchy. We do not expect the issue to be settled without dust and heat.

The bills aimed at this evil which have been introduced into various legislatures are avowedly an attempt to force the Roman Church more nearly into harmony with Americanism. They are general in their terms, but so far as I know there is no other church which makes the extraordinary demands put forward by Romanism, and therefore no other which is in this way at odds with the principle of spiritual freedom. These bills, then, may be fairly taken as a direct attack on the Roman Church.

The bills are in every case sponsored by the Ku Klux Klan and, — apart from their direct importance, — are notable as the first aggressive move made by the Klan. Hitherto we have been entirely on the defensive against the attacks being made by various alien interests upon the welfare or the principles of Americanism. Our early years were devoted to slow growth and

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the correction of the blunders made because of inexperience and uncertainty as to immediate purpose and the means and methods to be employed; when we became strong our first efforts were of necessity directed toward salvage. Now, at last, we have the strength and opportunity to take the offensive for the fulfilment and completion of American ideas, to undertake construction instead of mere protection. We are somewhat sorry that our first move will appear controversial, but are comforted by the conviction that there is no form of un-Americanism which does not shelter powerful interests and for the defense of which selfish casuistry will not invoke the very principles which it violates.

Because the Roman Church is raising the cry of religious intolerance and persecution, it should be made clear that this question of the Romanist use of marriage is not religious in any fair sense. No attempt is made to prevent Roman priests from celebrating marriage, no effort to deprive them of a right which is allowed any other clergy. The question at issue is one of Americanism; more fundamentally, one of human liberty, of allowing any man to have the power, — even exceeding the influence of parents, — to dictate the religion of an unborn generation. The thing we are trying to stop is an inconsistency with historic Americanism, a practice which vitiates the principles of human freedom for all whom it touches and which would never

THE THREE MOST IMPORTANT CLAUSES OF THE PROPOSED LAW

An act relating to marriages, forbidding certain contracts, agreements or stipulations, oral or in writing, by the parties thereto, and prescribing penalties for persuading, enticing or inducing the parties to a marriage so to do.

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of .....:—

Section 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person authorized by the laws of this state to perform the marriage ceremony, as a condition to the performance of said marriage ceremony, or otherwise, to persuade, entice, or induce the parties to said marriage ceremony to enter into a contract, agreement, or stipulation, oral or in writing, concerning religious training of the issue of said marriage.

Section 2. It shall be unlawful for any person authorized by law to perform the marriage ceremony, before or after the marriage of a man and woman, to persuade, entice, or induce said parties to enter into a contract, agreement or stipulation, oral or in writing, to educate or train the issue of said marriage according to the teachings or tenets of any particular church, sect, religion or belief.

Section 3. Any person authorized by law to perform the marriage ceremony, violating the provisions of sections 1 and 2 of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than Five Hundred ($500.00) dollars, or by imprisonment in the State penitentiary for not more than a year and a day, or in the discretion of the Judge, both fine and imprisonment.

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have been permitted to establish itself here in the early days of the nation, except for the fact that there were then so few Roman Catholics. Now there are many and the practice of priestly predestination, once negligible, has become dangerous.

The attitude of the great body of American Protestants, as distinct from that of the "intellectual leaders" who lead few but themselves, is so persistently misrepresented that it seems worth while to state it again. We have no quarrel with the Roman Catholic religion. We do not agree with it, and we do not see how any man or woman who understands the principles of freedom as we do can submit to an outside, super-imposed spiritual control. Yet, after all, that is their own affair. We have no objections to raise if others find their way to God, to salvation and peace, along another pathway than our own. We would put no obstacle in their way, nor discriminate against them in any slightest manner.

But Roman Catholicism is not only a religion but a church, — a hierarchy, a closed corporation, a dynasty of spiritual government, using its claimed monopoly over salvation for its own selfish and utterly irreligious purposes. This dynastic priesthood perpetuates all the evils of the old heathen priestcraft, even many of the ancient rites, ceremonies, and superstitions. It proclaims a monopoly of salvation, sits at the toll gates of the road to the High Throne, and demands as tolls for passage riches for itself, and dignity and power and honor. It is not spiritual, but very temporal. If it no longer claims political and temporal dominion over the earth as it once did, it nevertheless still seeks political authority as Count Della Torre, the spokesman of the Vatican, admitted in his article in THE FORUM. It exploits faith, religion, spirituality for its own benefit, — for what there is in it. Its theory and its practice are a world apart from the teachings of the humble Man of Galilee. It is luxurious, it is self-seeking, and it is despotic.

It is against this hierarchy, not against the Roman Catholic religion, that Protestants rebel, have prejudice, and fight. It is this that the Klan opposes. It is this against which the legislation is aimed. This, — and nothing else. Specifically, and in this instance, our object is to bring the Roman Church to the same basis as that of all other religious denominations in America, to

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Form
A 80

ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK

MIXED MARRIAGE

(MIXTA RELIGIO VEL DISPARITAS CULTUS)

Rev. dear Sir: .....192.....

.....
NAME

Child of.....and.....
MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER

of .....
ADDRESS

A Catholic of this parish, wishing to marry

.....
NAME

Child of.....and.....
MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER

of .....
ADDRESS

A non-Catholic { baptized in.....Sect
never baptized .....

humbly petitions his Eminence, the Archbishop as delegate of the Holy See, to grant a dispensation from the impediment of

.....

The reasons are (give some canonical reason, see Instructions of Sacred Congregation.)

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

The necessary promises in writing are attached herewith: and there appears to be no unusual danger of perversion.

Yours respectfully,

.....

Church of.....

Enclosed please find check ($.....) for Alms.

PLEASE MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO CHANCERY OFFICE.

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Archdiocese of New York.

FORM OF PROMISES FOR NON-CATHOLIC

I, the undersigned non-Catholic, desiring to contract marriage with the Catholic party named in this application before a Catholic priest, duly authorized by a special dispensation from the Archbishop of New York, hereby promise in the presence of the undersigned witnesses:

(1) That all children of either sex born of this marriage shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic religion.

(2) That I will neither hinder nor obstruct in any manner whatsoever the Catholic party in the exercise of the Catholic religion.

(3) That in the solemnization of my marriage there shall be only the Catholic ceremony.

.....

(Signature of non-Catholic.)

PLEASE DO NOT DETACH

FORM OF PROMISES FOR CATHOLIC.

I, the undersigned Catholic party, hereby promise in the presence of the undersigned witnesses:

(1) That all children of either sex born of this marriage shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic religion.

(2) That in the solemnization of my marriage there shall be only the Catholic ceremony.

.....

(Signature of Catholic.)

We, the undersigned hereby declare that we witnessed the signatures of the above mentioned contracting parties in their presence and in the presence of each other, on this.....day of the month of.....192....

.....

(Signature of priest.)

.....

(Signature of witness.)

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make it depend for its power and influence upon the truth it may teach, and to prevent it from using an hereditary power. We are striking at the hierarchy's use of marriage to control its people, to set them apart from other Americans, to mortgage the religion of the coming generation, to consolidate and perpetuate its despotism.

If this power of the Roman Church did not affect America directly, we Protestants might feel that it was no concern of ours, however great its abuses. But it does strike home. We see in the Roman hierarchy, though not necessarily in the religion, a direct antipathy, if not an hostility, to the underlying spirit of Americanism. There is no need to answer all the Jesuitical arguments advanced to the contrary; the fact is sufficiently proved by the efforts made by the American Catholics of 1776 to free themselves, as all other sects did, from foreign control. In the Catholics of those days the spirit of Americanism was hot and vital; they made every effort toward spiritual independence, toward complete Americanism, but in vain. Freedom is intolerable to Catholicism. And the growing chasm between Americanism and Romanism is marked by the decrease in the efforts toward the Americanization of the Roman Catholic Church, — it has been thirty years since the Paulists struck the last futile blow for freedom within their own religion and made their heroic but vain effort for a Catholicism which should be American instead of Roman.

Quite naturally we non-"liberal" Protestants dislike and distrust the whole system of priestcraft by which the Roman hierarchy maintains the grip on the fears and faith of its people that makes this exploitation and this anti-Americanism possible. It was to escape just this domination and to make a more direct contact with the Almighty that our forefathers left Romanism, and we keep the faith. But most of it is no affair of ours. It is only when the Roman hierarchy becomes active in our politics that we have to fight it directly. We are not distressed by our lack of holy water and extreme unction, nor by being considered as predestined to damnation.

The hierarchy's use of the marriage sacrament, however, has no such claim on our tolerance. It does touch us all indirectly and it does directly injure and check the progress and spread of

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Americanism in the nation. The indirect injury comes from the insolence which declares that all our marriages are null and void and our children illegitimate, and which dares to reach out and pass upon and annul Protestant marriages. So long as silence is kept, this insulting attitude may be tolerable, but a few more instances in which it is proclaimed will make it cease to be so. Perhaps it is beyond reach of the law, — we are making no attempt to reach it now, — but it needs no prophet to foretell that if it is maintained and flaunted a vigorous effort will be made to reach it.

More serious and much more immediate is the requirement of the Roman clergy that every couple whom they marry shall pledge all children in advance to the Romanist religion, even though one of the parties to the marriage is a Protestant. This attempt, by precontract, to mortgage the religion of a large part of the coming generation, has so far been highly successful. It is easy to understand the hierarchy's point of view. It wishes to hold as many people as possible under its control, and it has found by experience that it is unsafe to depend upon the truth of its teachings after children have reached years of discretion, or to permit them when young to hear anything of other religions. We cannot blame the priests, but this practice is in every way abhorrent to the principles of American liberty, and what is more, it can be reached by law.

Its evils are many. In the first place, it aids greatly in perpetuating the dynastic power of Romanism; checks, if it does not entirely prevent, the Americanization of the great masses of alien-bred and alien-minded folk who to-day make up the bulk of Roman Catholics in this country. More, in the increasing number of marriages between Romanists and Protestants it reaches out and draws into the Roman bondage large numbers of children who should, — at least half of them, — have been trained in the freedom of Americanism and Protestantism. Thus it constitutes a far-reaching method of proselyting which constantly widens the grip of Romanism in America.

Another evil is that this system violates the rights of unborn children. It is, of course, usual for every child to be brought up in the religion of its parents, but the Romanists' system goes beyond this. It forbids parents from exercising any discretion, prevents

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the child, — under the Romanist method of training, — from learning anything about other religions, and practically robs the child of the right to learn truth for himself and also robs him of the great American right of self-determination as to his religion.

In the third place, this system gives to the Roman hierarchy a distinct advantage over other creeds, and one not based on truth, but on coercion. Other denominations in this country must depend for their strength entirely upon the truths they teach to hold both parents and children. This sale to the hierarchy of hundreds of thousands of unborn souls counts heavily against Protestantism in the very country which it created.

Finally, the Romanist pledge violates every principle of American democracy and freedom, as we understand them, and as they were quite evidently understood when the nation was founded. Americanism, to us of old American stock, contains two great principles: that there shall not be permitted any inherited, imposed, or alien control of any individual or of any person's thought; and that truth of itself will prevail in the end, that no coercion shall be used in behalf of any man's or any organization's conception of truth.

The Roman marriage contract directly defies both of these principles. Yet there can be no doubt that, in the historic period of clear thought which marked the founding of the nation, these ideas were universally applied to religion as well as to politics. The prompt action of all other creeds except Romanism in freeing themselves from foreign control, — and the efforts made by the American Romanists of that day to do likewise, — prove this conclusively. Yet Romanism in this country is being permitted to coerce thought, and to perpetuate and even to widen an inherited, imposed, alien control of the religion of Americans.

It is being charged against us that we are arousing strife to no purpose, that we can accomplish nothing by our efforts to end this evil; that even without a contract most Romanists will continue to bring up their children in their own religion. This last is doubtless true. We do not hope, through legislation, for the conversion to Protestantism of a single child of Romanist parentage. We do not expect to weaken the Romanist religion. But this does not mean that great and vital benefits will not be achieved if this legislation is adopted.

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It will not weaken the Roman religion, to be sure, but it will weaken the power of the self-perpetuating dynasty which exploits that religion. Whatever truth Romanism preaches will not suffer, nor be restrained, but Romanism will be forced to depend more on truth and less on priestcraft and coercion. Also, the Roman Church will be brought more nearly to an equality with other denominations and stripped of an unfair advantage.

We do expect to save for Protestantism and for true Americanism a large part of the children of mixed marriages, and this will be of increasing importance as the number of mixed marriages grows. We expect to save the self-respect, now so flagrantly violated, of Protestants who marry Roman Catholics. And we do expect, also, to insure that every child has the right to religious freedom; and that, if they choose wrongly, it shall at least be their own choice, and not a forced one.

Finally, we expect to fulfil and reestablish the fundamental principles of Americanism, as they would have been fulfilled by the founders of the nation if this issue had been of importance a hundred and fifty years ago. We expect to prove that those principles are still a working and controlling force in America. We expect to check the undermining of liberty and of our national ideals which has been going on so steadily, and to prepare the way for continued advance and fulfilment along the lines so clearly laid down in history. We believe that in this campaign we are beginning the long-neglected task of making and keeping America more American.

Subsequent numbers of THE FORUM *will carry Catholic rejoinder to the views set forth in Dr. Evans's article and letters from readers on both sides will be published in Our Rostrum.*

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ARE YOU CONSISTENT?

OLIVER L. REISER

OSCAR WILDE somewhere states that consistency is the mark of a mediocre mind. But such a view is self-refuting. An intelligent solution to our problems, scientific, moral, and political can come only with clear, consistent, and hard thinking.

On the opposite page will be found a test, which, with the aid of a publicity agent, might be nominated as a candidate for the position vacated by the cross word puzzle.

The general theory underlying the whole test is this: If a person believes a certain proposition in a certain field of knowledge he ought to believe (or disbelieve) another proposition in some other field, if the two propositions are dependent. If he believes two propositions which are clearly inconsistent with each other the fact can then be pointed out.

I have singled out four fields of human knowledge, and within each field have stated six propositions. This makes twenty-four propositions, which were meant to be interdependent. However, instead of replying to these propositions with *yes* or *no*, allowance is made for uncertainty. This is secured by assigning to each proposition a "truth-value". Degrees of certainty are represented by figures lying between one hundred per cent and zero, and even doubt is represented by a truth-value of fifty per cent. If a person believes that the evidence indicates that biological evolution is highly probable, say ninety per cent, he ought not give the doctrine of special creation a value of over ten per cent.

The actual chart shows the view which, in the writer's opinion, seems to have come closest to perfect consistency. But the reader can determine for himself his own agreements and differences, and decide whether he can achieve anything expressing a more completely consistent set of reactions. If the questions are conscientiously answered, the results will be a fairly reliable index of what the person tested actually thinks. It may also help him to settle his ideas on specific questions about which he has hitherto been uncertain. Different answers may, of course, disagree fundamentally and yet be internally consistent.

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A TEST OF CONSISTENCY

100%	represents	Certainty
51% to 99%	"	Probability
50%	"	Uncertainty
1% to 49%	"	Improbability
0	"	Impossibility

RELIGION:

God exists	100%
Freedom of choice is real	90%
Man has a soul which is immortal	100%
Divinity of Christ	100%
Fundamentalism in religion is desirable	75%
The miracles of the Bible are true	75%

SCIENCE:

Science will eventually displace religion	0
All men are created equal in native ability	0
Man is only a complicated machine	0
Uniformity of natural law	50%
Biological evolution	50%
Rotundity of earth	75%

ART:

America has no real culture	0
In art one man's opinion is as good as another's	0
Free verse is not good poetry	0
Classical music is better than jazz or ragtime	100%
Ring Lardner or Will Rogers is as great as Dickens or Scott	49%
Greek art has never been equaled	100%

POLITICS:

Democracy is a failure	0
Eugenics is the hope of civilization	50%
Prohibition is a desirable measure	99%
Men cannot be made moral by legislation	80%
The white race is superior to other races	85%
Criminal punishment is just	75%

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THE ENGLISH SIGHT UNSEEN

VIOLA PARADISE

IN last month's FORUM, *a Briton who never has set foot upon these shores discoursed upon America. This month, — to hold the balance even, — an American writer returns the compliment. Miss Paradise owns to a transitory week or so in Great Britain. But, she avers, for all practical purposes she has had as little first hand experience in England as her British opponent has had in America. Both agree that national essentials emerge better at a distance than when they are blurred by a too detailed familiarity.*

MUCH might be said in favor of writing about a people "sight unseen", for thus one is unprejudiced by knowledge. One can enjoy one's preconceived ideas, for even if the ungrateful subjects arise in wrath, one can always cry, "I didn't know! Why wasn't I told?" My position is not exactly analagous to that of the author of "Impressions of America" who has never been there. I confess at the outset, to two weeks in England; but that was so brief a time that it really doesn't count. And I can write my impressions of the English quite as if I had not been there. For that matter, the One Who Had Never Been to America based his impressions on Americans he had seen, so we are even.

I feel tempted to quarrel with this Impressionist, because he based most of his opinions on that strange, untypical specimen, the American abroad. But this essay will not be argumentative. I'll try not to mention the points of the Impressionist, even when I agree with them, as I often do; but to write as if I had not read his thought, — and otherwise, — provoking paper; as if some one had suddenly asked me, before ever I went to England, "What are the English like?"

That question would have brought a rush of thoughts and impressions to mind. The blue Britons of Caesar. But before that, the old American history class picture of a wicked people, who objected to our becoming a free country, who believed in taxation without representation; but whom we, a small, new people, had been able to beat in our revolution, — right prevailing over might. Mighty, but wrong. I think many an American schoolchild carries that impression of the English. And perhaps not so very mighty, for after all, we did beat them. And what kind of nation would let itself be ruled by a king, instead of a president,

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and be content to go through the centuries without a written constitution? And think how they used to hang people on the slightest provocation and chop off peoples' heads or ears, so that everybody went about scared. . . . And think how greedily they ate and guzzled, — remember the food in Dickens? Oh, but stop. Dickens, why, that brings up the whole subject of literature. English literature! Why, the English must be wonderful! Think of Shakespeare! Think of, — why, England means poetry and novels and drama! Even to-day, look at their writers!

Ah yes, but do look at some of them, — those who come over to lecture to us! How like reproachful school teachers they are! How they condescend to us, and preach, no matter what the subject, — how men should make love to women, or how we ought to write our editorials. A contemptuous people, the English. Contemptuous, certainly, of Americans. And perhaps we deserve their contempt, for we flock to hear them lecture us on our materialism, on how art cannot possibly thrive here; and yet we politely turn our minds away from the fact that it is the box-office receipts which bring them again and again; that they are the commercial ones; and that there is something a bit funny in having them flay us when we cluster about them eager to hear what these exponents of English culture have to offer, while they profit by our eagerness for this "culture".

Of course, this smug condescension is not peculiar to the English. Pride in the race or place from which one springs seems to be a universal limitation. We notice it more in the English, because they seem to talk about it more than other people. They cross the Atlantic for that express purpose!

One of my impressions of the English sprang from this vulgar story, heard in childhood: A visiting Englishman had annoyed his American host by his deprecations. Yes, the Rockies were very nice, but really the cliffs at Dover were much pleasanter, much less overwhelming; yes, Niagara was an excellent waterfall, "but if only you could see the Lake district in England." To be sure, America is large, "but the sun never sets on the British Empire." Came the night, and the exasperated host put a large live lobster in his visitor's bed and waited for the howls of pain and rage. "Oh," he explained, "that's just our American bed-bug. Have you got anything to beat that in England?"

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Of course, one did not take such stories seriously. For one frequently met pleasant, modest Englishmen, who deprecated themselves and everything that belonged to them, — except the British Empire. And you could hardly blame them for their zealous patriotism. What country does not bend its twigs towards one hundred per cent? Think of the boasting Americans one meets everywhere. Think of our Rotary Clubs and our Chambers of Commerce. Really, John Bull, we can match you when it comes to boasting. (Alas, we too often do!) But on the other hand, think of the charming heroes of English novels, those sensitive boys at public school, who are "different", who are quiet and shy, whose interests are not wholly absorbed by games, but who really like to read, — even poetry! Oh yes, there must be lots of nice English people in England, — lots of Englishmen, even, who read English literature!

"Of course the English have no sense of humor." How often Americans say that and tell the story of the American who laughed at the sign post which read: "Danger. If you can't read this, ask the blacksmith at the crossroads." "What's the joke?" asked his English companion. And then, belatedly, "Oh, I see. Suppose the blacksmith couldn't read either! Haw, haw!"

My advice to the man who wrote "Impressions of America" is not to come here. He may be disturbed. In my two weeks in England, I was always meeting persons with a delicious sense of humor. Another preconceived idea bit the dust!

"The English are aristocratic, cold, haughty, reserved, distrustful of strangers." And yet there was that very English looking Englishman whom I met on a railroad train in Czecho-Slovakia who, after fifteen minutes had begun to tell me the story of his life, and all his prospects in the business firm for which he was a commercial traveler. Again, that English mother and daughter at Naples, who, on the second day of a very casual acquaintance, urged me to put them in a story, — "for you wouldn't be able to invent a story more romantic and unhappy than my daughter's marriage. You see, her husband's people are very important, — not more important than our family, but richer, though my sister has eight servants." Followed a boasting of family wealth and marital infelicity, both in embarrassing detail. An Englishman hearing a similar account from an Ameri-

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can would put it down to American vulgarity. The American reaction was one of general bewilderment, concluding on the note, "What extraordinary persons!"

But after all, they were women. One must not forget that English women are inferior to their men, aren't they? So one comes to think, from the recorded attitude of the English. Or is my impression a hang-over, like other hang-overs, from an incident heard in childhood. "The difference between an American man's attitude towards women, and an Englishman's is just this: If there happened to be only one chop in the house, the American would insist on his wife's taking it. The Englishman would say, 'I say, my dear, I *am* sorry there's none for you!'" A silly story, of course, and probably not typical at all. Yet Englishmen who visit us say again and again that our women are spoiled, that our men are too indulgent. So one gets the impression that English women are inferior, — oh, very healthy, attractive, athletic persons, who go about in sport clothes, and who have lovely complexions because of their outdoor life and their damp climate, who will electioneer for their husbands, fathers, brothers, or cousins, but mayn't be trusted to vote till they are thirty. Of course, too, one has heard much of the militant suffragists.

The English are cold and hard-hearted: they love only their first-born sons. The rest must emigrate to our Wild West, and raise sheep and cattle, or else to some English colony. They supply a large percentage of the heroes of our western plays and stories. (Funny no one ever thought of putting a tariff on them!) Mothers have little to say about their children's upbringing. Wife-beating is not uncommon.

Very superficial, the English. Even the most distinguished seem content to see a slim little island on our eastern edge, to comment on its skyline, perhaps to see another city or two, and then go home and write a book about us, — or at least a series of magazine articles. Entertained by our plutocrats, they believe all Americans are rich. Adored by gushing groups of idle women, they believe all women are idle, that the women form a leisure class in America. They think all Americans adore the Constitution and that most of them adore Prohibition. They all have something to say about our Prohibition,

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— and they can give such an air of novelty to our platitudes on the subject. (An English accent can make almost any opinion sound distinguished to Americans!) When they criticize us intelligently, they say things undisputed by most thinking persons in the United States, yet they set forth their opinions as if no one had ever thought of them before. As a matter of fact, they probably get to know very few of our retiring intellectuals. Only the most highly advertised and successful ones. This is partly the fault of the blatant, pushing American who gobbles up a foreign celebrity, and partly the fault of the Englishman's passion for knowing the best and most distinguished people, — as well, of course, as the heads of women's clubs, who make his visit so "worth while".

I must stop here again, to say that these are just impressions. Though they are true of numbers of individuals, one should never judge a people by the lecturers it sends forth, or by its most outstanding visitors. You shouldn't, but you can't quite help it. And, of course, even all the prominent lecturing or non-lecturing Englishmen are not deserving of this characterization.

To be sure, the American in London has an advantage over the Englishman in New York. Deep in his heart the Englishman feels cheated at finding no Indians about, — and indeed perhaps we do owe it to the world to set aside an island in every harbor and get some Equity actors to play Indian, whenever a ship comes in. (It would be no more than many communities in Europe do for the visiting American.) The Englishman, as I said, starts out with a cheated feeling. No Indians, no gold paved streets. The American, however, finds a thousand dear, familiar things out of English literature, — cabbies and London fog and Yorkshire pudding and clotted cream and bobbies in bonnets and monocles and cheerios and the change of the guard and streets named out of Dickens and Thackeray and dozens of others; and people dropping their *h*'s by the bushelfull and substituting *i*'s for *a*'s and a lord or two and an Irish question and village greens and pubs and beautiful country estates and plus fours and, — alas, — even drunken women in the slums! But I forget. I am supposed to be writing this as if I had never been in lovely England.

Other impressions: The English have an iron sense of caste. Lincoln wouldn't have had a chance in England. They are

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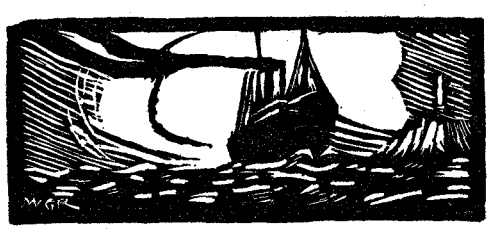
haughty to inferiors, except when their superiority is so established in their minds that they can afford to be condescending. The inferiors toady to a title or to any one of high degree. London is full of dismal boarding houses, with ill-treated slaveys in the kitchens! The English workman takes great pride in his work and has no desire to own silk shirts or a Ford car. They are meticulously honest, the British, except for a small criminal class, just large enough to make Scotland Yard romantic and infallible, and to supply the starting point for detective stories. A book-minded people. One expects literature, but not music or other arts from them. But politics and diplomacy, — these they feed to their very infants. "A nation of shopkeepers?" So it has been said, but that is not the impression one gets at long distance. *Can* they be bothered with shops, these clever people who conquer the world? These brave people, who never lose their heads in an emergency?

The English, — but if I go on, I shall acquire the English habit of thinking of people in bunches. A typical Englishman? I should find it hard to characterize a typical American, indeed hard to find *the* typical American. (Of course, there isn't any.) The only reason I venture to put forth any characterization of the English is that I don't know them. But I can give a frank picture of the odd impressions with which a foreign mind gets stocked. I recognize their miscellaneous nature. And if you ask me seriously, "What are the English really like?" I'll pause long enough to let these impressions play about in my mind, and then honesty, — propped up by an arresting recollection of some particular English person who disproved nearly every generalization I have made, — makes me answer,

"Really, I don't know. I've known so few English."



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WHAT IS TOLERANCE?

Forum Definitions — Twelfth Series

IF we may judge by the interest which this particular term has aroused, the subject of Tolerance is a very live issue in America to-day. Not only were present doubts presented in a variety of forms, but the past was ransacked both for parallels and for wisdom. Many were the excursions into history with which competitors endeavored to divert us. "Was it not King Alfred the Great of England who said, 'Let us love the man but hate his sins'?" asks Mr. George W. Lyon (Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania). Voltaire's "I do not agree with what you say, but I shall fight to the death for your right to say it," was cited by Mr. Henry Flury, amongst others. As the immediate cause of this particular word having been selected for definition, he is entitled to be heard with sympathy when he characterizes Tolerance as "a virtue which strongly marked the founders of the American Republic, but which is conspicuous by its absence in present day discussions."

Sweet reasonableness, however, is implied by the Bishop of Wheeling's "Tolerance is the recognition of truth and goodness wherever you come in contact with it". Wherefore fie on Miss Alvene Donaldson (Chicago, Illinois) for whom "Tolerance is a vice". A majority, she thinks is never right; if the minority is tolerant it is lax, "and we should avoid people that are lax."

Of the many voices raised against Tolerance that of Amanda D. Parker (San Diego, California) was, however, the loudest. For her it is "a will-o'-the-wisp leading to destruction. It keeps weaklings and imbeciles alive amid filth and disease to poison the blood of the human race, while strong men are killing each other in wars they did not start." But if, as is hinted by Julia Nott Waugh (San Antonio, Texas), "there is a germ of right in every point of view," then it is equally malicious of Dr. Charles Platt (Ardmore, Pennsylvania) to insist that we are solely concerned with "an indifference, good-natured or cynical, to that which one knows to be wrong." At any rate, the Rev. Louis Guzzardi (Trenton, New Jersey) has the majority with him when he declares that we are tolerant "solely for the sake of the progress and peaceful

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welfare of humanity, the nation, and the community in which we live."

A "willingness to let the tares grow" (Mary Willard Keyes, Chelmsford, Massachusetts) is regarded as a form of "suppressed contempt" by L. A. Milner (Boston, Massachusetts). And according to Alfred Klausler (St Paul, Minnesota), "it always pays to be tolerant."

Examples of Tolerance were numerous, — and even intolerance did not escape. "Have you tasted the frost of New England virtue?" asks Hazel Sawyer Schnitzer (Belleville, New Jersey), for whom intolerance is "the Spirit that rides Earth to its doom." On the other hand, "if my five year old boy mixes in the sugar bin the salt and sugar which the grocer has just delivered, I display Tolerance in not spanking him when he assures me he did it in an effort to save space," says the Rev. H. H. Mitchell (Moscow, Idaho); while in the eyes of Professor Ben H. Petty (Lafayette, Indiana) "it is displayed when the average conceited husband confesses that his wife possesses just about as many qualifications fitting her to drive the car as he claims for himself." Or to follow W. Garland Young (Louisville, Kentucky), it is "what makes the business head writhe in his chair when the college graduate walks in and sits on his desk, asking for a job."

Finally there is Victor F. White's description of Tolerance as "remembering that the other fellow did not preside at his birth", which may be set beside the birthday note of Joseph d'Evreux (Halifax, Nova Scotia): "Tolerance is the child of common sense and a sense of humor," leaving us so uncertain which was the lady that we hastily change the topic and introduce our ten prize winners as follows:

1 Tolerance has three phases, emotional, intellectual, and moral. In its first phase it is human sympathy; in the second, understanding of other people's reasons and motives for action; and in the third, simple, basic, firm, ethical convictions. The three working together cause one to (1) condone, (2) appreciate, and (3) often support actions contrary to one's own natural impulses and personal opinions. The third phase of Tolerance keeps it from degenerating into a vicious sentimentality, and makes true Tolerance a source of power, not weakness. (*Elsa Grueneberg, Parkville, Missouri*).

2 Tolerance is that state of mind which regards truth as being always relative and never absolute. It arrives at opinions, but never reaches

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conclusions; it entertains persuasions, but avoids convictions; it ignores verdicts, but courts facts. Tolerance indicates an intellect hitting on all six; it mirrors a mind mellow with good humor. It loves light and laughter, and hates nothing, — save intolerance. It is the Nirvana of the dreamer, but Pandemonium to the doer. Tolerance first visions the plan. But in the end intolerance does the job. (*Dwight T. Scott, Washington, D. C.*).

3 Tolerance is laziness dressed in Sunday clothes. It is the apology for lack of back bone, and wears a self-awarded crown set with paste jewels. It takes possession of a person and he goes through life excusing all the wrongs he is too indolent to correct. It is the household out of which humanity exits when it must cross the room to reach the front door. (*Mrs. H. J. Bryson, Raleigh, North Carolina*).

4 Tolerance is the combination of intelligence, kindliness, generosity, and indifference, with the capacity for seeing and hearing a great deal about love, religion, politics, education, marriage, golf, international debts, radios, shows, what the young people are coming to, automobiles, sports, books, art, bridge, taxes, short skirts, evolution, race horses, prohibition, bootleggers, sex, high prices, jokes dirty or old, operations, children, wives, husbands, mothers-in-law, relatives, business, parties wild and otherwise, Coolidge, movie actors and actresses, weather, crops, money won, lost, or made, what he or she said and what I said to them, scandals, real estate, local gossip; and doing little and saying less. (*Rachelle Shacklette, Lexington, Kentucky*).

5 Tolerance is the wisdom, or the expedient policy, of those in power, or in a position of advantage, to use the knowledge of human nature sympathetically when they deal with races who differ physically, culturally, or politically from them, — or with individuals and minorities in their own country who deliberately overstep the sacred boundaries of standardized life, law, thought, or religion. It presupposes the submergence of fear, hate, and prejudice. Only the presence of an ethical motive makes it a virtue, for politics is often tolerant of corruption, religion of sin; but, — Gamaliel *was* tolerant of Christianity, Frederick II of Rousseau, America of political refugees. (*William Schaffrath, Syracuse, New York*).

6 Tolerance is that virtue which enables a man to smile when some one trods on his mental corns. It is the quality displayed by one who, having the power to coerce his opponents and enforce his own opinions, refrains from using it. It is (or would be if such things were possible) General Amos Fries demanding free speech for Communists; Henry Ford addressing a convention of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith; James Weldon Johnson being elected an honorary member of the Ku Klux Klan; Dr. John Roach Straton inviting E. Haldeman-Julius to speak from his pulpit. (*Floyd L. Yeomans, Marne, Michigan*).

7 Tolerance: (1) A kindly, generous, and brave attitude toward ideas, institutions, customs, and modes of conduct antagonistic to, — or not

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in agreement with, — one's own views, ideas, institutions, customs, and (assumed) self-interests. (2) The antithesis of intolerance, which latter has its origin in super-egotism, selfishness, conceit, fear, and an inherent tendency to brutality and tyranny. This does not mean that one should not fight for his convictions, but he should do so with the recognition of the right of the other man to fight for his as well. (*Maynard Shipley, San Francisco, California*).

8 Tolerance is a virtue to be handled with care. To tolerate red radicalism is the same sweet gesture which Aesop warned us of in the fable of the warmed up viper, which stung the tolerant, kind man to death. Parents who tolerate little disobediences in children are the ones who later on are weakly inquiring, "What shall we do with our children?" Governments tolerate lawlessness and bring anarchy upon themselves. Tolerance of weakness, poor work, slipshod methods, ruins any business, be it national, commercial, or domestic. A government must be intolerant of errors within itself, but tolerant of its neighbors. A business, likewise; while the only individual who attains tolerance is the one who is intolerant of injustice in himself. (*Willson Barrett, Rusk, Texas*).

9 Tolerance is the attitude we extend toward any faction as strong as ourselves, composed of people who do what we wouldn't do, in the hope that they will let us do what they wouldn't do. We have found that fighting scratches our faces. Being called names disturbs the tranquillity of our self-satisfied souls. Besides, we often get the worst of the scrap. Thus, painful as the realization has been to us, we have found that in order to live ourselves, we are forced to let live. So we have learned not to spring at the strong man who disagrees with us, but to adopt instead a policy of indifference, — only we call it Tolerance, because the word sounds charitable and progressive and Christian in an age when soft footsteps justify to ourselves the frequent use of the big stick, when that use is quite without danger of retaliation. (*Alice Wildey, Chicago, Illinois*).

10 Tolerance is the ability to endure the windy tirades of certain old people on the subject of politics, religion, "the good old times", or the unspeakably degenerate younger generation. (*G. B. Bowen*).

Next word to be defined, — LOVE. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding one hundred words, should reach the Editor not later than May 25, for publication in the July issue.*

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THE NEW AMERICAN LANGUAGE

Second Series

ONE of America's most distinguished men of letters, now, alas, deceased, declared that the American people was "romping amid the ruins of the English language". We have asked our readers to regard themselves as master masons ordained by Webster to rebuild the ramparts, — or to come and romp with us.

"Some metaphor," you reply. Yes, it was Henry James. Where? At the Opera. Odd? Not by modern standards, but it may have been between the acts. Anyhow, come and romp if you can't build. Make Linguistics your mental gymnastic, and from the new strength you will derive, perhaps some building may ultimately eventuate.

The case for the daily dozen, at least, is a strong one. There are 215,000 words in the Century Dictionary. Of these more than half are members of word families; if you know Father Root you can dispense with Little Rollo and also with Uncle Remus. Leaving 100,000, — of which you already recognize 50,000, — in spite of education and business or domestic worries. Of the remaining 50,000, half are unnecessary, though the Century has to have them there to please eschatologists and conchologists.

Now can you acquire the other 25,000 which the philologists rightly urge you to negotiate before embarking on new ventures? A daily dozen produces 4280 per annum, or 5000 if you make it two dozen on Sundays. So that in five years just as you will certainly, by persistence and system, have shaved off five feet of beard, so you may have mastered the dictionary. Whether you can use it or not is another matter, but recognition is the first step to familiarity; and you certainly would be unwise to try to patent any new invention until you know what has already been invented.

So much by way of placating those who feel that the past should still hold our entire attention. Passing now to the abundant material which the last three months have accumulated, we find that the old difficulty about "brothers and sisters" has produced a variety of suggestions. Dr. Otto J. Monson (Santa Monica, Calif.) proposes *sothers*, which is presumably superior to *sisbros*

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(J. B. Oakleaf, Moline, Ill.). But as George S. Luckett (Santa Fé, N. M.) reminds us, *sibs* is already in current use among geneticists, and also has points as a time saver.

Several entrants have hit upon *insinuendo*, for which Mr. Stephen G. Rich refers us to Brander Mathews' *Parts of Speech;* so Charles E. Thomas (Sewanee, Tenn.) cannot claim it for his own. It has occurred both to Jennie Harris (Philadelphia, Pa.) and to Willson Barrett (Rusk, Texas) that *coolth* is required as an antonym of warmth. W. L. Pickens (Easley, S. C.) on the other hand is alone in selecting *crool* as a verb for the rising and falling winds in a forest. *Slanguage* appeals to Thomas R. Redwood (Palmyra, New York), and "he made me feel *kilacious*" sounds to Miss Edith Boyce (Woodstock, Ill.) better than "I felt like killing him". In this connection, too, we note that for S. M. Hutchinson (Louisville, Ky.) prowess has a feminine sound, and a real lion would be better with *prower*.

The Rev. H. H. Mitchell (Moscow, Idaho) suggests *pneumocrat* for a man of great spiritual influence, though others might feel that it applied better to Rahman Bey and such as excel at holding their breath under water. He also asks for a word to describe one who is not in the least interested in politics. Andrew Christianson (Chicago, Ill.) continues his creative career with *megaphonia* (the habit of talking too loud) and *matrimoney* (marrying for cash). Mr. Edwin H. Whitney (Rehoboth, Mass.) reminds us of Helen Keller's proposal that *iffing* be contrasted with acting. "If bachelor, why not *bachelette?*" asks Mrs. Robert Tubbs (Grand Rapids, Mich.). Similarly Mr. C. Harold Smith (New York) thinks that *noonettes* is required as an equivalent for *midinettes*. Carrie M. Burlinghame (El Paso, Texas) would generalize "Master of Ceremonies" with *functioneer*.

Outdoor life demands *wildcraft* on the analogy of woodcraft, thinks Mr. Ben Arid, citing Mr. Raymond S. Spears; and Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin's *fieldsome* ("Many who are not athletic love to be in the open air. They are fieldsome") is supported by Mr. Robert Withington, Professor of English at Smith College. He, however, declines to view with favor what he regards merely as the collection of neologisms. Any new furniture for the treasure-house of language will come to the lexicographer without the efforts of THE FORUM. "It were better," he says, "to study the

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rich field of our present language, — too little known by the average speaker and writer, — than to fill the pages of a dictionary with words used by a few and understood only by their users. If there is a real need for a word, its use by a writer will introduce it, and its place in the language will be assured."

Such optimism is refreshing in these degenerate days, — and we have already covered Mr. Withington's other point. Mr. F. N. Scott, of the University of Michigan, is more helpful, and a five dollar book goes to him for the following notes on six of February's proposals.

1 The antonym to *commercial* is *uncommercial.* It is used by Dickens in the title of one of his books.

2 *Jazum* — also spelled *gism* — is sometimes employed in the Middle West and probably elsewhere, in the sense of gravy, especially in the juice of broiled meat, but is also used obscenely, particularly in Central Indiana, for *semen*, and hence for vigor, energy, and the like. (I give this on my own authority, being remote from reference works of any kind.)

3 The word *optience* for *audience* was proposed, though not very enthusiastically, by E. V. Lucas in 1921. The sound of it suggests to many people something weak and rather simpering; but this prejudice would probably disappear with use.

4 Substitutes for *he and she* or *he or she* have frequently been proposed. Perhaps the most complete and most logical forms are as follows:

Nom. *hesh* (he plus she)
Poss. *hizzer* (his plus her)
Obj. *himmer* (him plus her)

The French *on* has also been proposed, and the artificial form *thon*, composed of *the* and *one*, or *that* and *one*.

5 The objection to *malvorite* as an antonym to *favorite* is that whereas *favorite* is properly derived from the Latin word *favor*, *malvorite* could only be derived from the Latin *mal*, *malvor* being, so far as I am aware, unknown in Latin.

6 *Coputation* is likely to be non-negotiable, for the sufficient reason that there is no such thing as 'thinking together'. People can no more 'co-think' than they can 'co-dream'.

All of which adds force to Mr. Scott's contention that any words added to the vocabulary by conscription should at least be "in harmony with the genius of the language; that is, they should have something of the rhythm, force, and expressiveness which are the dominating qualities of the language as a whole".

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Difficult though it may be to decide on the value of such phrases as "the genius of a language," after sifting some hundreds of suggestions for new words we are more than ever convinced that linguistic genius is rarely vouchsafed. Thus Miss Adelyne More sends us seventeen attempts by Cyrena Van Syckel and Henry W. Toll (Denver, Colorado) from the February issue of *American Speech*, which has so often proved a pioneer in matters linguistic. Unfortunately not one of them is even tolerably felicitous. As Mr. F. Walter Pollok (Weehawken, N. J.) remarks: "The fault lies in the fact that new terms are often composed by those imperfectly equipped, which may, by the way, be taken as a primary reason for my failing to enter your contest." His modesty, we are glad to say, does not prevent him from referring us to a paper shortly to appear in *American Speech*, under the title "Scarlet Fever English", and from voicing the opinion that new words have no more right to enter the dictionary by the back door, than have chiropractors to enter the field of medicine by an analogous entrance.

He selects *cablegram* as a classic instance of a word which "has defied the law of an early death to hybrids, but because the new science of radio has coined its own terms for its own convenience is no reason why, without evident haste, a contributor to THE FORUM should, in all seriousness, suggest any such monstrosity as *radiorator*. As for a pronoun of common gender in the third person, Charles Crozet Converse long ago proposed *thon*, a shortening of *the one*, which does no violence to the rules of good English, and holds the advantage over your suggestion, in that it is of a common gender, and not merely bisexual."

Finally, with the reminder that we are even more interested in phrases and metaphors than in single words, we apologize to all whose suggestions are deferred till August and invite further contributions on the lines of this month's selection; for each of which we send any book (value not exceeding $5.00) mentioned in this issue, upon request.

> Some years ago when I first began my medical work among the insane, there were three words that confronted me, — hallucinations, illusions, and delusions, — all more or less alike in meaning but with a scientific difference. A colleague lumped these three words together into one, — *hallusions*. It may find its way into the American language. (*Susan A. Price, M.D., Williamsburg, West Virginia*).

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I wish to call to your attention the following extract from "Science," dated January 7, 1927. "The growth and study of metabolism has progressed so much that I believe the vocabulary can be increased by the addition of the term *metabology*, or the study of metabolic processes in the organism. This word does not appear in current medical dictionaries." This suggestion of Mr. Kohn is contributed for what it is worth. (*J. Hampton Hoch, Drexel Park, Del. Co., Pennsylvania*).

I find the word *peptimist* used by many people. Whereas "optimist" has come to mean a smiler who says, "It can be done", and doesn't do it; and a pessimist is a whiner who says, "It can't be done"; a peptimist feels that it can be done and proceeds to do it! (*James C. Trostle, Dallas, Texas*).

For several years we have found it necessary to denounce the thoughtless pedestrians who carelessly cross streets in front of vehicles as "jay-walkers". This term seems to express a relation between the walkers and the riders. No term expressed the relation between careful walkers and careless walkers, and yet, the careless walkers are as much an annoyance to careful walkers as they are to drivers. Why not use the word *impedestrian* meaning those who hinder and impede the pedestrians. (*Harry F. Mueller, Jackson Heights, New York*).

We have all seen our busy body, "way down East"; planning, hinting, gossiping, scheming. One can almost visualize her sitting steeped in thought, her forehead in a quizzical wrinkle, a malevolent expression of the eye, a pinching of the nostrils, a prominence of the chin, — a *schemestress*. (*Alexander A. Levi, M.D., Chelsea, 50, Massachusetts*).

Sidegoer; sidegoing — a type of person who enters everything by a side door (figuratively), but without antagonizing; as distinguished from evasive. (*R. G. Lewis, Rochester, New York*).

The feminine mind is prone to connect man with romance, but as no man is ever allowed at a discussion of this kind under any circumstances, a very suitable and convenient name for such a get-together might be *nomance*. The word would look well on a formal invitation:—

Miss Smart
requests the pleasure of your company
at a nomance
on April the First

(*Grace S. Pitfield, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*).

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Springfield, Missouri

BAD VERSE AND BAD READERS

JOHN HALDANE BLACKIE

IN a recent single number of a reputable New York newspaper appeared requests for information about the following verses: —

1 Record it for the grandson of your son,
A city is not builded in a day,
Our little town cannot complete its soul
Till countless generations pass away.

2 Her steps are slow and weary,
Her hands unsteady now,
And paler, still, and deeper
The lines upon her brow.

3 Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till night fall;
Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day;
Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down;
And that is all that life ever really means.

4 I saw her once a little while
And then no more;
It was paradise on earth a while
And then no more.

5 Have you ever sat by the railroad track
And watched the empties coming back?
Lumbering along with a groan and a whine
Smoke strung out in a long, gray line,
Belched from the panting engine's stack,
Just plain empties coming back.
I have, — and to me the empties seem
Like the dreams I sometimes dream
Of a girl, — or money, — or maybe fame.
My dreams have always returned the same
Swinging along the home-bound track,
Just plain empties coming back.

The briefest perusal of these selections will show that all are of outstanding and overwhelming badness. Pleasant as it would be to assume that all those who inquired about them were occupied in compiling anthologies of bad poetry,* the truth is that this is

* Like the editor of the "Greenwich Village Quill" once a month for example.

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the kind of poetry that the great reading public really likes. Anything like No. 5, which panders to its self-pity, like No. 3 which offers a smug and false moral, anything utterly commonplace like No. 4, appeals to its mentality to the inevitable exclusion of better art.

A study of the general reader and his needs is not one that has often been made, except by enterprising publishers who have discovered that he is more likely to buy the works of Miss Dell than those of Dostoyefsky. The teaching of English in schools, too, seems to imply a belief that the average schoolboy or girl, the average general reader, is unable to appreciate poetry. A casual survey of the average mentality might certainly lead one to this conclusion. But would it be right? It was the twelve-year-old son of an English carpenter who, knowing no Latin, said that he thought "*Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore*" sounded as if it were part of "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept"; and another boy of like age and station who, asked to describe Autumn, wrote, "The chestnut trees are rusting fast." I believe that the average general reader who is capable of appreciating the subtleties of a Dell and the emotional depth of a Wilcox, is also capable of appreciating higher and better things. It is my intention, in this paper, to consider just those things which seem to be requisite and necessary to any reader before he embarks upon the study of even the simplest poem.

In the first place, it has got to be inculcated, by some means or other, into the mind of the reader what art is; and here we are faced with a peculiarly difficult dilemma. We can either resort to mysticism and say that art is the spatial realization of ultimate reality, or some similar periphrasis which means precisely nothing; or we can summon psychology to our aid and with it, an attendant and alarming horde of terminological bogies. The essential difference between these would be that the mystical one would certainly be wrong, while the psychological one, though obscure, might conceivably be right. So we have got to try the latter and do our best with the bogies. To begin with, let us look at a common example of a failure to cope with the problems of existence. We are sufficiently familiar with those who inform us with great solemnity that all experience is valuable and proceed to act on their belief. Incidentally, the connotation that they attach to the

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word experience is ludicrous and arises, apparently, from the unfortunate belief that it is possible to understand the works of Sigmund Freud without going through the formality of reading them. The result of this pathetic fallacy is disastrous. Complete freedom is given to a certain group of impulses, — a group, moreover, that is notoriously one that needs a variety of others to support it if it is to be successfully worked. It cannot subsist by itself and, in consequence, we get blasé young men and women of twenty years. Similar examples are those of the religious bigot, the drunkard, the militarist, — any one, in fact, whose dominating impulses are such that freedom must be denied to the remaining ones.

Let us go on to consider the case of the more normal man who, though repressing an enormous number of his impulses, liberates sufficient to become terribly aware of one thing: namely, the conflicting and apparently irreconcilable nature of numerous impulses good in themselves. Again and again he experiences that sense of stultifying conflict which is due to his inability to organize his impulses with a view to avoiding that conflict. The more organized freedom, and the less conflict, that he can bring into his life the better for himself and for others.

After this very brief ethical excursus we may turn to art, and observe in it that masterly organization, that command over life, that reconciliation of conflicting impulse, which is the aim of man's existence. We behold in it a breadth of receptivity without the hopeless confusion which usually attends such a condition. Great art, in fact, is a record of exceptional moments in the lives of exceptional men when command over life was at its highest, and when their states of mind were of the highest value. Rightly approached it can reproduce in the beholder a similar state of mind and give him that same sensation of freedom combined with poise. Thus we see at once its nature and its value.

Something on the lines of this definition, expanded, of course, and illustrated by examples, should be given to the general reader at the outset. One or two features of it are worthy of attention. In the first place, it defines art without any reference to such paralysing and meaningless abstractions as Beauty, and the like. It keeps its values within the circle of life, instead of isolating them, as do Croce and others, in veiled Olympian splendor. Art be-

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comes simply one supremely important activity among others, differing from them not in kind but in intensity. The artist, instead of being a sort of semidivine maniac, becomes an extraordinarily well-organized man, who achieves in his art what less fortunate beings endeavor to achieve in their lives. Moreover this definition covers all art from the unknown masters of S. Vitale to Crome or Cézanne, from Praxiteles to Epstein, from Marvell to Meredith, from Purcell to Bach or Stravinsky, from Giotto to Sir Gilbert Scott. These are advantages which it does not share with any of the "Art for Art's sake" theories or those which derive from Croce and his followers.

We now pass on to the methods of approach, and it must be first of all emphasized that, if the reader wishes to secure anything like a full response, he must cultivate the habit of reading aloud. It is absolutely impossible to respond to a poem unless the words are given the full force of their sounds and sound-combinations, the ear given the opportunity of detecting the subtle texture of the rhythm. This will often, moreover, be the means of discovering bad poetry, and it is not until they are read aloud that the poems of Mr. John Drinkwater and Mr. Alfred Noyes reveal their essential unimportance. Equally, for lack of reading aloud, much good poetry is neglected. Much of the curious ignorance about Swinburne is probably due to it. When read aloud his meaning, which is conveyed entirely through the sound, becomes clear and vivid. The reader should be made to experiment upon the following and similar stanzas, reading the lines slowly and carefully until he is sure that his response is full and satisfying:

> Outside it must be winter among men,
> For, at the gold bars of the gates again
> I heard all night and all the hours of it
> The wind's wet wings and fingers drip with rain.

The habit of reading aloud, if developed, will do much to avert the danger of the mere study of poetry, a danger particularly attractive to certain types of mind. The approach to poetry must not be that of a judge at a horse show but must be made, rather, with something of the divine ardor of human passion. When a general reader falls in love he does not approach his lady with a foot rule in order to ascertain whether her measurements are identical with those of the Venus of Melos. He may compare her

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lips to ripe cherries and her hair to spun gold, but it is unlikely that he would think of purchasing a pound of cherries or an ounce of spun gold, with a view to testing the correctness of his comparisons. Similarly it is only by a passionate approach to poetry that a full response from it can be obtained. Just as it is true that, so far from being blind, love is, perhaps, the only thing that can see, so we can only see poetry by loving it.

In this connection, that eminent English critic, Mr. I. A. Richards, of Cambridge, has stated in a recent article that a poem should be approached analytically at first and that this is more likely eventually to secure the full passionate response that is desired. My personal belief is that, for the general reader, this slow construing approach may destroy interest or may fail to lead to anything further. He would be better advised to secure his first response from the poem, purely as a rhythmical combination of sounds, realizing of course that this is not complete and that he must return to it again and again until none of its subtleties are lost on him. Subsequent study and consideration will enhance rather than destroy the value of the first response. I can imagine few things more fatal than an analytical approach to Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind", which, although it produces an increasingly valuable state of mind at each subsequent reading, loses something if at the first we did not experience an electric and exalting thrill at

> Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,
> Pestilence-stricken multitudes

and

> Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
> Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth.

We may now pass on to consider an insidious type of bad poetry which is most likely to deceive the unwary, and often the wary, reader. Both in England and America, but more particularly in the latter, there is a great revival of delight in the past. Americans visiting Europe are naturally and rightly charmed by the mellowness in house and church that is lacking in the United States. A Tudor country house in England, a *palazzo* on the Grand Canal in Venice, a chateau in Touraine, — all these exercise a fascination on the citizens of a country whose future is greater than

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its past. There is nothing wrong in this; but unfortunately it often translates itself into a desire to imitate and reproduce, and there is some danger that the two really individual and living types of architecture that America has evolved, — the colonial and the skyscraper, — will become extinct or fall into ill repute, and the country will be covered with imitation Tudor and Gothic. This disease attacked England in the '80s and she now knows it to her cost. Imitation is not art and never will be.

This passion for the past is further reflected in the anxiety to acquire manuscripts and works of art for no other reason than that they are old and produce what is described as atmosphere. The present prosperity of America and the poverty of Europe has presented an opportunity for doing this, and the latter's treasures are slowly moving westward. To describe this process as "the spectacle of England moving out and America moving in" is true only in the most literal sense. England has little cause for regret and America none for satisfaction because of it. One cannot manufacture a past any more than one can destroy a past. The danger lies simply in America's being content to be acquisitive and forgetting to be creative. The danger is not large, but it is genuine.

This is all fairly obvious, but what is less obvious and, therefore, more dangerous, is that the same tendency is to be found in much American and English poetry of to-day. Justifiable admiration of the Elizabethan or Caroline or Romantic tradition has led to a mass of derivative verse which is simply and solely imitation. Often this imitation is excellent, but only as imitation and never as art. Simply to escape neatly and elegantly into the past never has and never will produce great poetry. Such exclamations as, "This is positively Horatian," "How Elizabethan!" and "An echo of the Restoration!" should be regarded as danger-signals. It is not the obviously bad poetry like that quoted at the beginning of this paper, but rather the apparently good poetry which is likely to cause the most damage.

Inseparable from this point is the question of the shifting appeal of works of art. The assertion that great art is unaffected by the passage of time is disproved by a little honest, unhysterical thought. Certain works of art suffer less than others at the hands of the centuries; but since the best artists reflect the contemporary

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background, a greater effort is needed to respond to an Elizabethan poem than to a poem by Hardy. Poets are not concerned with ultimate truths (if such things exist), but with the experience of man, which changes and shifts with amazing rapidity. Of course, public opinion and that great god Posterity neither constitute nor alter the intrinsic value of art, but its intrinsic value is not of great importance to the recipient. For him its value depends upon the degree of receptivity that he can bring to it, and becomes more or less accessible (that, I think, is the justest word) according to this. A disciple of Spinoza cannot obtain the full response from the poetry of Donne without making an effort that it is exceedingly unlikely for him to make. He has got temporarily to accept Donne's entire metaphysical background. As Coleridge saw, as long ago as 1817, he has, for the moment, got to suspend all belief.

If the reader approaches poetry with a conviction of the immutability of his personal beliefs he is, *ipso facto*, going to deny himself the value of any state of mind of the poet's which is not in accordance with those beliefs. The man most capable of enjoying and benefiting from great poetry is the man who is most capable of entering into beliefs which are not his own. Many people are unable to do this. Extremists find that disapproval of the private lives of poets (e.g., Byron, Shelley, Baudelaire, Verlaine) makes enjoyment of their poems impossible. They fail to understand that certain of their poems represent states of mind which resulted from their having achieved a supreme organization of experience, even though they may have failed, at other times, to do this. The poet is not infallible, and his failures are often particularly glaring, but at those great moments when he succeeds, he produces work of far-reaching value.

Allied to this common error is that of seeking what is usually described as a "message" in poetry. Rightly approached, poetry does indeed give a message, but too often it is decided beforehand by the seeker what the message is to be. He deliberately searches the passages which will enable him to say, "That is just how I feel," and may even go to the length of extracting them from their context and placing them in a book called "Great Thoughts from the Poets", or some similarly monstrous title. To read poetry solely in order to discover points upon which poet and reader

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appear to agree is to miss the point of it altogether. It is simply a form of patronizing insolence and can produce no results of the remotest value. An interesting example of confused thinking on this particular point has been provided by Mr. George Jean Nathan in a recent number of the "American Mercury". Perceiving the evil of message hunting he writes: "Art, precisely speaking, has no other message than its internal dignity and splendor. What, conceivably, is the message of *Huckleberry Finn*, of *The Iliad*, of Michelangelo's sculpture, of a Brahms Trio, of Raphael's portrait of himself, or of the Grand Central Station? The message, in each of these cases, is simply, and nothing more than, this: that a great artist has achieved perfect form in his own particular domain." A better example of imprecise speaking could hardly be found. The emotional appeal of such expressions as "internal dignity and splendor" is considerable, and "perfect form" would be an excellent criterion if we had the slightest idea what it was. This quotation is a grave warning to those who still hanker after "pure esthetic values", "Beauty," "reality," and similar meaningless abstractions.

A further obstacle for the reader, already encumbered with sufficiently heavy shackles, is provided by many anthologists, who make a number of arbitrary divisions of their selections which they entitle "Love," "Home Sweet Home," "For King and Country," "In Exile," "Rather Sad," or what not. The harm of this practice may not be immediately apparent, but supposing that the reader sees a poem under the heading "Love," he cannot help regarding it as an illustration of that quality, about which he already possesses ideas of his own. Thus he does not respond to the poem as the communication of the poet's experience, but merely as an illustration, or contradiction, of his own particular conception.

The perfect anthology is, unfortunately, impossible, owing to the laws governing copyright. It would contain no names of authors whatever, which would ensure a direct response to every poem and would produce some surprising judgments. The method has been tried in the English department at the University of Cambridge, and the popularity of the works of the late Mrs. Wilcox and the unpopularity of those of Christina Rossetti (for example) when the authors' names have been detached, show

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the comparative rarity of the ability, even among cultured specialists, to distinguish good art from bad. To know a poem is by Shelley almost inevitably causes a prejudgment to be made on it. The response is less to the poem than to our knowledge that Shelley is a great poet. The furtive peep into the catalogue before we make up our minds about a picture is an open confession that we are ignorant of art. Until we can get rid of such dishonesty, we can never get rid of the present indifference to art; and the best that can happen is the engendering of a generation of insufferable "intellectual" snobs.

As a matter of fact there is no particular harm in buying and inwardly digesting one of the many volumes of potted knowledge that are now on the market, thus adding that suggestion of culture to dinner table conversation and obtaining that popularity among clubmen so much sought after. The harm lies in confusing one thing with another, in believing that to talk in a cultured manner is to understand art, in supposing that to be able to refer to Rabelais is the same thing as knowing Rabelais, in thinking that knowledge that Leonardo painted 'La Gioconda' is to know all that there is to the matter. This may be an obvious danger, but obvious dangers have a way of being the ones into which people fall, and they beset the path of any who try to find a short cut to Parnassus.

In the foregoing notes I have endeavored to outline a few of the points that arise in the education not only of the young but also of the old. I hope they may be found useful or suggestive to such as have that task in hand and I also hope that the day may come when it is realized that Shelley was, perhaps, right after all when he wrote: "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS

"ALL right. We'll put you in the Chamber of Horrors." That from a Philadelphia hostess, to whom I had been so far discourteous as to object that her guest room at the front of the house was no place for a decent body to sleep. The roar of traffic all night long gave one a lively sense of having couched inadvertently at the intersection of Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, New York.

The Chamber of Horrors is at the back of an old fore-and-aft house one room wide and half a block long. The room is fairly high up (I know from looking out the window), but to get to it you go down as well as up, down and up, till you are not quite sure of your elevation. When I leave the Chamber in quest of breakfast, I am never certain whether I shall find myself in the attic or the cellar till the smell of inhabited regions and the unfriendly roar of traffic give me at last a strong sense of direction.

The room was fairly large once, but a bath room has been nibbled out of one corner, and out of the other a huge closet of matched boards painted white. I call it a closet only out of courtesy, for, though commodious, it is quite full of large boxes, a pair of riding boots, elderly valises, a set of old chest pulls, and a great many coat-hangers with no visible space for coats. Clearly it is not intended for guests. It might be a henhouse so far as outward appearance goes and may properly be designated as Horror No. 1.

Reassured on my first visit by the bed (Blessing No. 1), I looked about me. My eye caught next a fine old mahogany bureau, a piece provocative of theft (Blessing No. 2). From it I turned to Horror No. 2, a yellow chest of drawers in the authentic church pew pattern of 1875, drawers all full of boxes and things somebody couldn't bear to throw away. Opposite it and an unhappy foil to the henhouse, stands a gigantic wardrobe of golden oak, period of 1890. This piece is definitely ugly and is so large

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that it may reasonably pass as two Horrors, Nos. 3 and 4. The first time I saw it, though, my heart leapt up with high hope that here at least a coat or two could be hung. Alas, no; plenty of coat-hangers, but, like the henhouse, chock-a-block with boxes and bundles. I have since learned to hang my coat on one of the dining room chairs, which help, with a marble-top table, to fill up the remaining space. No harm in that, either, for the floor is painted the color of tomato soup and wants hiding. To this end four small and shabby but quite genuine Oriental rugs do worthy service.

From the foregoing sketch the reader will discern that it is a most attractive room. In fact, I have come to love it, to love even the glimpses of tomato soup and the effrontery of the glaring white henhouse. I still hate the wardrobe, but I have given up kicking it and in course of time I think I may develop a sort of affection for it, even for it.

Challenged to explain why I love this musty old room, I think I should find the reason in its dogged air of permanence. Here things have come to stay, — things which don't fit in elsewhere, which often enough are fairly hideous, but which find a place in the expansive heart of a lumber-room. There are more superficial reasons, of course. The room is quiet beyond belief. Also it is a complete repudiation of Babbitt and all his works. It indulges your vanity, too: sitting at the marble-top table, you have an irresistible feeling that you must look like Charles Sumner about to sign something important. But the real secret, I am sure, lies in the air of permanence. Life in this room is not just a debilitating succession of ephemera. It has roots and gradual growth, continuity. Yet it is haphazard and kaleidoscopic, too, as it ought to be; not precise and ordered, like a machine. Man in his diviner moments can make beautiful rooms; in his more devilish, he can make ugly rooms; he is pretty good at heaven or hell. But he couldn't make this room, not if he called in all the upstanding Rotarians and recumbent esthetes in Christendom. It has made itself, — full of horrors, full of blessings, dead yet alive, tawdry yet magnificent.

The pictures tell the same story. In the first place, there are too many of them. Nature always overproduces. Subtract wall space necessary for a door, two windows, a bureau, a henhouse, and the

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golden oak wardrobe (which I am sorry to mention again) and then make room, if you can, for eighteen pictures. But there they are; some of them dreadful (one at least I shall simply forbear to name), some of them good, two of them rare. As samples, take a nondescript photograph of the Kremlin and square, Moscow; a large photograph of Rossetti's lady combing her hair (this colored and beautifully framed); three German pictures of the rural-domestic school, — "*Was hat die Mutter mitgebracht?*", "*Blindekuhspiel*," and "*Verunglückte Schlittenfahrt*". (These three suggest that there ought to be a couple of samplers and antimacassars, but after all life is at best fragmentary.) Then there is a small copy of a Dürer woodcut, an atrocious engraving of a landscape in a heavy Victorian frame (florid-horrid style), and two etchings of trees by Martine, — rather nice when, as, and if you get past the frames. Also (not least!) a Meissonier etching of a soldier riding in the wind and an original by Hokusai, — a delightful little picture of two ladies in a snow-storm. (Memo. Would go handily in one of the drawers when you steal the bureau.)

These pictures, like the furniture, fairly talk to you of the life lived in this old house during a half century. Downstairs there are improvements, concealments, but here the secret is plain. And if I seem to overstep the bounds of courtesy in making public the mysteries of my hosts, I am sure they are secrets to be proud of. We open the family closet and reveal, not a skeleton at all, but the record of a rich and varied past. The owners call it the Chamber of Horrors. Perverse generation! If they only knew, it is the Chamber of Blessings!

Consider the books. There is no wall space for a real bookcase (that will be clear, even if I don't mention the golden oak wardrobe again), but the henhouse is only six feet high, and along the front edge of its roof stands a goodly row of books. They ought all to be listed, every one of the hundred and five volumes, to give a true impression, but I shall have to content myself with types and be as fair as I can.

1. *The Digressions of V*, by Elihu Vedder.
   (Several other oldish art books of which this is a fair specimen.)
2. Six volumes by Howard Pyle.

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3. Eleven volumes of Dickens, including *Dombey*, *Bleak House*, and *Christmas Stories*.

(This alone puts the shelf in the running with Dr. Eliot's.)

4. *A Family Flight over Egypt and Syria*, by *Rev.* Edward E. Hale and *Miss* Susan Hale.

(Italics mine, thinking how nowadays people like William Lawrence leave the labels off.)

5. *Mammy Tittleback*, by "H. H."
6. *The Little Duke*, by Charlotte Yonge.
7. *Pennsylvania Dutch*, by "G".

(At first I thought the initial might stand for "God", both from the author's seriousness and from the fact that the first chapter originally appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly", but coming later upon several references to "Mrs. G", I discarded the conjecture as improbable.)

8. *Gösta Berling*, by Selma Lagerlöf.
9. *The Fairy Land of Science*, by Arabella Buckley, 1883.

(Contains a frontispiece of a "glacier carrying down stones" and spreading them with as great precision as the machines at Niagara distribute shredded wheat.)

10. *The Mason Bees*, by Fabre.
11. *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, by Sarah Orne Jewett.
12. *The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer*, by G. H. Palmer.
13. *The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol*, by W. J. Locke.
14. Holy Bible, Revised Version. (Look before and after, — O democracy of letters!)
15. *Tono-Bungay*, by H. G. Wells.

Multiply by seven and you have a rare bookshelf, — a revelation, if I may steal and pervert Miss Repplier's phrase, of the really truly "happy half century". Just to look at the backs of these books is an experience. To spend a week-end with them is to realize "infinite riches in a little room".

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Death Comes for the Archbishop

A Novel in Six Instalments — V

WILLA CATHER

FATHER Jean Marie Latour, a young French priest, had been consecrated Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico and Bishop of Agathonica, and with Father Joseph Vaillant, a boyhood friend, had been sent as a missionary into the Southwest, not long after the Mexican War. After his year's journey to Santa Fé, the young Bishop had first to overcome the refusal of the local clergy to recognize his authority. The first four instalments have recounted the strange adventures which came to the two priests in that sparsely settled land, — encounters with criminals, desert journeys with Indians, contact with the lingering relics of the earlier paganism, efforts to succor the distressed. — *Editorial Note.*

December Night

FATHER VAILLANT had been absent in Arizona since mid-Summer, and it was now December. Bishop Latour had been going through one of those periods of coldness and doubt which, from his boyhood, had occasionally settled down upon his spirit and made him feel an alien, wherever he was. He attended to his correspondence, went on his rounds among the parish priests, held services at missions that were without pastors, superintended the building of the addition to the Sisters' school; but his heart was not in these things.

One night about three weeks before Christmas he was lying in his bed, unable

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to sleep, with the sense of failure clutching at his throat. His prayers were empty words and brought him no refreshment. His soul had become a barren field. He had nothing within himself to give his priests or his people. His work seemed superficial, a house built upon the sands. His great diocese was still a heathen country. The Indians traveled their old road of fear and darkness, battling with evil omens and ancient shadows. The Mexicans were children who played with their religion.

As the night wore on, the bed on which the Bishop lay became a bed of thorns; he could bear it no longer. Getting up in the dark, he looked out of the window and was surprised to find that it was snowing, that the ground was already lightly covered. The full moon, hidden by veils of cloud, threw a pale phosphorescent luminousness over the heavens, and the towers of the church stood up black against this silvery fleece. Father Latour felt a longing to go into the church to pray; but instead he lay down again under his blankets. Then, realizing that it was the cold of the church that he shrank from, and despising himself, he rose again, dressed quickly, and went out into the court, throwing on over his cassock that faithful old cloak that was the twin of Father Vaillant's.

They had bought the cloth for those coats in Paris, long ago, when they were young men staying at the Seminary for Foreign Missions in the rue du Bac, preparing for their first voyage to the New World. The cloth had been made up into caped riding cloaks by a German tailor in Ohio, and lined with fox fur. Years afterward, when Father Latour was about to start on his long journey in search of his Bishopric, that same tailor had made the cloaks over and relined them with squirrel skins, as more appropriate for a mild climate. These memories and many others went through the Bishop's mind as he wrapped the trusty garment about him and crossed the court to the sacristy, with the big iron key in his hand.

The court was white with snow, and the shadows of walls and buildings stood out sharply in the faint light from the moon muffled in vapor. In the deep doorway of the sacristy he saw a crouching figure, — a woman, he made out, and she was weeping bitterly. He raised her up and took her inside. As soon as he had lit a candle, he recognized her, and could have guessed her errand.

It was an old Mexican woman, called Sada, who was a slave in an American family. They were Protestants, very hostile to the Catholic Church, and they did not allow her to go to Mass or to receive the visits of a priest. She was carefully watched at home; but in winter, when the heated rooms of the house were desirable to the family, she was put to sleep in a woodshed. To-night, unable to sleep for the cold, she had gathered courage for this heroic action, had slipped out through the stable door and come running up an alleyway to the House of God to pray. Finding the front doors of the church fastened, she had made her way into the Bishop's garden and come round to the sacristy, only to find that, too, shut against her.

The Bishop stood holding the candle and watching her face while she spoke her few words; a dark, brown, peon face, worn thin and sharp by life and sorrow. It seemed to him that he had never seen pure goodness shine out of a human countenance as it did from hers. He saw that she had no stockings under her shoes, — the cast off rawhides of her master, — and beneath her frayed black shawl was only a thin calico dress, covered with patches. Her teeth struck together as she stood trying to control her shivering. With one movement of his free hand he took the furred cloak from his shoulders and put it about her. This frightened her. She cowered under it, murmuring, "Ah, no, no, Padre!"

"You must obey your Padre, my daughter. Draw that cloak about you, and we will go into the church to pray."

The church was utterly black except for the red spark of the sanctuary lamp before the high altar. Taking her hand and holding the candle before him, he led her across the choir to the Lady Chapel. There he began to light the tapers before the Virgin. Old Sada fell on her knees and kissed the floor. She kissed the feet of the Holy Mother, the pedestal on which they stood, crying all the while. But from the working of her face, from the beautiful tremors which passed over it, he knew they were tears of ecstasy.

"Nineteen years, Father; nineteen

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years since I have seen the holy things of the Altar!"

"All that is passed, Sada. You have remembered the holy things in your heart. We will pray together."

The Bishop knelt beside her and they began, "Oh, Holy Mary, Queen of Virgins, . . ."

More than once Father Vaillant had spoken to the Bishop of this aged captive. There had been such whispering among the devout women of the parish about her pitiful case. The Smiths, with whom she lived, were Georgia people, who had once lived in El Paso, and they had taken her back to their native State with them. Not long ago some disgrace had come upon this family in Georgia, they had been forced to sell all their negro slaves and flee from the State. The Mexican woman they could not sell, because they had no legal title to her; her position was irregular.

Now that they were back in a Mexican country, the Smiths were afraid that their charwoman might escape from them and find asylum among her own people, so they kept strict watch upon her. They did not allow her to go outside their own *patio*, not even to accompany her mistress to market. Two women of the Altar Guild had been so bold as to go into the *patio* to talk with Sada when she was washing clothes, but they had been rudely driven away by the mistress of the house. Mrs. Smith had come running out into the court half dressed, and told them that if they had business at her *casa* they were to come in by the front door, and not sneak in to frighten a poor, silly creature. When they said they had come to ask Sada to go to Mass with them, she told them she had got the poor creature out of the clutches of the priests once and would see to it that she did not fall into them again.

Even after that rebuff a very pious neighbor woman had tried to say a word to Sada through the alley door of the stable, where she was unloading wood off the burro. But the old servant had put her finger to her lips and motioned the visitor away, glancing back over her shoulder the while with such an expression of terror that the intruder hastened off, surmising that Sada would be harshly used if she were caught speaking to any one. The good woman went immediately to Father Vaillant with this story, and he had consulted the Bishop, declaring that something ought to be done to secure the consolations of religion for the bondwoman. But the Bishop replied that the time was not yet; for the present it was inexpedient to antagonize these people.

The Smiths were the leaders of a small group of low-caste Protestants who took every occasion to make trouble for the Catholics. They hung about the door of the church on festival days with mockery and loud laughter, spoke insolently to the nuns in the street, stood jeering and blaspheming when the procession went by Corpus Christi Sunday. There were five sons in the Smith family, fellows of low habits and evil tongues. Even the two younger boys, still children, showed a vicious disposition. Tranquilino had repeatedly driven these two boys out of the Bishop's garden, where they came with their lewd companions to rob the young pear-trees or to speak filth against the priests.

When they rose from their knees, Father Latour told Sada he was glad to know that she remembered her devotions so well.

"Ah, Padre, every night I say my Rosary to my Holy Mother, no matter where I sleep!" declared the old creature passionately, looking up into his face and pressing her knotted hands against her breast.

When he asked if she had her beads with her, she was confused. She kept them tied with a cord around her waist, under her clothes, as the only place she could hide them safely.

He spoke soothingly to her. "Remember this, Sada; in the year to come, and during the Novena before Christmas, I will not forget to pray for you whenever I offer the Blessed Sacrament of the Mass. Be at rest in your heart, for I will remember you in my silent supplications before the Altar as I do my own sisters and my nieces."

Never, as he afterward told Father Vaillant, had it been permitted him to behold such deep experience of the holy joy of religion as on that pale December night. He was able to feel, kneeling beside her, the preciousness of the things of the Altar to her who was without possessions: the tapers, the image of the Virgin, the

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figures of the saints, the Cross that took away indignity from suffering and made pain and poverty a means of fellowship with Christ. Kneeling beside the much enduring bondwoman, he experienced those holy mysteries as he had done in his young manhood. He seemed able to feel all it meant to her to know that there was a Kind Woman in Heaven, though there were such cruel ones on earth. Old people, who have felt blows and toil and known the world's hard hand, need, even more than children do, a woman's tenderness. Only a Woman, divine, could know all that a woman can suffer.

Not often, indeed, had Jean Marie Latour come so near to the Fountain of all Pity as in the Lady Chapel that night; the pity that no man born of woman could ever utterly cut himself off from; that was for the murderer on the scaffold as it was for the dying soldier or the martyr on the rack. The beautiful concept of Mary pierced the priest's heart like a sword.

"Oh Sacred Heart of Mary!" she murmured by his side, and he felt how that name was food and raiment, friend and mother to her. He received the miracle in her heart into his own, saw through her eyes, knew that his poverty was as bleak as hers. When the Kingdom of Heaven had first come into the world, into a cruel world of torture and slaves and masters, He who brought it had said, "*And whosoever is least among you, the same shall be first in the Kingdom of Heaven.*" This church was Sada's house, and he was a servant in it.

The Bishop heard the old woman's confession. He blessed her and put both hands upon her head. When he took her down the nave to let her out of the church, Sada made to lift his cloak from her shoulders. He restrained her, telling her she must keep it for her own, and sleep in it at night. But she slipped out of it hurriedly. Such a thought seemed to terrify her. "No, no, Father. If they were to find it on me!" More than that, she did not accuse her oppressors. But as she put it off, she stroked the old garment and patted it as if it were a living thing that had been kind to her.

Happily Father Latour bethought him of a little silver medal, with a figure of the Virgin, he had in his pocket. He gave it to her, telling her that it had been blessed by the Holy Father himself. Now she would have a treasure to hide and guard, to adore while her watchers slept. Ah, he thought, for one who cannot read, — or think, — the Image, the physical form of Love!

He fitted the great key into its lock; the door swung slowly back on its wooden hinges. The peace without seemed all one with the peace in his own soul. The snow had stopped, the gauzy clouds that had ribbed the arch of heaven were now all sunk into one soft white fog bank over the Sangre de Cristo mountains. The full moon shone high in the blue vault, majestic, lonely, benign. The Bishop stood in the doorway of his church, lost in thought, looking at the line of black footprints his departing visitor had left in the wet scurf of snow.

Spring in the Navajo Country

Father Vaillant was away in Arizona all winter. When the first hint of Spring was in the air, the Bishop and Jacinto set out on a long ride across New Mexico, to the Painted Desert, and the Hopi villages. After they left Oraibi, the Bishop rode several days to the south, to visit a Navajo friend who had lately lost his only son, and who had paid the Bishop the compliment of sending word of the boy's death to him at Santa Fé.

Father Latour had known Eusabio a long while, had met him soon after he first came to his new diocese. The Navajo was in Santa Fé at that time, assisting the military officers to quiet an outbreak of the never-ending quarrel between his people and the Hopis. Ever since then the Bishop and the Indian chief had entertained an increasing regard for each other. Eusabio brought his son all the way to Santa Fé to have the Bishop baptize him, — that one beloved son who had died during this last winter.

Though he was ten years younger than Father Latour, Eusabio was one of the most influential men among the Navajo people, and one of the richest in sheep and horses. In Santa Fé and Albuquerque he was respected for his intelligence and authority, and admired for his fine presence. He was extremely tall, even for a Navajo, with a face like a Roman

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general of Republican times. He always dressed very elegantly in buckskin, rich with bead and quill embroidery, belted with silver, and a blanket of the finest wool and design. His arms, under the loose sleeves of his shirt, were covered with silver bracelets, and on his breast hung very old necklaces of wampum and turquoise and coral, — Mediterranean coral that had been left in the Navajo country by Coronado's captains when they passed through it on their way to discover the Hopi villages and the Grand Cañon.

Eusabio lived, with his relatives and dependents, in a group of hogans on the Colorado Chiquito; to the west and south and north his kinsmen herded his great flocks.

Father Latour and Jacinto arrived at the cluster of booth-like cabins during a high sandstorm, that circled about them and their mules like snow in a blizzard and all but obliterated the landscape. The Navajo came out of his house and took possession of Angelica by her bridle-bit. At first he did not open his lips, merely stood holding Father Latour's very fine white hand in his very fine dark one, and looked into his face with a message of sorrow and resignation in his deep-set, eagle eyes. A wave of feeling passed over his bronze features as he said slowly:

"My friend has come." That was all, but it was everything, — welcome, confidence, appreciation.

For his lodging the Bishop was given a solitary hogan, a little apart from the settlement. Eusabio quickly furnished it with his best skins and blankets and told his guest that he must tarry a few days there and recover from his fatigue. His mules were tired, the Indian said, the Padre himself looked weary, and the way to Santa Fé was long.

The Bishop thanked him and said he would stay three days, that he had need for reflection. His mind had been taken up with practical matters ever since he left home. This seemed a spot where a man might get his thoughts together. The river, a considerable stream at this time of the year, wound among mounds and dunes of loose sand that whirled through the air all day in the boisterous Spring winds. The sand banked up against the hogan the Bishop occupied, and filtered through the chinks in the wall, made of saplings plastered with clay.

Beside the river was a grove of tall, naked cottonwoods, — trees of great antiquity and enormous size, — so large that they might have belonged to a bygone age. They grew far apart, and their strange twisted shapes must have come about from the ceaseless winds that bent them to the east and scoured them with sand, and from the fact that they lived with very little water, — the river was nearly dry here for most of the year. The trees rose out of the ground at a slant, and forty or fifty feet above the earth all these white, dry trunks changed their direction, grew back over their base line. Some split into great forks which arched down almost to the ground; some did not fork at all, but dipped downward in one curve, as if drawn by a bowstring; and some terminated in a thick coruscation of growth, like a crooked palm tree. They were all living trees, yet they seemed to be of old, dead, dry wood, and had very scant foliage. High up in the forks, or at the end of a preposterous length of twisted bough, would burst a faint bouquet of delicate green foliage, out of all keeping with the great lengths of seasoned white trunks and branches. The grove looked like a winter wood of giant trees, with clusters of mistletoe growing among the bare boughs.

Navajo hospitality is not intrusive. Eusabio made the Bishop understand that he was glad to have him there, and let him alone. Father Latour lived for three days in an almost perpetual sand-storm, cut off from even this remote little Indian camp by moving walls and tapestries of sand. He either sat in his house and listened to the wind, or walked abroad under those aged, wind-distorted trees, muffled in an Indian blanket, which he kept drawn up over his mouth and nose.

Since his arrival he had undertaken to decide whether he would be justified in recalling Father Vaillant from Tucson. The Vicar's occasional letters, brought by travelers, showed that he was highly content where he was, restoring the old Mission church of St Xavier del Bac, which he declared to be the most beautiful church on the continent, though it had been neglected for more than two hundred years.

Since Father Vaillant went away, the Bishop's burdens had grown heavier and

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heavier. The new priests from Auvergne were all good men, faithful and untiring in carrying out his wishes; but they were still strangers, timid about making decisions, referred every difficulty to their Bishop. Father Latour needed his Vicar, who had so much tact with the natives, so much sympathy with all their shortcomings. When they were together, he was always curbing Father Vaillant's hopeful rashness; but left alone, he greatly missed that very quality. And he missed Father Vaillant's companionship, — why not admit it?

Although Jean Marie Latour and Joseph Vaillant were born in neighboring parishes in the Puy de Dom, as children they had not known each other. The Latours were an old family of scholars and professional men, while the Vaillants were people of a much humbler station in the provincial world. Besides, Joseph had been away from home much of the time, up on a farm in the Volvic mountains with his grandfather, where the air was especially pure, and the country quiet and salutary for a child of nervous temperament. The two boys had not come together until they were Seminarians at Montferrand, in Clermont.

When Jean Marie was in his second year at the Seminary, he was standing on the recreation ground at the opening of the term, looking with curiosity at the new students. In the group, he noticed one of peculiarly unpromising appearance, a boy of nineteen who was undersized, very pale, homely in feature, with a wart on his chin and tow-colored hair that made him look like a German. This boy seemed to feel his glance and came up at once, as if he had been called. He was apparently quite unconscious of his homeliness, was not at all shy, but intensely interested in his new surroundings. He asked Jean Latour his name, where he was from, and his father's occupation. Then he said with great simplicity:

"My father is a baker, the best in Riom. In fact, he's a remarkable baker."

Young Latour was amused, but expressed polite appreciation of this confidence. The queer lad went on to tell him about his brother and his aunt, and his clever little sister, Philomène. He asked how long Latour had been at the Seminary.

"Have you always intended to take orders? So have I, but I very nearly went into the army instead."

The year previous, after the surrender of Algiers, there had been a military review at Clermont, a great display of uniforms and military bands, and stirring speeches about the glory of French arms. Young Joseph Vaillant had lost his head in the excitement, and had signed up for a volunteer without consulting his father. He gave Latour a vivid account of his patriotic emotions, of his father's displeasure, and his own subsequent remorse. His mother had wished him to become a priest. She died when he was thirteen, and ever since then he had meant to carry out her wish and to dedicate his life to the service of the Divine Mother. But that one day, among the bands and the uniforms, he had forgotten everything but his desire to serve France.

Suddenly young Vaillant broke off, saying that he must write a letter before the hour was over, and tucking up his gown ran off at full speed. Latour stood looking after him, resolved that he would take this new boy under his protection. There was something about the baker's son that had given their meeting the color of an adventure; he meant to repeat it. In their first encounter he chose that lively, ugly boy for his friend. It was instantaneous. Latour himself was much cooler and more critical in temper, hard to please, and often a little gray in mood.

During their Seminary years he had easily surpassed his friend in scholarship, but he always realized that Joseph excelled him in the fervor of his faith. After they became missionaries, Joseph had learned to speak English, and later Spanish, more readily than he. To be sure he spoke both languages very incorrectly at first, but he had no vanity about grammar or refinement of phrase. To communicate with peons, he was quite willing to speak like a peon.

Though the Bishop had worked with Father Joseph for twenty-five years now, he could not reconcile the contradictions of his nature. He simply accepted them, and, when Joseph had been away for a long while, realized that he loved them all. His Vicar was one of the most truly spiritual men he had ever known, though he was so passionately attached to many of the things of this world. Fond as he

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was of good eating and drinking, he not only rigidly observed all the fasts of the Church, but he never complained about the hardness and scantiness of the fare on his long missionary journeys. Father Joseph's relish for good wine might have been a fault in another man. But always frail in body, he seemed to need some quick physical stimulant to support his sudden flights of purpose and imagination. Time and again the Bishop had seen a good dinner, a bottle of claret, transformed into spiritual energy under his very eyes. From a little feast which would make other men heavy and desirous of repose, Father Vaillant would rise up revived, and work for ten or twelve hours, with that ardor and thoroughness which accomplished such lasting results.

The Bishop had often been embarrassed by his Vicar's persistence in begging for the parish, for the Cathedral fund, the distant missions. Yet for himself, Father Joseph was scarcely acquisitive to the point of decency. He owned nothing in the world but his mule, Contento. Though he received rich vestments from his sister in Riom, his daily apparel was rough and shabby. The Bishop had a large and valuable library, at least, and many comforts for his house. There were his beautiful skins and blankets, — presents from Eusabio and his other Indian friends. The Mexican women, skilled in needlework and lace making and hemstitching, presented him with fine linen for his person, his bed, and his table. He had silver plate, given him by the Olivares and other rich parishioners. But Father Vaillant was like the saints of the early Church, literally without personal possessions.

In his youth Father Joseph had wished to lead a life of seclusion and solitary devotion; but the truth was that he could not be happy for long without human intercourse. And he liked almost every one. In Ohio, when they used to travel together in stage coaches, Father Latour had noticed that every time a new passenger pushed his way into the already crowded stage, Joseph would look pleased and interested, as if this were an agreeable addition, — whereas he himself felt annoyed, even if he concealed it. The ugly conditions of life in Ohio had never troubled Joseph. The hideous houses and churches, the ill-kept farms and gardens, the slovenly, sordid aspect of the towns and countryside, which continually depressed Father Latour, he seemed scarcely to perceive. One would have said he had no feeling for comeliness or grace. Yet music was a passion with him. In Sandusky he used to spend evening after evening with his German choir-master, training the young people to sing Bach oratorios.

Nothing one could say of Father Vaillant explained him. The man was much greater than the sum of his qualities. He added a glow to whatever kind of human society he was dropped down into. A Navajo hogan, some abjectly poor little huddle of Mexican huts, or a company of Monsignori and Cardinals at Rome, — it was all the same.

The last time the Bishop was in Rome he had heard an amusing story from Monsignor Mazzucchi, who was secretary to Gregory XVI at the time when Father Vaillant went from his Ohio mission to visit the Holy City for the first time. Joseph had stayed in Rome for three months, living on about forty cents a day and leaving nothing unseen. He several times asked Mazzucchi to secure him a private audience with the Pope. The secretary liked the missionary from Ohio; there was something abrupt and lively and naif about him, a kind of freshness he did not often find in the priests who flocked to Rome. So he arranged an interview at which only the Holy Father and Father Vaillant and Mazzucchi were present.

The Missionary came in, attended by a chamberlain who carried two great black valises full of objects to be blessed, — instead of one, as was customary. After his reception, Father Joseph began to pour out such a vivid account of his missions and brother missionaries, that both the Holy Father and the secretary forgot to take account of time, and the audience lasted three times as long as such interviews were supposed to last. Gregory XVI, that aristocratic and autocratic prelate, who stood so consistently on the wrong side in European politics and was the enemy of Free Italy, had done more than any of his predecessors to propagate the faith in remote parts of the world. And here was a missionary after his own heart.

Father Vaillant asked for blessings for

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himself, his fellow priests, his missions, his Bishop. He opened his big valises like pedlers' packs, full of crosses, rosaries, prayer-books, medals, breviaries, on which he begged more than the usual blessing. The astonished chamberlain had come and gone several times, and Mazzucchi at last reminded the Holy Father that he had other engagements. Father Vaillant caught up his two valises himself, the chamberlain not being there at the moment, and thus laden, was bowing himself backward out of the presence, when the Pope rose from his chair and lifted his hand, not in benediction but in salutation, and called out to the departing missionary as one man to another, "Coraggio, Americano!"

The Bishop found his Navajo house favorable for reflection, for recalling the past and planning the future. He wrote long letters to his brother and to old friends in France. The hogan was isolated like a ship's cabin on the ocean, with the murmuring of great winds about it. There was no opening except the door, — always open, — and the air without had the turbid yellow light of sand-storms. All day long the sand came in through the cracks in the walls and formed little ridges on the earth floor. It rattled like sleet upon the dead leaves of the tree-branch roof. This house was so frail a shelter that one seemed to be sitting in the heart of a world made of dusty earth and moving air.

On the third day the Bishop wrote a somewhat formal letter of recall to his Vicar and then went for his daily walk in the desert. He stayed out until sunset, when the wind fell and the air cleared to a crystal sharpness. As he was returning, still a mile or more up the river, Father Latour heard the deep sound of a cottonwood drum, beaten softly. He surmised that the sound came from Eusabio's house, and that his friend was at home.

Retracing his steps to the settlement, he found Eusabio seated beside his doorway, singing in the Navajo language and beating softly on one end of his long drum. Before him two very little Indian boys, about four and five years old, were dancing to the music, on the hard beaten ground. Two women, Eusabio's wife and sister, looked on from the deep twilight of the hut. The little boys did not notice the stranger's approach. They were entirely engrossed in their occupation, their faces serious, their chocolate-colored eyes half closed.

The Bishop stood watching the flowing, supple movements of their arms and shoulders, the sure rhythm of their tiny moccasined feet, no larger than cottonwood leaves, as without a word of instruction, they followed the irregular and strangely accented music. Eusabio himself wore an expression of religious gravity. He sat with the drum between his knees, his broad shoulders bent forward, his hair done up in a red banda. The silver on his dark wrists glittered as he stroked the drumhead with a stick, or merely tapped it with his fingers. When he finished the song he was singing, he rose and introduced the little boys, his nephews, by their Indian names, Eagle Feather and Medicine Mountain, after which he nodded to them in dismissal. They vanished into the house. Eusabio handed the drum to his wife and walked away with his guest.

"Eusabio," said the Bishop, "I want to send a letter to Father Vaillant at Tucson. I will send Jacinto with it, provided you can spare me one of your people to accompany me back to Santa Fé."

"I myself will ride with you to the Villa," said Eusabio. The Navajos still called the capital by its old name.

Accordingly, on the following morning, Jacinto was dispatched southward, and Father Latour and Eusabio, with their pack mule, rode to the east.

The ride back to Santa Fé was something under four hundred miles. The weather alternated between blinding sandstorms and brilliant sunlight. The sky was as full of motion and change as the desert beneath it was monotonous and still, — and there was so much sky, more than at sea, more than anywhere else in the world. The plain was there, under one's feet, but what one saw when one looked about was that brilliant blue world of stinging air and moving cloud. Even the mountains were mere ant-hills under it. Elsewhere the sky is the roof of the world, but here the earth was merely the floor of the upper blue, — the landscape one longed for when one was far away, the thing all about one, the world one actually lived in, was the sky, the sky!

Traveling with Eusabio was like traveling with the landscape made human. He

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accepted chance and weather as the country did, with a sort of grave enjoyment. He talked little, ate little, slept anywhere, preserved a countenance open and warm, and like Jacinto he had unfailing good manners. The Bishop was rather surprised that he stopped so often by the way to gather flowers. One morning he came back with the mules, holding a bunch of crimson flowers, — long, tube-shaped bells, that hung lightly from the side of naked stems and trembled in the wind.

"The Indians call rainbow flower," he said, holding them up and making the red tubes quiver. "It is early for these."

When they left the rock or tree or sand dune that had sheltered them for the night, the Navajo was careful to obliterate every trace of their temporary occupation. He buried the embers of the fire and the remnants of food, unpiled any stones he had piled together, filled up the hole he had scooped in the sand. Since this was exactly Jacinto's procedure, Father Latour judged that, just as it was the white man's way to assert himself in any landscape, to change it, make it over a little, (at least to leave some mark or memorial of his sojourn,) it was the Indian's way to pass through a country without disturbing anything; to pass and leave no trace, like fish through the water, or birds through the air.

It was the Indian custom to vanish into the landscape, not to stand out against it. The Hopi villages that were set upon rock mesas, were made to look like the rock on which they sat, were imperceptible at a distance. The Navajo hogans, among the sand and willows, were made of sand and willows. None of the pueblos would then admit glass windows into their dwellings. The reflection of the sun on the glazing was to them ugly and unnatural, — even dangerous. Moreover, these Indians disliked novelty and change. They came and went by the old paths worn into the rock by the feet of their fathers, used the old natural stairway of stone to climb to their mesa towns, carried water from the old springs, even after white men had dug wells.

In the working of silver or drilling of turquoise the Indians had exhaustless patience; upon their blankets and belts and ceremonial robes they lavished their skill and pains. But their conception of decoration did not extend to the landscape. They seemed to have none of the European's desire to "master" nature, to arrange and re-create. They spent their ingenuity in the other direction, in accommodating themselves to the scene in which they found themselves. This was not so much from indolence, the Bishop thought, as from an inherited caution and respect. It was as if the great country were asleep, and they wished to carry on their lives without awakening it; or as if the spirits of earth and air and water were not things to antagonize and arouse. When they hunted, it was with the same discretion; an Indian hunt was never a slaughter. They ravaged neither the rivers nor the forest and, if they irrigated, they took as little water as would serve their needs. The land and all that it bore they treated with consideration; not attempting to improve it, they never desecrated it.

As Father Latour and Eusabio approached Albuquerque they occasionally fell in with company, Indians going to and fro on the long winding trails across the plain, or into the Sandia mountains. They had all of them the same quiet way of moving, whether their pace was swift or slow, and the same unobtrusive demeanor. An Indian wrapped in his bright blanket, seated upon his mule or walking beside it, moved through the pale, new-budding sage brush, wound among the sand waves, as if it were his business to pass unseen and unheard through a country awakening with spring.

North of Laguna two Zuñi runners sped by them, going somewhere east on "Indian business". They saluted Eusabio by gesture with the open palm, but did not stop. They coursed over the sand with the fleetness of young antelope, their bodies disappearing and reappearing among the sand dunes, like the shadows that eagles cast in their strong, unhurried flight.

Gold Under Pike's Peak

One evening, about a fortnight after Father Vaillant had returned to Santa Fé in response to his Bishop's summons, Father Latour told him that he would require his company in his study after dinner. The weekly post which had arrived that morning, brought him a letter of great importance from the Bishop of

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Leavenworth, which he and his Vicar must consider together.

This letter of many pages was concerned with events that were happening in Colorado, in a part of the Rocky Mountains very little known. Though it was only a few hundred miles north of Santa Fé, communication with that region was so infrequent that news traveled to Santa Fé from Europe more quickly than from Pike's Peak. Under the shadow of that peak, rich gold deposits had been discovered within the last year, but Father Vaillant had first heard of this through a letter from France. Word of it had reached the Atlantic coast, crossed to Europe, and come from there to the Southwest, more quickly than it could filter down through the few hundred miles of unexplored mountains and gorges between Cripple Creek and Santa Fé. While Father Vaillant was at Tucson he received a letter from his brother Marius, in Auvergne, and was vexed that so much of it was taken up with inquiries about the gold rush to Colorado, of which he had never heard, while Marius gave him but little news of the war in Italy, which seemed relatively near and much more important.

That congested heaping up of the Rocky Mountain chain about Pike's Peak was a blank space on the continent at this time. Even the fur trappers, coming down from Wyoming to Taos with their pelts, avoided that humped granite backbone. Only a few years before, Frémont had tried to penetrate the Colorado Rockies, and his party had come half-starved into Taos at last, having eaten most of their horses. But within twelve months everything had changed. Wandering prospectors had found large deposits of gold near Cripple Creek, and the mountains that were solitary a year ago were now full of people. Wagon trains were streaming across the prairies from the Missouri River.

The Bishop of Leavenworth wrote Father Latour that he himself had just returned from a visit to Cripple Creek. He had found the slopes under Pike's Peak dotted with camps, the gorges black with placer miners. Thousands of people were living in tents and shacks. Cherry Creek was full of saloons and gambling-rooms. And among all the wanderers and wastrels were many honest men, hundreds of good Catholics, and not one priest. The young men were adrift in a lawless society without spiritual guidance. The old men died from exposure and mountain pneumonia, with no one to give them the last rites of the Church.

This new and populous community must, for the present, the Kansas Bishop wrote, be accounted under Father Latour's jurisdiction. His great diocese, already enlarged by thousands of square miles to the south and west, must now, on the north, take in the still undefined, but suddenly important, region of the Colorado Rockies. The Bishop of Leavenworth begged him to send a priest there as soon as possible, — an able one, by all means, not only devoted, but resourceful and intelligent, one who would be at his ease with all sorts of men. He must take his bedding and camp outfit, medicines and provisions and clothing for the severe winter. At Camp Denver there was nothing to be bought but tobacco and whiskey. There were no women there and no cook stoves. The miners lived on half-baked dough and alcohol. They did not even keep the mountain water pure, and so died of fever. All the living conditions were abominable.

Father Latour read this letter aloud to Father Vaillant in his study. When he finished, he put down the closely written pages.

"You have been complaining of inactivity, Father Joseph; here is your opportunity."

Father Joseph, who had been growing more and more restless during the reading of the letter, said merely: "So now I must begin speaking English again! I can start to-morrow if you wish it."

The Bishop shook his head. "Not so fast. There will be no hospitable Mexicans to receive you at the end of this journey. You must take your living with you. We will have a wagon built for you, and choose your outfit carefully. Tranquilino's brother, Sabino, will be your driver. This, I fear, will be the hardest mission you have ever undertaken."

The two priests talked until a late hour. There was Arizona to be considered; somebody must be found to continue Father Vaillant's work there. Of all the countries he knew, that desert and its yellow people were the dearest to him.

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But it was the discipline of his life to break ties; to say farewell and move on into the unknown.

Before he went to bed that night Father Joseph greased his boots and trimmed the calloused spots on his feet with an old razor. At the Mexican village of Chimayo, over toward the Truchas mountains, the good people were especially devoted to a little equestrian image of Santiago in their church, and they made him a new pair of boots every few months, insisting that he went abroad at night and wore out his shoes, even on horseback. When Father Joseph stayed there he used to tell them he wished that, in addition to the consecration of the hands, God had provided some special blessing for the missionary's feet.

He recalled affectionately an incident which concerned this Santiago of Chimayo. Some years ago Father Joseph was asked to go to the *calabozo* at Santa Fé to see a murderer from Chimayo. The prisoner proved to be a boy of twenty, very gentle in face and manner. His name was Ramon Armajillo. He had been passionately fond of cock-fighting; and it was his undoing. He had bred a rooster that never lost a battle, but had slit the necks of cocks in all the little towns about. At last Ramon brought the bird to Santa Fé to match him with a famous cock there, and half a dozen Chimayo boys came along and put up everything they had on Ramon's rooster. The betting was heavy on both sides, and the gate receipts also were to go to the winner.

After a somewhat doubtful beginning, Ramon's cock neatly ripped the jugular vein of his opponent; but the owner of the defeated bird, before any one could stop him, reached into the ring and wrung the victor's neck. Before he had dropped the limp bunch of feathers from his hand, Ramon's knife was in his heart. It all happened in a flash, — some of the witnesses even insisted that the death of the man and the cock were simultaneous, all agreed that there was not time for a man to catch his breath between the whirl of the wrist and the gleam of the knife. Unfortunately the American judge at that time was a very stupid man, who disliked Mexicans and hoped to wipe out cock-fighting. He accepted as evidence statements made by the murdered man's friends to the effect that Ramon had repeatedly threatened his life.

When Father Vaillant went to see the boy in his cell a few days before his execution, he found him making a pair of tiny buckskin boots, as if for a doll, and Ramon told him they were for the little Santiago in the church at home. His family would come up to Santa Fé for the hanging, and they would take the boots back to Chimayo, and perhaps the little saint would say a good word for him.

Rubbing oil into his boots by candle light, Father Vaillant sighed. The criminals with whom he would have to do in Colorado would hardly be of that type, he told himself.

"Auspice Maria!"

The construction of Father Vaillant's wagon took a month. It must be a wagon of very unusual design, capable of carrying a great deal, yet light enough and narrow enough to wind through the mountain gorges beyond Pueblo, where there were no roads at all except the rocky ravines cut out by streams that flowed full in the spring but would be dry now in the autumn. While his wagon was building, Father Joseph was carefully selecting his stores, and the furnishings for a small chapel which he meant to construct of saplings or canvas immediately upon his arrival at Camp Denver. Moreover, there were his valises full of medals, crosses, rosaries, colored pictures, and religious pamphlets. For himself, he required no books but his breviary and the ordinary of the Mass.

In the Bishop's courtyard he sorted and re-sorted his cargo, always finding a more necessary article for which a less necessary had to be discarded. Fructosa and Magdelena were frequently called upon to help him, and when a box was finally closed, Fructosa had it put away in the woodshed. She had noticed the Bishop's brows contract slightly when he came upon these trunks and chests in his hallway and dining room. All the bedding and clothing was packed in great sacks of dressed calfskin, which Sabino procured from old Mexican settlers. These were already going out of fashion, but in the early days they were the poor man's trunk.

Bishop Latour also was very busy

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at this time, training a new priest from Clermont, riding about with him among the distant parishes and trying to give him an understanding of the people. As a Bishop, he could only approve Father Vaillant's eagerness to be gone and the enthusiasm with which he looked forward to hardships of a new kind. But as a man, he was a little hurt that his old comrade should leave him without one regret. He seemed to know, as if it had been revealed to him, that this was a final break; that their lives would part here, and that they would never work together again. The bustle of preparation in his own house was painful to him, and he was glad to be abroad among the parishes.

One day when the Bishop had just returned from Albuquerque, Father Vaillant came to luncheon in high spirits. He had been out for a drive in his new wagon, and declared that it was satisfactory at last. Sabino was ready, and he thought they would start the day after to-morrow. He diagramed his route on the tablecloth, and went over the catalogue of his equipment. The Bishop was tired and scarcely touched his food; but Father Joseph ate generously, as he was apt to do when fired by a new project.

After Fructosa had brought the coffee, he leaned back in his chair and turned to his friend with a beaming face. "I often think, Jean, how you were an unconscious agent in the hands of Providence when you recalled me from Tucson. I seemed to be doing the most important work of my life, and you recalled me for no reason at all, apparently. You did not know why, and I did not know why. We were both acting in the dark. But Heaven knew what was happening at Cripple Creek, and moved us like chessmen on the board. When the call came, I was here to answer it, — by a miracle, indeed."

Father Latour put down his silver coffee cup. "Miracles are all very well, Joseph, but I see none here. I sent for you because I felt the need of your companionship. I used my authority as a bishop to gratify my personal wish. That was selfish, if you will, but surely natural enough. We are countrymen and are bound by early memories. And that two friends, having come together, should part and go their separate ways, — that is natural, too. No, I don't think we need any miracle to explain all this."

Father Vaillant had been wholly absorbed in his preparations for saving souls in the gold camps, — blind to everything else. Now it came over him in a flash that his Bishop had held himself aloof from his activities; that it was a very hard thing for Father Latour to let him go; that the loneliness of his position had begun to weigh upon him.

Yes, he reflected, as he went quietly to his own room, there was a great difference in their natures. Wherever he went, he soon made friends that took the place of country and family. But Jean, who was at ease in any society and always the flower of courtesy, could not form new ties. It had always been so. He was like that even as a boy; gracious to every one, but known to a very few. To man's wisdom it would have seemed that a priest with Father Latour's exceptional qualities would have been better placed in some part of the world where scholarship, a handsome person, and delicate perceptions all have their effect; and that a man of much rougher type would have served God well enough as the first Bishop of New Mexico. Doubtless Bishop Latour's successors would be men of a different fibre. But God had his reasons, Father Joseph devoutly believed. Perhaps it pleased Him to grace the beginning of a new era and a vast new diocese by a fine personality. And perhaps, after all, something would remain through the years to come, some ideal, or memory, or legend.

The next afternoon, his wagon loaded and standing ready in the courtyard, Father Vaillant was seated at the Bishop's desk, writing letters to France; a short one to Marius, a long one to his beloved Philomène, telling her of his plunge into the unknown and begging her prayers for his success in the world of gold-crazed men. He wrote rapidly and jerkily, moving his lips as well as his fingers. When the Bishop entered the study, he rose and stood holding the written pages in his hand.

"I do not mean to interrupt you, Joseph, but do you intend to take Contento with you to Colorado?"

Father Joseph blinked. "Why, certainly. I had intended to ride him. However, if you have need for him here — "

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"Oh, no. Not at all. But if you take Contento, I will ask you to take Angelica as well. They have a great affection for each other. Why separate them indefinitely? One could not explain to them. They have worked long together."

Father Vaillant made no reply. He stood looking intently at the pages of his letter. The Bishop saw a drop of water splash down upon the violet script and spread. He turned quickly and went out through the arched doorway.

At sunrise next morning Father Vaillant set out, Sabino driving the wagon, his oldest boy riding Angelica, and Father Joseph himself riding Contento. They took the old road to the northeast, through the sharp red sand hills spotted with juniper, and the Bishop accompanied them as far as the loop where the road wound out on the top of one of those conical hills, giving the departing traveler his last glimpse of Santa Fé. There Father Joseph drew rein and looked back at the town lying rosy in the morning light, the mountain behind it and the hills close about it, like two encircling arms.

"*Auspice, Maria!*" he murmured as he turned his back on these familiar things.

The Bishop rode home to his solitude. He was forty-seven years old, and he had been a missionary in the New World for twenty years, — ten of them in New Mexico. If he were a parish priest at home, there would be nephews coming to him for help in their Latin or a bit of pocket-money; nieces to run into his garden and bring their sewing and keep an eye on his housekeeping. All the way home he indulged in such reflections as any bachelor nearing fifty might have.

But when he entered his study, he seemed to come back to reality, to the sense of a Presence awaiting him. The curtain of the arched doorway had scarcely fallen behind him when that feeling of personal loneliness was gone, and a sense of loss was replaced by a sense of restoration. He sat down before his desk deep in reflection. It was just this solitariness of Love in which a priest's life could be like his Master's. It was not a solitude of atrophy, of negation, but of perpetual flowering. A life need not be cold, or devoid of grace in the worldly sense, if it were filled by Her who was all the graces. Virgin-daughter, Virgin-mother, girl of the people and Queen of Heaven: *le rêve suprème de la chair*. The nursery tale could not vie with her in simplicity, the wisest theologians could not match her in profundity.

Here in his own church in Santa Fé there was one of these nursery Virgins, a little wooden figure, very old and very dear to the people. De Vargas, when he recaptured the city for Spain two hundred years ago, had vowed a yearly procession in her honor, and it was still one of the most solemn events of the Christian year in Sante Fé. She was a little wooden figure, about three feet high, very stately in bearing, with a beautiful though rather severe Spanish face. She had a rich wardrobe, a chest full of robes and laces, and gold and silver diadems. The women loved to sew for her, and the silversmiths to make her chains and brooches. Father Latour had delighted her wardrobe keepers when he told them he did not believe the Queen of England or the Empress of France had so many costumes. She was their doll and their queen, something to fondle and something to adore, as Mary's Son must have been to Her.

These poor Mexicans, he reflected, were not the first to pour out their love in this simple fashion. Raphael and Titian had made costumes for Her in their time, and the great masters had made music for Her, and the great architects had built cathedrals for Her. Long before Her years on earth, in the long twilight between the Fall and the Redemption, the pagan sculptors were always trying to achieve the image of a goddess who should yet be a woman.

Bishop Latour's premonition was right: Father Vaillant never returned to share his work in New Mexico. Come back he did, to visit his old friends, whenever his busy life permitted. But his destiny was fulfilled in the cold, steely Colorado Rockies, which he never loved as he did the blue mountains of the South. He came back to Santa Fé to recuperate from the illnesses and accidents which consistently punctuated his way; came with the Papal Emissary when Bishop Latour was made Archbishop; but his working life was spent among bleak mountains and comfortless mining camps, looking after lost sheep.

Creede, Durango, Silver City, Central

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City, over the Continental Divide into Utah, — his strange episcopal carriage was known all over that rugged granite world.

It was a covered carriage, on springs, and long enough for him to lie down in at night, — Father Joseph was a very short man. At the back was a luggage box, which could be made into an altar when he celebrated Mass in the open, under a pine tree. He used to say that the mountain torrents were the first road builders, and that wherever they found a way, he could find one. He wore out driver after driver, and his coach was repaired so often and so extensively that long before he abandoned it there was none of the original structure left. Broken tongues and singletrees, smashed wheels and splintered axles he considered trifling matters.

Twice the old carriage itself slipped off the mountain road and rolled down the gorge, with the priest inside. From the first accident of this kind, Father Vaillant escaped with nothing worse than a sprain, and he wrote Bishop Latour that he attributed his preservation to the Archangel Raphael, whose office he had said with unusual fervor that morning. The second time he rolled down a ravine, near Central City, his thigh-bone was broken just below the joint. It knitted in time, but he was lamed for life, and could never ride horseback again.

Before this accident befell him, however, he had one long visit among friends in Santa Fé and Albuquerque, a renewal of old ties that was like an Indian summer in his life. When he left Denver, he told his congregation there that he was going to the Mexicans to beg for money. The church in Denver was under a roof, but the windows had been boarded up for months because nobody would buy glass for them. In his Denver congregation there were men who owned mines and saw-mills and flourishing businesses, but they needed all their money to push these enterprises. Down among the Mexicans, who owned nothing but a mud house and a burro, he could always raise money. If they had anything at all, they gave.

He called this trip frankly a begging expedition, and he went in his carriage to bring back whatever he could gather. When he got as far as Taos, his Irish driver mutinied. Not another mile over these roads, he said. He knew his own territory, but here he refused to risk his neck and the Padre's. There was then no wagon road from Taos to Santa Fé. It was nearly a fortnight before Father Vaillant found a man who would undertake to drive him through the mountains. At last an old driver, schooled on the wagon trains, volunteered, and with the help of ax and pick and shovel, he got the Episcopal carriage safely to Santa Fé and into the Bishop's courtyard.

Once again among his own people, as he still called them, Father Joseph opened his campaign, and the poor Mexicans began taking dollars out of their shirts and boots (favorite places for carrying money) to pay for windows in the Denver church. His petitions did not stop with windows, — indeed, they only began there.

He told the sympathetic women of Santa Fé and Albuquerque about all the stupid, unnecessary discomforts of his life in Denver, discomforts that amounted to improprieties. It was a part of the Wild West attitude to despise the decencies of life. He told them how glad he was to sleep in good Mexican beds once more. In Denver he lay on a mattress stuffed with straw; a French priest who was visiting him had pulled out a long stem of hay that stuck through the thin ticking, and called it an American feather. His dining table was made of planks covered with oilcloth. He had no linen at all, neither sheets nor serviettes, and he used his worn-out shirts for face towels. The Mexican women could scarcely bear to hear such things. Nobody in Colorado planted gardens, — they wouldn't stick a shovel into the earth for anything less than gold. There was no butter, no milk, no eggs, no fruit. He lived on dough and cured hog meat.

Within a few weeks after his arrival, six feather beds were sent to the Bishop's house for Father Vaillant; dozens of linen sheets, embroidered pillowcases and tablecloths and napkins; strings of chili and boxes of beans and dried fruit. The little settlement of Chimayo sent a roll of their finest blankets.

As these gifts arrived, Father Joseph put them in the woodhouse, knowing well

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that the Bishop was always embarrassed by his readiness to receive presents. But one morning Father Latour had occasion to go to the woodhouse, and he saw for himself.

"Father Joseph," he remonstrated, "you will never be able to take all these things back to Denver. Why, you would need an ox cart to carry them!"

"Very well," replied Father Joseph, "then God will send me an ox cart."

And He did, with a driver to take the cart as far as Pueblo.

On the morning of his departure for home, when his carriage was ready, the cart covered and the oxen yoked, Father Vaillant, who had been hurrying everyone since the first streak of light, suddenly became deliberate. He went into the Bishop's study and sat down, talking to him of unimportant matters, lingering as if there were something still undone.

"Well, we are getting older, Jean," he said suddenly, after a short silence.

The Bishop smiled. "Ah, yes. We are not young men any more. One of these departures will be the last."

Father Vaillant nodded. "Whenever God wills. I am ready." He rose and began to pace the floor, addressing his friend without looking at him. "But it has not been so bad, Jean? We have done the things we used to plan to do, long ago, when we were Seminarians, — at least some of them. To fulfill the dreams of one's youth; that is the best that can happen to a man. No worldly success can take the place of that."

"*Blanchet*," said the Bishop rising, "you are a better man than I. You have been a great harvester of souls, without pride and without shame, — and I am always a little cold, — "*un pédant*, as you used to say. If hereafter we have stars in our crowns, yours will be a constellation. Give me your blessing."

He knelt, and Father Vaillant, having blessed him, knelt and was blessed in turn. They embraced each other for the past, — for the future.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Drawings by Harold von Schmidt

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

A Ballad of Forum Poetry

And of other things, such as highbrows and "Locks". The material for this ditty is drawn from the January and February numbers; and the subject of the apologies is Marian Hurd McNeely, whose "Ballade of Letters" recording her varied correspondence with THE FORUM, *appeared in February.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

My heart is a lapwing, it longs
For a page of verse, as a light
In a window; alas! these songs
Of mists that put six hills in sight,
Where only one is known to be,
And Lillith laughs at Euterpe,—
Oh! he's highbrow 'tis easily seen,
Who picks the verse for your magazine.

P. S.

What became of the teacher's daughter,
Who had her "fears" till the villain fought her?
The key to that tale's not easily seen;
Who picks "The Locks" for your magazine?

With apologies to M. H. McN.

LILLIAN SMITH
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Readers who were interested in the words about the Lausanne Conference by Charles Evans Hughes in the March FORUM will be glad to know that the publications may be had without charge from the Secretariat, P. O. Box 226, Boston, Mass.

Find the Woman!

Reactions to "Women and the Old Immorality" in the February FORUM.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Long, long ago, — I hate to think how long, — I ran across a short article by one Alan Dale. It was all about women and their silly, hopeless strivings for higher education, emancipation, equal rights with men, etc., and came to a brilliant finale with the statement that "woman after all was nothing but a pulpy mass of nerves, non-reason, and impulse."

Being young and possessing that modicum of knowledge the savants have labeled dangerous, I rolled up my right sleeve, selected a shiny new Spencerian, and wrote a scathing satire called "Why Is a Pulp?" — a gesture of youth awakened to doubt, uncertainty, and a rather distressful wondering about the success of the Great Plan as it had been spooned up to me with my camomile tea and mandrake bitters.

Protected by poverty against the devastating influence of higher forms of education, "conceived and perfected by and for men only," I fortunately escaped the stigma of sterilization and with my fingers crossed against theories of masculine superiority have produced four rather interesting offspring of whom I am inordinately proud, but of whose divine origin I have no illusions.

Where the joke comes in is, that in spite of having been preoccupied so many years with the protoplasmic processes of

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preserving the race, my mental energies, instead of becoming inert and submissive to a biological fatalism, seem on the contrary to be more definitely conscious than ever before.

You know once in a hundred years or so a human being is born with a real sense of humor. Not merely the physical manifestation of milk from contented cows nor a mental habit acquired by reading the jokes in the almanac. It goes deeper than that.

Now we all know that its possession has saved many a poor mortal from boredom if nothing else, but way on beyond that is its value as a bond of fellowship, a flash of understanding between its possessor and the many joyous personalities who have passed on into the Great Infinitude.

Though I would never think of nudging President Coolidge in the ribs or asking certain great thinkers if they had heard the one about the traveling salesman out in Oscaloosa; at the same time, whenever one of these great deep thinkers pulls down his vest and begins to articulate about the morality of the ages I have an overpowering impulse to snicker and wink across the table at Petronius. In fact it is this secret understanding, — this Freemasonry with congenial spirits in the land of shades that enables me to read to the bitter end such masterly exhalations as Mr. Jelliffe's in the February FORUM.

Whenever I read one of these deep sonorous diatribes about females and their proper function in the scheme of the universe, I am reminded of that well known expression employed by all great French detectives in the analysis of crime: "Find the woman!"

Somewhere, sometime, the man who rants and raves about the subjection of women has been trimmed, — turned down cold by a dizzy blonde, — or else is hopelessly married to a dazzling brunette who persistently steps in his face by way of encouraging the development of that "compensating" insect complex so desirable in all well managed husbands.

Now page John Kendrick Bangs please, and ask for his definition of a "Salubrity!"

IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND

West Philadelphia, Pa.

In Convention Dissembled

The wise and scholarly doctor, exceedingly learned in economics, rose to speak to the delegates from many lands, representing the greatest commercial interests of their respective nations. Those graying locks of his had seen rebellious Marxian days, had tossed anarchistically, had lain firmly close in a conservative fashion. They were now gray and hallowed with economic lore.

"When the delegates have presented their most pressing needs and economic sentiments," he said, "I shall make my tri-annual report."

"*Durante de los primeros siglos despues del siglo de hierro. . . .*" said the representative from Argentina.

"*Die Hosen sind lange, und kurz ist unser Gewinn,*" lamented the clothing magnate from Germany.

台上先生有告訴 contributed the delegate from China, or perhaps it was Japan. "*Mais il y en a ici!*" interposed the gentleman from France in agitation. And "*La donna propone, eed il marito indispone,*" added he from Italy. ΕΤΟΙΜΑΣΘΗΤΕ! said the man from Greece, cryptically. The delegate from New York was stammering. Finding his tongue, he said, "$50,000

זיאם זעלדי טאלמידי.

And so on, as each gave his opinion in so many words.

And when it was over, and they had left the spacious hall, the wise one turned to his disciple, a young student who held him in deservedly great respect.

"It has been the same for many years," remarked the savant.

"You mean that you understood all those speeches in so many idioms?" inquired the young man in awe.

"Of course; the meanings were clear as crystal to me. They expressed a strong desire to buy low and sell high."

"But what did they say?" continued the learner.

"Oh, various things," replied the wise one, in a tone of dismissal.

WAYNE G. HAISLEY

Lakeland, Fla.

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Doctor Wilson Comes Back

Editor of THE FORUM:

My statement on the relation of our Church to the State which was published under the heading of "Methodist Rights in Politics" seems to have stirred up our friends on all sides.

The Church is organized for the promotion of its religious principles and its moral ideals. It was in order to make its Christian ideals effective as a teaching force that the Methodists organized their Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. The presence of this institution in Washington can be easily misapprehended. Its justification depends on what it is trying to do. There are some things it never does. It has never spent a penny or a minute securing government positions for Methodists. It never secured a dollar of government support for denominational activities. The Church has the same right to its convictions that its enemies have to theirs; the same right to organize for the maintenance of its views that Labor has, that Capital has, that the big trusts have, that the war party has, that the pacifists have, that the Brewers' Association and the wine merchants have, and as much as the bootleggers' fraternity, represented by some men on the outside and some on the in, who have given a major part of their time to advocating the Liquor Traffic's coming back. While those forces are here at the nation's capital working for the overthrow of their constitutional government, we shall not hesitate to pursue our course in defending the principle of a saloonless nation.

The separation of Church and State does not mean that one antagonizes the other, but that they keep to their tasks in separate fields. The one taxes, governs, enacts laws, attends to policing at home and protection, as between nations; the other takes the voluntary support that is handed to it by believers and works at the tasks of creating a moral sentiment that shall sustain government and maintain law.

The letter in the February FORUM, by Mr. Aertsen, has given me a piece of information I have been looking for for thirty-five years. In 1892, when I was a young preacher, nineteen years of age, I clipped a paragraph, signed "selected", and carried it around with me, attempting to commit it to memory. It has been a favorite passage and I have added so much to it from time to time that I imagined there was little of the original left, never having known the authorship of the original; and when I dictated my article for THE FORUM, I used that as a springboard to bring the history of Christianity in its moral influences in the world down to date. I never, until now, knew that it was in Canon Farrar's *Life of Christ*, for I am sorry to say I had never read that book.

I had just dictated an article in another connection, my annual report, and, wanting to express the same thought, made an elaborate statement of what Christianity had done for the Christian Ages and dropped into much of the same language as in my semi-quotation in THE FORUM article, but, upon the appearance of Mr. Aertsen's notation, I stopped the press and put this footnote: "This paragraph adapted from the suggestions of Canon Farrar's *Life of Christ*, page 420, Volume 2." I find, in looking the matter up, that Canon Farrar attributes, in a footnote, the origin of these ideas to Keim's *Life of Jesus*, page 370, Abridged Edition. If using your favorite quotation as a springboard for that advance is plagiarism, then I should be verily guilty and there is not a writer in existence who would be authorized by the Scriptures to throw the first stone.

CLARENCE TRUE WILSON

Washington, D. C.

Presidential Criticism

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read with much interest Mr. Kent's criticism of other writers and newspaper men because they do not approve his estimate of President Coolidge.

Mr. Kent reminds me of the gentleman who had been serving as a juror, and told his wife upon his arrival at home: "In that trial I sat on to-day, we found it impossible to agree on a verdict. I never saw eleven such ignorant and stubborn men in all my life before."

HERMAN DEHNKE

Harrisville, Mich.

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Fee, Fi, FO-RUM

Free thinkers are strong for THE FORUM,
Your timely debates never bore 'em:
'Twixt Yahweh and Mencken
You set 'em a-thinkin'.
To judge for themselves you implore 'em.

A. C. E.

New York City.

Wait Till *She* Stops

This seems to be the answer to the Editor's query on the gender of trains in Our Rostrum for February. Let's have some more!

Editor of THE FORUM:

I hesitate to differ with an editor on words. Still, as the Editor of THE FORUM has invited discussion I venture to suggest that, when a sailor refers to a train as "she" he is using the pronoun generally applied to a ship. For this he has good authority since the phrases used with regard to trains are those we are accustomed to associate with boats. As a train starts the conductor calls, "All aboard!" The men in charge of a train, — conductor, engine-driver, stoker, baggage man, etc., — are spoken of collectively as the train "crew".

Personally, however, when I mention the Ship of the Prairie I say *the train* and thus avoid enbarrassing entanglements with he, she, it, and they.

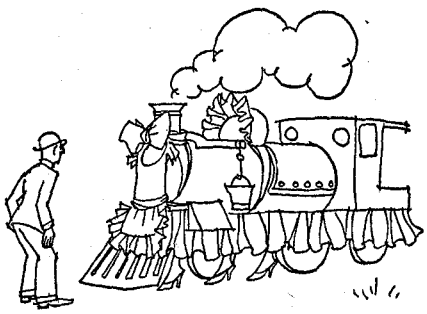
STELLA E. ASLING-RIIS

Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Mr. James Tate, one of the editors of "Popular Mechanics" sends this clipping from the "Model Railway News". It is a letter from a "Japanese Lady" to an American railway magazine.

Some time ago you publish in your voluble paper article of female shipping steamer. I have thought to write you about female engine on Train. You know why? Yes, they call she for many becauses.

They wear jacket with yokes, pins, hangers, straps, shields, stays. They have apron also lap. They have not only shoes but have pumps. They attract men with puffs and mufflers and when draft too strong petticoat goes up. Sometimes they foam, — refuse to work at such time they should be switched. They need guiding, — it always require man manager. They require man to feed them. They are steadier when coupled up but my cousin say they h — of expense. Is not enough reason?



And this terse reminder from "The Pedestrian":

Editor of THE FORUM:

Anent the gender of trains,—Is it possible you are so illiterate that you don't know the little poem beginning "Her ain't a-callin' we"?

Yours not very truly,

PEDESTER

The Source of Literary Sins

Editor of THE FORUM:

After having read Richard Burton's article "Good Manners in Literature" in the February FORUM, I experienced a great sense of satisfaction in knowing that we still have a few among us who are swimming with their heads above water in the modern flood of promiscuous books.

But I think Mr. Burton, in giving seven sound reasons for the modern tendency to "vulgarity" in literature, has overlooked two real underlying causes. Since he has called his seven reasons "sins", these two causes may each be independently considered the "tree" upon which these seven apples grow.

The first of these two causes is one purely of economic origin: the invention of the modern printing-press. The speed and ease with which a modern book is printed has made it necessary for publishers to install heavy and massive machinery, at great expense. Efficiency then required that these machines must con-

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tinually produce, thus creating an unproportioned demand on the side of the publishers. Since the supply of the really talented writer was not able to meet this demand, the mediocre has been encouraged and, one might say, invited to help meet it. The general public, not being discriminating, hailed those books that were greater in number to afford them quick pastime reading.

The second cause lies in the rapidity with which we have accumulated knowledge in the past half century. The leaping progress of philosophy and of the various sciences, the new economic trend, the new social problems required, the vast amount of books available, have tended to create confusion. Such new material is yet raw and not yet ready to be made into delicious portions. But underlying all this confusion, there is a steady current of effort to orientate thought in this maze. Somehow we are dissolving the past and throwing some of our own salt in the solution. As yet we are in the liquid state. Let us be optimistic and patiently wonder what the new crystal will be like.

ALBERT D'AMATO

East Boston, Mass.

Morituri Te Salutant!

Being some "de profundis suggestions" on this popular Prohibition question.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Thousands of Americans must have been glad to hear from Viscount Astor. Fear prevailed that he had subsided in the gilded chamber at Westminster, — that restful resort of tired English statesmen. It is interesting to hear, also, that he is studying, in his leisurely style, the problem of Prohibition. But he ought to be warned not to confuse this issue with any gentle concern about his Biblical brother.

It seems difficult to get this item of Truth across the Puritan barricades but anyone who honestly and in a practical way has sought an answer to the scriptural query, "Am I my brother's keeper?" knows that the answer is an emphatic negative.

Lord Astor tells us of his pursuit of answers to the following queries:

1. "Whether the use of alcohol impedes the attempt all should (why *should?*) make to be more unselfish. . . .

2. "To develop one's higher and spiritual as distinct from one's lower and animal nature. . . .

3. "And whether its effect on the brain and mind enables one to get a clearer apprehension of God and of His creation."

These questions are vague, and one is not necessarily assured that they have a very direct bearing upon the question of a drink or no drink. Yet I can offer Lord Astor some assistance. I can quote from experiences, realizing that his lordship could not hope to get away with these practical investigations himself.

My *de profundis* suggestions come from the dear, dead (or sleeping) days when the bar was not a No Man's Land, hiding spies, poison gas, gunmen, and undercover Uncle Samivels, and where, incidentally, one got drinks fit for gentlemen. The suggestions follow:

1. Any Salvation Army lass, who has survived the World War and the American reign of terror, will affirm that the mean man, unapproachable in office or store, handed out shekels to charity in the barroom.

2. The mean man was apt to forget Puritan profits and achieve some sort of communication with the source of the "higher and spiritual" along the melodious pathway by joining in the famous uplift anthem: "Sweet Adeline."

3. That religion was more honestly discussed and more real Christianity found in the barroom than in the Post-Amendment theatres, operated chiefly by Jews, or in the Federal Council of Churches in Politics, run by a strictly Anti-Christian organization. It never surprised me that Christ preferred the company of publicans and sinners to that of the Pharisees, and I never met an intelligent man who did not have the same preference.

Let the Prohibitionist, the Fundamentalist, and their Wall Street allies take warning. Men may be cheated of their earnings, but they must not be cheated out of real homes and wives and bairns. They cannot be drilled and cajoled into the impotency of clockwork machines. They will not be distracted from their own affairs by Herbert Hoover's efforts to stir up national hatred against England on account of rubber prices, or against Brazil on account of coffee prices. They see through all these efforts to cover the shell

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game of Uncle Sam, played for the benefit of a class that produces nothing.

The agitation over Prohibition is waged under false flags. It is not an issue of Scotch whisky against Wheeler moonshine. We glorify our ancestors for fighting and slaying their brothers on account of a five cent tea tax; what about those brothers who now tax us $100,000,000 to force poison down our throats? And the enemy, if disposed of, certainly would be no loss to the nation. Meanwhile we are not our brothers' keepers, and war will not cease until we realize the fact. Nations rise and fall, but somewhere and somehow man survives and carries on. That may be all that really matters. But why, in our short lives, should we be harassed and annoyed by the attempts of a degenerate and inferior class we despise to force their views upon us?

Good luck to Viscount Astor in his study! He lives in a pleasant environment where human greatness tops bank accounts and where the One God prevails over the gory idol,—the Jehovah of the Jews and Puritans. As one of the probably doomed, I salute his lordship and extend thanks for his essay. It is erroneous, but in this land of blatant and blaring plutocracy his still, small voice arises clearly as the rare voice of a gentleman.

ARTHUR WATTS

Minneapolis, Minn.

The Finnishing Touch

The great Finnish architect, Eliel Saarinen, puts some last touches on THE FORUM *skyscraper discussion started by Mr. Edison. It has been said that what Sibelius is to Finnish Music, or Nurmi to Finnish Athletics, Saarinen is to architecture. He is now lecturing at the University of Michigan.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

The first time I came to the States the view of Manhattan, with its forest of skyscrapers, forming a stately and bizarre silhouette against the sky, made an overwhelming impression on me; an impression which was deepened still more as I wandered through the narrow streets of lower Manhattan, where the heavy shadows and gleams of sunlight played with each other on the walls and on a colorful populace. The growth of the city, where chance for the most part had been the deciding factor, constituted an excellent interpretation of the pulsating life within it.

As long as skyscrapers, such as those of lower Manhattan, crop up here and there among low houses, all is well and good. But when their number increases and they spring up alongside each other, building a solid mass within the body of the city, then there arise injurious hygienic and traffic conditions, and restrictions become necessary. Through the zoning law the skyscraper problem enters into a new phase of development, and the question is asked in many quarters whether it is in the right direction. A spirited controversy has arisen, and this magazine has also opened its columns to discussion of the problem.

Mr. Hastings, in his pronouncement, sees practical, hygienic, and esthetic dangers accumulating. Mr. Roosval, while he anticipates that with the skyscraper, a new architectonic mode of expression, corresponding to the spirit of the times, will be developed, at the same time sees clearly the esthetic drawbacks, chiefly by reason of the general outlines of city plans. And Mr. Edison takes it for granted that in certain cases legislation against the building of too many skyscrapers may be expected. A certain skepticism pervades these utterances.

Edison foresees, in addition, an increasing noise in large cities on account of the heightened and intensified activity in building and the multifarious complexities of traffic problems. He assumes, however, that this will not disturb the city dwellers to any special degree, because in his opinion, they will become immune to the clamor. Is not the restless, intoxicating, harassing life in the gigantic city of the future, where every second is coerced into denoting material gain or loss, calculated to dwarf also other mental faculties besides hearing? Without a doubt! And consequently the metropolis, with its tendency to develop a shallow-minded concentration, is likely to have a distracting effect on cultural development and we find ourselves on the wrong road, for the broadening of culture is a nation's most sacred duty.

A change in direction is necessary, therefore, in the development of a great city. The city-builders, the modern scientists

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of city building know this very well; and their plans are worked out according to principles of decentralization. The new developments in means of transportation are employed to achieve decentralization, so that the metropolis of the future will become a conglomeration of city units, having convenient and rapid connections with each other, and life within them will be endurable and human. But great obstacles impede the work of the city-builder, on account of pernicious speculative manipulations. Edison also deplores the fact that politics mix too much in municipal management, while the expert on the subject stands powerless and without aid from the citizens.

And yet an effective decentralization is the only salvation and means to develop the large city in the right direction. In the cities where this is taken into consideration a healthy development may be expected; on the other hand, where this is overlooked, they are headed for a greater crowding and worse conditions from day to day.

If we look at the skyscraper problem in the light of decentralization, we find that the skyscraper has lost its right to existence as a *necessity* created by conditions.

But, on the other hand, Mr. Hastings shows through his statistics that the skyscraper in Manhattan originally did not spring into existence on account of necessity. And the fact that the skyscraper was originated first in Chicago where there is ample space, further strengthens this assertion. Thus the skyscraper does not find its origin in necessity but in the spirit of the times, and it is accordingly justified as an exponent of the spirit of the times also in cities where decentralization is going forward. This type enables the city-builder to give diversity and a bold pattern to the city's structural outline, creating by this means impressive complexes of buildings at important points in the town either by planning skyscrapers to stand alone or in groups with good rhythmic interrelations.

The city planned in this way, gives the skyscraper an opportunity to develop freely according to the principles that lie concealed in the skyscraper concept. The apprehensions which Mr. Hastings lays stress on in his statement vanish; and Mr. Roosval's idea, that through the skyscraper the art of building is fructified to create new dwellings in conformity with the spirit of the times, becomes a reality.

The city so planned not only develops into a "scientific city" as Mr. Edison emphasizes, but it also has possibilities of becoming a "beautiful city", offering good living conditions and having the power to heighten culture.,

ELIEL SAARINEN

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Shades of Meaning

Though words are such small things, they can lead to astoundingly different conclusions sometimes!

Editor of THE FORUM:

A more or less Teutonic love of accuracy prompts me to compliment you on your careful work with Ludwig's Wilhelm Hohenzollern biography. Although THE FORUM translation is supposed to be the same as that which Putnam's have now published, the latter shows no small number of quaint and curious errors from which THE FORUM version is blessedly free. I was so much intrigued by the differences between the two that I procured the German original and checked up on them. In every case THE FORUM was right, and it is really a matter of wonder that no proof- or copy-reader at Putnam's noticed the strangeness of some of the statements they printed.

Miss Mayne evidently needs checking up. What, for instance, would have been easier or more natural, when translating the book, than to look up the original Kaiser interview of 1908 in the files of the London "Daily Telegraph"? Miss Mayne, however, trusted to a retranslation of what was already a translation from the English on Ludwig's part (pp. 385–6 in Putnam's book). THE FORUM was more careful.

Many of the errors, however, which THE FORUM has corrected, can be set down to plain ignorance of the meaning of certain German words. *Platzangst* (agoraphobia), translated as "shell-shock" (p. 452) is one example. How the younger Moltke (who in the 70's obviously was an infant) came to suffer from shell-shock before the Great War is a question which seems to have puzzled neither Miss Mayne nor Messrs. Putnam. On page 463 the word

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Pioniere (sappers) has been given as "pioneers", on page 465 *Gesundbeter* (Christian Scientist) as "valetudinarian"! "The old man is crawling to the Cross!" (p. 101), — this literal translation of an idiomatic expression sounds strange in the English tongue. But THE FORUM gave it its right meaning: "The old man is knuckling under."

Negligence pure and simple seems to be to blame for a few of the most delightful mistakes in the Putnam version. On page 53 the dying Emperor Frederick is reported to have said, "What pattern shall we choose for the new caps?" and to have clasped his hands in despair upon learning that they would not be ready for him to see before some time. A glance at the German (and THE FORUM!) texts reveals that the poor man had come to no such degree of childishness, but was actuated by the not unmanly desire to see his image on the coin of the realm. The question he asked was: "Whose likeness will be used for the new coins?" The resemblance between the two words, *Münze* (coin) and *Mütze* (cap), seems to have led Miss Mayne astray.

On page 60 Bismarck is reported to have gone "to the Emperor next morning", — a careless rendering of *der Kaiser von Morgen*, the "future Emperor" (i.e. Prince William), as THE FORUM has it. Page 93 shows an important error: "German industry," says the Putnam book, "will be depreciated by the deficit to the extent of four and a half per cent. . . ." Ludwig and THE FORUM have it "fourteen per cent". And why (p. 116) should Bismarck have had to suppress "wrath and ribaldry" at the receipt of the Imperial dismissal? *Bosheit und Witz* surely were never translated thus before, whereas THE FORUM'S "malicious innuendoes" hits the mark. One cannot help wondering, also, why (p. 392), Bülow should have "soundly rated" a perfectly blameless Staff. Investigation shows that actually he only "made no mention of the Staff".

There are countless other mistakes which THE FORUM has picked up and corrected, not to mention the smoothing out and clarifying of the angular and involved German phraseology, which Miss Mayne so affectionately clings to.

S. P. PFEIFFER

New York City.

Calories and Vitamines

A balanced diet of intellectual and emotional substance.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have always been intellectually attached to THE FORUM. Debates on whether or not it is right to break an unjust law, or an article on "Agriculture or Moneyculture" have, as intended, a distinctly intellectual appeal. But it is impossible to go through five hundred pages of such meaty substance without tiring. A let-up of some kind is needed, or rather an outlet other than intellectual should be afforded. Such an outlet is given in THE FORUM when you print such material as "An Accident on the Quai Voltaire" by Mary Borden. It is like coming out of the hot sun into a cool garden. So that in the end your magazine appeals, we will say, emotionally as well as intellectually, — two requirements necessary to a complete acceptance of anything, whether it be a society itself, an individual, a book, or a magazine.

All this is not to throw flowers but to say I appreciated Mary Borden's poem in prose as a work in itself and as a relief or a contrast, and hope for more like it.

WILLIS B. MITCHELL

Hanover, N. H.

Good Tabloids

Editor of THE FORUM:

My attention has been called to the fact that my article in the April FORUM on the tabloids was unguarded in that I did not make it quite as clear as I might have that I was tilting at the worst forms of tabloids, those in the city of New York, that are such constant offenders against good taste and decency. I did not, of course, mean to imply that there are not good tabloids, — there are. The Scripps-Howard group of tabloids is our most valuable group of newspapers so far as liberal ideas, fairness, and readiness to give the unpopular side a hearing are concerned. I should be very sorry if anything that I had said or written would seem to class the Scripps-Howard papers with the others.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

New York City.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

Palmy Lord Palmerston

PHILIP GUEDALLA, who won a handsome round of applause with his history of the Second Empire in France, has essayed an encore with a life of Henry John Temple, known to the world as Lord Palmerston. PALMERSTON (Putnam, $5.00) goes aloft in a whirlwind of words,—some 150,000 of them,—vigorous, swirling words, only a minority of which deal with the subject. Myriads are used subjectively and analogously. Thus we are regaled with a deal of writing that is wide of the mark, but is nevertheless graphic and entertaining. If the reader is interested in Palmerston, he will have to do much digging to find him amid the depths of Mr. Guedalla's rhetoric.

As a sort of guide through the delightful but diffused entertainment, it will do no harm to say that Lord Palmerston was born in 1784 and lived eighty years. He died as Premier of Great Britain, in 1865, and is best remembered in the United States for his whiskers, which were beautiful and recognized as the sort most becoming to a statesman. They did not obscure his face, but rippled around the edge of it and lent a becoming look to a handsome countenance. His portrait ranked with that of Daniel Webster in popularity,—not for anything his lordship did, but because he was lovely to look at.

It is cheerful to learn that he began his career in the War Office in 1809, at twenty-five, where "one hundred and forty-four clerks sat writing round him". Napoleon was responsible for most of their strenuous scribbling. Mr. Guedalla lugs him in as "an incomparable figure, in the white and green of the chasseurs of his own guard." Palmerston was in the War Office when "peace came to England in a pleasant flutter" in 1814, and placidly sent the War Office estimates to Parliament. The hectic hundred days upset things briefly, after which Europe settled down, no part of it more than England, leaving Palmerston still sitting in the War Office, but "between two centuries", which, after all, was safer for a statesman than between two stools. It takes forty thousand words to get him into this unique position.

He remained there until 1828, when Canning's Liberals lost their hold and Palmerston left the office he had enjoyed for twenty-one years. He was forty-three

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and spent a while "looking about", as the Britons phrase it. Among the things looked at were foreign affairs, in which Russia looked large and the Greek frontier puzzling.

By the time Queen Victoria came to the throne, Palmerston was a well-seasoned statesman. He had some trouble keeping a seat in Parliament, but was there long enough to tell Sir Robert Peel "that there is a country as well as a House of Commons". His ins and outs at the Foreign Office lasted until 1852. John Bright thought him finished when he gave up the portfolio, and added: "Cobden and I have found him out years ago, but many simpletons have fancied him a great friend of freedom abroad, though he never did anything for it at home." He was far from finished and soon drove Lord John Russell from power.

This time he took over the Home Office. He also acquired the gout. Just then 1853 arrived and his years were growing. The beautiful whiskers were silver. His urbanity had also increased with years. He had a grace and charm given to few, and exercised both abundantly in the Home Office where there are many calls on kindness. Even the austere Queen, who did not like him a bit, thawed a little in the Palmerstonian sunniness and even invited him to Balmoral, the most sociable thing she knew how to do. He jolted Her Majesty with the first news of the provocatives that led to the Crimean War. During this splendid exhibition of British bungling, the Government quite properly went on the rocks, and the reluctant Queen had to summon Palmerston to form a ministry. He was past seventy, and his enemies said he was in his dotage. Mr. Guedalla finds him quoting Virgil on the great occasion. Cleaning up the Crimean War was his first task, at which Lord John Russell cheerfully helped. It took a year or so.

When the American Civil War broke out his sympathies were not with the North. Mr. Guedalla says this was because the American flag sheltered the slave trade, which is a piece of news. We also offended by "a studied truculence", which was further enhanced by our pro-Irish sympathies. Secretary of State William H. Seward he regarded as a firebrand, and there is no doubt that, but for Lincoln's steadiness and Prince Albert's good sense, England would have intervened on the side of the South. The witty Palmerston called the defeat of Bull Run "a Yankee run". We *were* rather agile on that celebrated occasion.

At seventy-nine Palmerston became involved in a scandal that was passed about from mouth to mouth. Mr. Guedalla refrains from further mention. His relations with Victoria, never too cordial, were strained now by the Schleswig-Holstein question. Palmerston would not fight for the Prussian-oppressed Danes. She called him "Pilgerstein" in her correspondence and added "gouty and extremely impertinent". Just the same she was frankly afraid of the serene old man.

He was soon to vex her no longer. Death stepped in on the morning of October 18, 1865, "and the last candle of the eighteenth century was out." This was, indeed, true. Wellington was gone and England was to begin the entertaining struggle between Disraeli and Gladstone. Mr. Guedalla does not sum up his man. The reader of the book will also be unable to do so.

DON C. SEITZ

Modern Art Stabilized

IT has been reserved for a Doctor of Letters of the Sorbonne, a distinguished London editor, and an eminently conservative American publishing firm to father the first history of art that in any degree does justice to the modernist movement. (A SHORT HISTORY OF ART, translated from the French of André S. Blum, edited and enlarged by R. R. Tatlock, Scribner's, $7.50). In the current work we are conducted through the divers stages of artistic development from prehistoric times to the present day. It is the concluding chapter entitled "Art in the Twentieth Century" which lends the book its claim to progressive modernity. And who can pretend that the battle of contemporary art has not been won, when, in the index, one comes upon the name of Cézanne compactly wedged between Cespedes and Chaldea, and that of Picasso placidly following Phidias and preceding Lorenzo di Pietro?

CHRISTIAN BRINTON

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A Nordic Nimrod

THERE is no royal road to exploring. This conclusion we read between the lines of Prince William of Sweden's narrative, AMONG PYGMIES AND GORILLAS (Dutton, $6.00), being an intimate account of the trials and triumphs of the Swedish Zoological Expedition into Central Africa in 1921. No less than fourteen specimens of the newly discovered mountain gorilla, — two from each of seven volcanic peaks, — were brought out, in addition to other large scientific collections. The book is of special interest just now after the Prince has been in America lecturing on his exploits.

The sturdy adventures described by Prince William took place in innermost Africa in a mysterious rift valley containing in its very central portion Lake Kivu and Lake Edward. This region, which Prince William describes with fine appreciation of beauties and catastrophic horrors, seems a veritable workshop of worlds, a place of frost and flame, where dead, waterless plains of lava alternate with exuberant rain forests. There are the picturesque negro tribes of the more open stretches of Uganda, and on the volcanic slopes overwhelmed with rank vegetation the mountain gorilla has his home. In this same forbidding and fascinating territory are the hidden lairs of little black humans, — the pygmies.

In America we know something of the mountain gorilla as a result of the labors of the late Carl E. Akeley in the same region worked by the Swedish Expedition a year or two earlier. This gorilla, believed to be specifically distinct from the gorilla of West Africa, first described by Du Chaillu, is by all counts a superb beast. The chance that this backwoods cousin of man has evolved in different physical varieties on the separate cones of the Birunga range seems slight, but he may have variable habits of life. Perhaps his cries have differentiated, or his food, or his manner of making a lair.

Prince William gives us much more than a log of big game hunters. He sketches the drama of man engaged in a struggle with forces of environment which may well be called titanic. He discusses colonization, the deleterious effects of the fierce war for the possession of German East Africa where white men were arrayed against each other to the disillusion of the blacks, and the portentous future of the country under Belgian and English rule. There are also pictures and observations of ethnological interest concerning the Wambutti, Babira, and other tribes. From cover to cover, the book is vivid, virile, and vivacious.

HERBERT J. SPINDEN

The Mystery of Childhood

THE mind of the child has in recent years been subjected to respectable scientific exploration. Modern psychologists, — Behaviorists and Freudians alike, — look to the mental processes of the infant to find the seeds of those impulses and fears which dominate the adult world. The more rationalistic activities of the child's mind have received less devoted attention than his emotional reactions, although some facts have come to be accepted without severe experimentation. The infant mind, we have learned, is not merely a simple and inadequate replica of the adult mind. It presents an intricate pattern of a different order. It functions by processes and with results of its own. The adult mind is geared to the objective world and to the world of abstract thought, the child's mind is geared more largely to his subjective world and only begins to shift as his contacts with reality make more impression upon him.

Children we have always with us, but the significance of their babblings is commonly lost upon grown-ups. As we grope for it with adult standards of rationality, it either makes sense to us or is dismissed as nonsense. The true subjective meaning is concealed in the darkness of a mind which cannot describe its processes. Thus, with all the evidence abundantly at hand, the thinking of children has never been adequately studied by experimental methods.

An impressive start in that direction has been made by Jean Piaget of the Institut J. J. Rousseau at Geneva. In THE LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT OF THE CHILD (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), M. Piaget subjects the theories of psychologists to ingenious and carefully controlled tests. In his laboratory at the Institut children move about with complete free-

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dom and talk to one another as they please. The observer records, and then analyzes, all the remarks of two children for several months. This material is checked and corroborated by observations with other children and by a number of set tests.

Thus M. Piaget finds that between the ages of six and seven nearly half of the verbal expression of these children is egocentric. Even when they talk directly to one another, each is wrapped in the solitude of his own being. The young child is essentially a monologist, with himself as audience. His conversation is frequently fantastic and unreal; seldom is it designed to transmit information. At about the age of seven a change takes place in his thought and language. He shifts his attention from his nebulous inner world to the world outside. He awakens to the objective existence of things and ideas which before were hardly more than projections of himself. The change is not sudden, but it is clear enough to be marked and recorded. The child begins to establish a direct relationship with impersonal facts and meanings. His questions are now the expression of intelligent curiosity. His egocentric world dissolves.

With M. Piaget as guide, the same method of investigation could readily be followed in other modern nursery schools, where similar, if less comprehensive, records have frequently been taken. It would be interesting to compare these results with those of M. Piaget, and more interesting still to apply them to modern educational method. In the old days, when children's minds were considered as clay to be molded or cups to be filled, the teaching process was chiefly one of prodding or ladling. The doom of the forcible-feeding theory was sounded when the first kindergarten was founded. It has been made more certain with every experimental school that has opened its doors. The new education follows the child, instead of driving the child before it. Such insight as M. Piaget's study offers into the mental characteristics of various age groups should be very valuable in suggesting methods to be used and the ages at which materials or subjects should be introduced.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Second Aid to Clippers

NO scissors being at hand, I gouged out the poem untidily with a pin, and then wondered what I'd do with it, and what I had done with other clipped gems from F. P. A.'s Conning Tower column. There's something so limply helpless about a clipping. After a moment's hesitation I slipped it into a book, and tried to pretend I didn't know it for lost.

And then what should turn up but THE SECOND CONNING TOWER BOOK! Here, I discovered, was the heaven where good clippings went. Here, among others, were Dorothy Parker and Elspeth and Ethel M. Kelly and M. A. and Rufus Terral. Here, too, was as happy and modest a dedication as was ever inscribed by a man to his wife: "To Esther, Contributor of Anthony to the 1926 'World'." Not knowing Anthony, I deemed F. P. A. himself the arch contrib, — having given this book to the 1927 "World", — and I thought gaily how I could eschew scissors and pin hereafter, for surely he would contribute another to the 1928 "World", and so on, long life to him!

But as I reread with delight this poem and that, a great emptiness began to assail me. It persisted until and after I discovered the reason: the writings of Emanuel Eisenberg had come up missing! How now, Mr. Pepys! Surely no one writes better poetry for you! There were other aching voids, too, which I couldn't just put name to. But after all, one hundred and ninety-two well printed pages teem with poetry, ranging from the amusing to the beautiful; and what more could one ask of Macy-Masius, the publishers, for $2.00?

Indeed, the publishers add a pretty little bleat of their own, ironically appropriate to The Conning Tower, — a who's who note, succinctly succulent, on the manufacture of the book. The page rules, — straight lines a little fatter in their middles than at their ends, — are "used ornamentally" (sic), we are told, "for one of the first times in a book." They don't say who designed the punctuation points. If this note had appeared in somebody else's book, I think F. P. A. would have made great sport of it in his colyum.

VIOLA PARADISE

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Dusky Stories

TROPIC DEATH (Boni & Liveright, $2.50) by Eric Walrond gives us a cross section of life below the Gulf Stream. It is a volume of ten short stories of the neglected and colorful people of the West Indies which could not have been ventured by one who did not have his knowledge from personal experience. True to the author's standard of realism, the pictures are not altogether pleasant. His stories are not relieved by joy and mirth. Walrond has simply fished out something as it is. We can take it or leave it.

In the best of these stories there is a hint of vers libre. The author is a better painter with words than a narrator of tales. In fact, his tales are brilliantly colored pictures: splashes of hot, blistering sun; the flash of sharks in turbulent waters; the stain of blood on dark bodies. The reader comes away from it feeling that he has experienced something new and strange.

JOHN P. FORT

Hugo and Humanism

PROFESSOR WILLIAM F. GIESE is not a gentle critic. He is particularly acid, in VICTOR HUGO, THE MAN AND THE POET (Dial Press, $4.00), when he says that Hugo, the man, was so devoted to his home and family that he insisted on having two, and that nothing made him feel so close to God as the inspiring presence of a *grisette*. There is hardly less acerbity in his comments on Hugo as a poet. Without question this anger is an inverted loyalty. Mr. Giese rates Hugo as the high priest of a more than questionable romanticism, and both the nature of this romanticism and of the present reaction to it become evident as the book proceeds.

The reader is reminded of Stuart Sherman's generalization that the nineteenth century spent its energies in putting man into nature and that the twentieth century had better get him out again. With Hugo, man is in nature, — in deep. Mr. Giese, stressing the physical exuberance of the poet, is in fact writing in terms of a master faculty; there is close logic in his inferences as to the results of the Hugo temperament. Such animal spirits are necessarily personal, Hugo's and no other's; and such a man is going to be exuberant over his own importance, as Hugo was. He will be eager for effects. If one may paraphrase Emerson, things carnal are in the saddle and ride this man.

To the robustious, details are vivid. But for Mr. Giese this is not enough; he is not satisfied with images dancing about nothing; he demands a centralizing power, but finds only "a tenebrous chaos". Sainte-Beuve objected to Hugo and to many of his contemporaries in such terms. For some time, says the great critic near the end of *Port-Royal*, details have been triumphant. This should not be. The wisdom of great art is not here; its treasure does not consist of a heap of splendid barbaric fragments. There must be a unifying principle; as Mr. Giese would say, not beauties but beauty. Racine, unlike Hugo, had a sense of this inner beauty, and with finely imaginative control subordinated to this all the parts. This quality is of the spirit; those whose talent deals only with the physical are not equal to this flight of the imagination which involves a sense of a something in human nature which transcends, as it organizes, nature. When these heights are reached (let us say it, remarks Sainte-Beuve, even though there be in this an element of human illusion), then man is sovereign over things.

It has been the practice to affirm that Sainte-Beuve was spiteful to a neighbor. Now we have the same fundamental charge against Hugo in a book which comes out of Wisconsin. With Mr. Giese we are soon discussing not poetry but the universe. This is one of the charms of the book, — its implications. To all who enjoy dexterity of language this will be either a delight or an irritation which is not without an agreeable tang. Mr. Giese takes honorable position among the American humanists of whom the distinguished senior members are Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. His contribution may be placed in the library beside *Romance and Tragedy*, published several years ago by the discriminating Mr. P. H. Frye. It is a comfort to have in America still another critic who so successfully reaches the core of his subject.

HORATIO SMITH

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Writing and Selling

THERE was a day when writing was considered the pastime of the rich, the indolent, and the sentimental. Some people still look upon the author as a lazy devil who sits at home wielding a submissive pen while his fellows are busy earning an honest penny in the market place. Such misguided folk have not spent an evening with THE COMMERCIAL SIDE OF LITERATURE (Harper's, $2.50) or THE FREE-LANCE WRITER'S HANDBOOK (The Writer Publishing Co., $5.00). Writing has become a scientific business, and those whose experience and labor has gone into the making of these two volumes are well aware that if one does not lay a secure foundation, no literary structure will attain great proportions.

Michael Joseph and Grant Overton, in *The Commercial Side of Literature*, adequately describe the purpose of the volume in their subtitle, "How to Sell the Things You Write". Here is a general discussion of the whole business of writing, editing, publishing, and producing, intended to reconcile and correlate the various demands of author, publisher, and literary agent, to say nothing of the scenario writer. Since Mr. Joseph and Mr. Overton have bought and sold literary wares themselves, the question is considered from both angles, and the value of the book is not limited to budding writers in search of a publisher.

The Free-Lance Writer's Handbook covers a wider field, and is therefore more diversified in application. Edited by William Dorsey Kennedy, editor of *The Writer*, the volume brings together forty closely related chapters, each the work of a specialist in some department of contemporary literature. Among the contributors are John Farrar, Frederick G. Melcher, A. Hamilton Gibbs, Augustus Thomas, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Henry Seidel Canby, Ivy Lee, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, and Robert E. Sherwood. As the title implies, it is a handbook for the literary free-lance, who may be a nondescript gentleman writing anything from historical novels to Christmas greeting cards.

This thorough, competent, helpful volume, so amazing in its scope, is a distinct advance over other volumes that have attempted to give a bird's-eye view of the practical problems of writing for publication.

DALE WARREN

Eating Through France

UNTIL Curnonsky and Rouff brought out their EPICURE'S GUIDE TO FRANCE (Harper's, $4.00), publishers of traveler's manuals had overlooked an extremely fertile field. Baedekers by the score have set down the "points of interest" in Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, calling attention to names, dates, and statistics of all varieties, — except one. Apparently they have been unaware that the American's chief concern, after registering at some hostelry, is to learn where the best food is to be had.

Aside from mentioning a few widely advertised establishments, most guidebooks are of little or no help in matters gastronomical. For that reason, the hordes of Americans who flock to France every year patronize but a few places, where, in truth, the cuisine is not very different from that of our own Park Avenue. But there are any number of restaurants, large and small, tucked away in odd corners of Paris, where the meals are so exquisite that the diner is almost led to believe he has died and gone to Brillat-Savarin's own private heaven. The difficulty is that these places are known to only a few persons of more or less adventurous frames of mind.

The new manual for Epicures lists the best places to eat in Paris, its suburbs, and in Normandy, and two volumes yet to come will cover the remainder of France, thus making the map of Epicurea complete. It is fitting that this series should commence with Paris, for that city is not only the capital of France, but the capital of the eating world. By means of this altogether admirable book we ought not to have any difficulty at all, in enjoying the best foods that France can offer. The specialties of the house are given, together with the approximate cost of the meal. The traveler contemplating a long holiday in France cannot do better than go provided with Brillat-Savarin's *Physiology of Taste* under one arm and *The Epicure's Guide to France* under the other.

THURSTON MACAULEY

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The Human Adventure

FROM Herodotus and Thucydides to the modern historian is a long span both in time and historical method. The purpose and technique of the new school are discussed by Mr. C. K. Ogden in this review of The Human Adventure, *being* The Conquest of Civilization *by James H. Breasted and* The Ordeal of Civilization *by James Harvey Robinson (Harper's, $5.00 each, two volumes boxed, $10.00).*

IN attempting to account for the influence of outworn beliefs in modern life, Professor James Harvey Robinson reflects that it would have required a very shrewd prophet half a million years ago (when certain of our social traditions were being established) to have suspected that the most characteristic feature of civilization A.D. 1927 would be its victimization by the magic of words. How could it have been foreseen "that man, being a sort of ex-animal, would tend to sanctify the habits he happened to acquire"? For the crudest survivals of our savage beliefs we have the finest names, and around the names with which we endow these cherished anachronisms cluster the tenderest emotions. Or as the greatest of American neo-historians puts it: "When we realize that this and that notion of ours is 'sacred', we may be sure that it is a childish impression which we have never carefully scrutinized."

He takes it as an instance of our so called religious beliefs, such as belief in witchcraft, or in supernatural beings, or in the Bible, and points out that though secularization, — the reduction of human affairs to earthly standards, — is one of the most important modern trends, we still have a long way to go. This suggests his final question: "Is not the moral overrating of the past our besetting danger?"

History, in fact, which should have been the great deliverer, has hitherto been used chiefly to hold the human mind in bondage. By focusing attention on the details of religious and political strife, it has contrived to make the issues of past centuries seem important to a world which requires new adjustments and new valuations. By echoing the prejudices of historians the modern journalist, who has usually been trained in their schools, continues to foster these same untoward interests. The magazines follow suit, because writing month by month is a profession, and efficient writers tend to rise from the ranks of the historico-literary group more naturally than from those of the working scientists. And so the vicious circle is completed.

Meanwhile there is a new world growing up beside the old, the creation of science, — of chemistry and engineering, of biology and psychology, — and to this new world the "new history" is making its appeal. *Ancient Greece at Work*, by Professor Glotz of the Sorbonne, is in some respects the most notable achievement of the new method; but writers like Eileen Power, M. Dorothy George, E. A. Burtt, Montague Summers, and H. E. Barnes are, each in a different way, helping to break down barriers and undermine traditional solidifications.

History, for Professor Robinson, should become "the sovereign solvent of prejudices", a sort of *aqua regia* which loosens things up, gives our thinking its necessary freedom, and enables us to attain intellectual and moral majority. To many, his seven hundred and fifty pages will seem too full of information in the orthodox sense, — too full of wars and the intrigues of governments which led up to them, — to justify the appeal to a general public. But the essentials are there too, and in the final chapter even the more belligerent sections are partly justified. For they can be regarded as serving to point a moral: "the doom of war may possibly be near at hand." But it may be that those who have not read history aright will need one more lesson!

> Perhaps if New York, London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome could be shattered by means now in hand and their peaceful inhabitants suffocated, it might bring the rest of mankind into a chastened frame of mind suitable to an honest reconsideration of the implications of war as now practiced.

It was the great Chinese thinker, Lao Tze, who said, "Comprehend the ways of

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the past wherewith to master the things of the present." Apparently, however, he was a lazy man, for he also held that "the world may be known without ever crossing one's gate; the farther one goes the less one knows." With Breasted and Robinson at his elbow he might have been a trifle nonplussed, for with them we can both go farther and know more. With their aid we obtain a Pisgah-view of that living past whose epic epitome is our only guide.

In fact, the secret of the new historians as a body lies in their application of one of Lao Tze's most famous maxims: "Contemplate a difficulty when it is easy; manage a great thing when it is small." They show us our present difficulties in less complicated settings. We begin with the simplest forms of human ineptitude, and at the end it is our own fault if we do not realize quite clearly that we are still inevitably inept. At any rate we shall not flatter ourselves unduly on our heritage, however greatly we admire the faith which kept our ancestors battling with the darkness. For the children of this generation who claim also to be the children of light, the historian is gradually rising from the rôle of recorder to that of teacher, and it was also a Chinese sage, Confucius, who remarked: "He, only, who familiarizes himself with the old and thereby understands the new is fit to be a teacher." This was in the early part of the fifth century B.C., well before history itself began for most American teachers of the last hundred years.

The new historians are certainly ready to face facts, and to examine the ex-animal without undue sentiment. That is the most notable impression with which we emerge from Professor Robinson's study of the story of civilization from the decline and disintegration of the Roman Empire, though it is only fair to add that, in substance, it is merely a reprint of his text-book, *Mediaeval and Modern Times*. For the earlier ages the publishers have provided a uniform survey by a revision of Professor Breasted's *Ancient Times*, also originally designed as a text-book, though recognized, explicitly by President Roosevelt and incidentally by subsequent historians, as excellent reading for adults.

No European authority has mproved on Professor Breasted's record of the hundreds of thousands of years of prehistory, or of the first four thousand years of civilized history; nor would it be easy to name anyone competent to do so. An alternative approach is, however, provided by M. Rostovtzeff's brilliant HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD, Volume I of which has just been translated by Mr. J. D. Duff, a distinguished classical scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge (Oxford University Press, American Branch, $5.00). It is profusely illustrated with admirable examples of Egyptian, Babylonian, Hittite, and Greek art. Scholars will certainly demur, but the general reader may be thankful to the Russian Revolution, which drove Professor Rostovtzeff from his special Scythian studies and enabled him to use the period of his exile, first at Madison, Wisconsin, and then at Yale, for setting forth his wide views.

It is gratifying to find that none of these authors lends any support to such attempts at grandiloquent generalizations as those with which Spengler and others have seduced hasty reviewers. Only two of Professor Breasted's thirty chapters, less than a hundred pages, are devoted to what the public has come to regard as his specialty, Egypt. But this can be forgiven by all who reach page 705. For there we have an illustration, a "scene" showing "the condition of Europe" when man first began to regard himself as an ex-animal, and proving that the orientalist who cooperated with him in 1914 in a similar historical venture was still the right man to supplement Professor Harvey Robinson's summary in 1926. For without a sense of humor, however grim, the historian wil remain the lost soul whom the new history is endeavoring to displace. In education and in public esteem, perhaps even in the research which goes before the writing of history, nothing is so necessary as the encouragement of the school to which these two masters of modern technique belong.

C. K. OGDEN

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